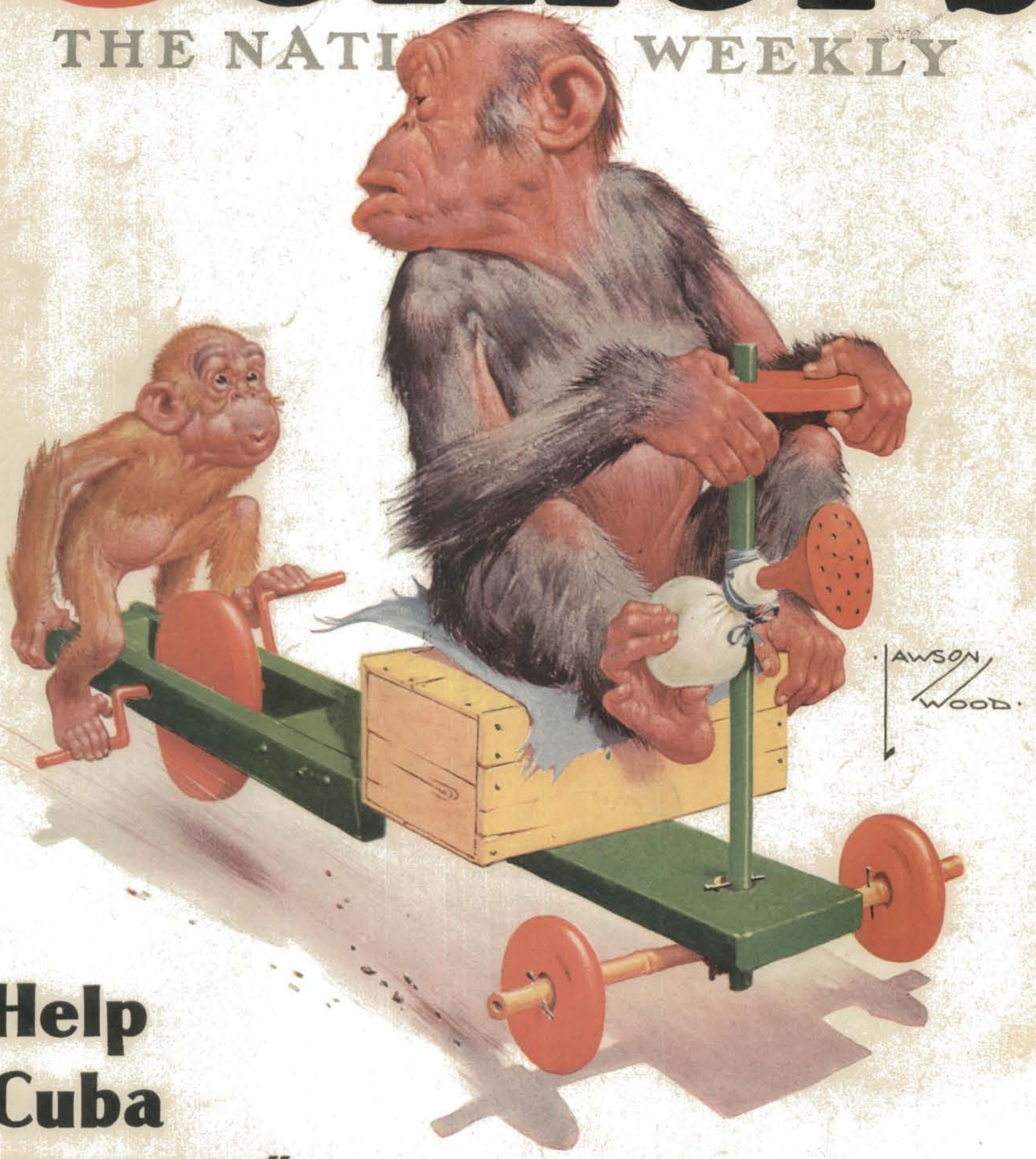
May 27, 1933

5¢ a copy

10c in Canada

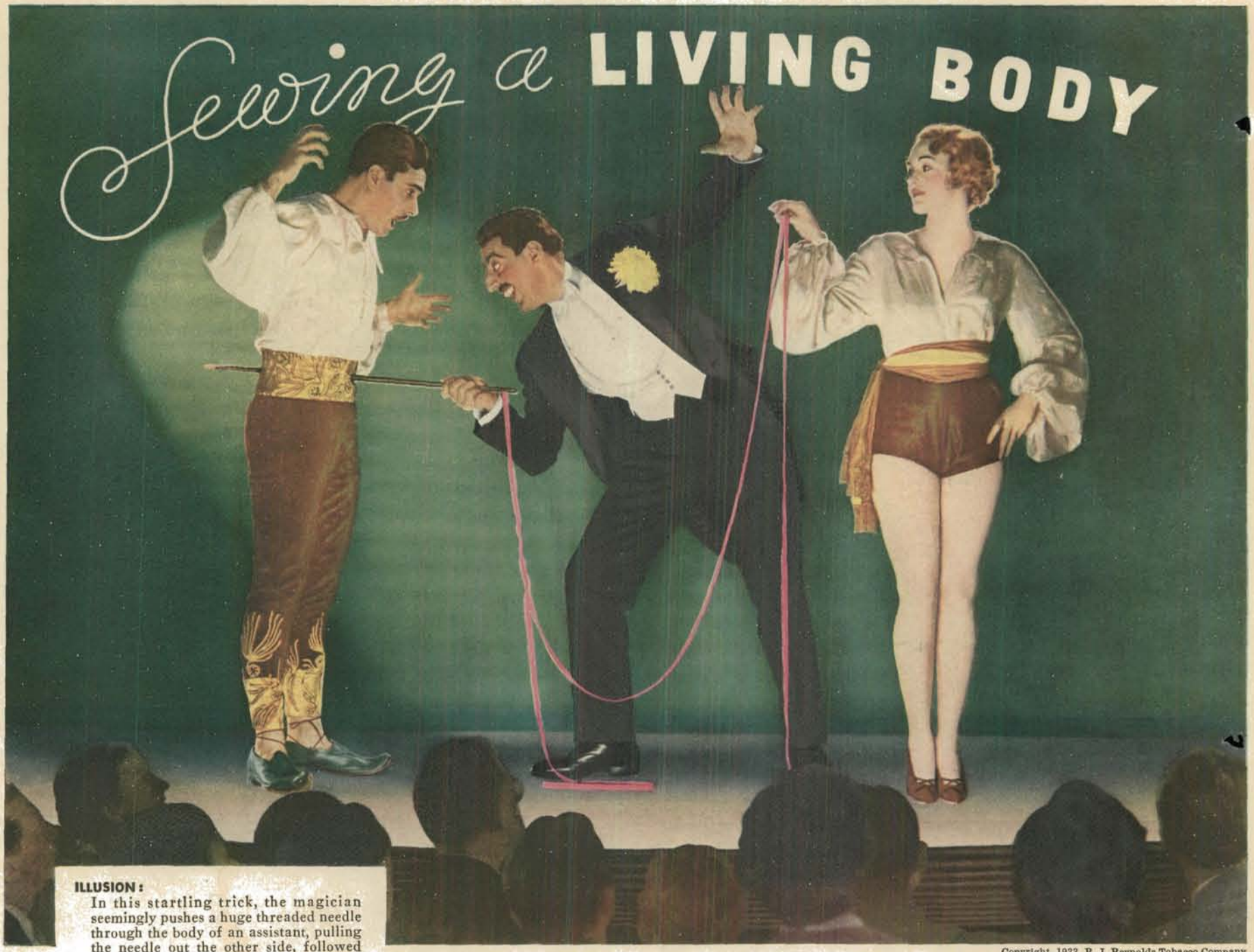
Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



"Help Cuba Quickly"—says Senator B

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



ILLUSION:
In this startling trick, the magician seemingly pushes a huge threaded needle through the body of an assistant, pulling the needle out the other side, followed by the thread.

EXPLANATION:
Under the clothes of the victim is a pipe, extending around one side of his body from front to back. The needle, which is flexible, is inserted in the front end of the pipe, is carried around the body and emerges from the pipe in back. This operation is performed so quickly that the audience does not notice that the needle and thread are momentarily shortened during the act.

SOURCE: *"Magic Stage Illusions and Scientific Diversions" by Albert A. Hopkins, Munn & Co., New York.*

Copyright, 1933, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company

IT'S FUN TO BE FOOLED ...IT'S MORE FUN TO KNOW

A trick frequently worked in cigarette advertising is the *illusion* that mildness in a cigarette comes from mysterious processes of manufacture.

EXPLANATION: All popular cigarettes today are made in modern sanitary factories with up-to-date machinery. *All* are *heat treated*—some more intensively than others, because raw, inferior tobaccos require more intensive treatment than choice, ripe tobaccos.

The real difference comes in the tobaccos that are used. The better the tobacco, the milder it is.

It is a fact, well known by leaf tobacco experts, that Camels are made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE tobaccos than any other popular brand.

That is why Camels are so mild. That is why Camels have given more pleasure to more people than any other cigarette ever made. Give *your* taste a chance to appreciate the more expensive tobaccos.

KEPT FRESH IN THE WELDED HUMIDOR PACK

NO TRICKS — JUST COSTLIER TOBACCOS

IN A MATCHLESS BLEND

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"If we get fat . . . we get fired!"
say RICHARD ARLEN *and* MARY BRIAN

Time out for a "Hollywood Lunch" on the set at the Paramount Studio between scenes for the new Charles R. Rogers production, "Legal Crime."

The "Hollywood Lunch" helps another famous couple "keep fit without fat!"

OUT IN HOLLYWOOD, screen stars watch the scales as keenly as they watch their cues. For slimness is more than a matter of personal pride.

Stars sign contracts . . . and many contracts contain a clause which says in effect: "if you gain excess weight, this contract can be cancelled."

Keeping *fit without fat*—that's the problem. And that is why screen stars become practical dieticians. They learn what foods are fattening and what are not. What foods build energy and strength without adding weight.

Heavy lunches are out!

Drop into any studio around noon time. How many stars do you find eating heavy, fattening lunches? Not many! Movie people need pep, not pounds, to pull them through the afternoon work. And they get it in a nourishing, non-fattening "light" lunch—a lunch that's become famous on the lots as the "Hollywood Lunch."

For instance, here are Dick Arlen and Mary Brian lunching on the set at the Paramount Studio between scenes for the Charles R. Rogers production, "Legal Crime," their latest picture. They are enjoying a "Hollywood Lunch"—*a sandwich and a glass of malted milk!*

Get the "Hollywood Lunch" habit

If you want to keep slim—and fit, too—follow the Hollywood Lunch plan and keep away from heavy midday meals. Instead, order a sandwich and the grandest-tasting malted milk you ever had—Borden's Malted Milk.

Richer in vitamins

Borden's is better because it is a richer malted milk—richer in energy-building nourishment—richer in vitamins A, B and G. And, here's another thing, every attendant at fountains serving malted milk is an expert—especially instructed by Borden's how to mix a *perfect* malted milk.

Have a "Hollywood Lunch" tomorrow—and every day. For home use, Borden's Malted Milk also comes in handy glass jars.

Borden's Richer Malted Milk

Borden's Richer Malted Milk

GO TO THE FOUNTAIN THAT DISPLAYS THE BORDEN DIAMOND

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Next Week

YOU couldn't really blame Mat Haller. He was just an impulsive fellow with no definite plan and no thought of harm. In fact, he had no intentions whatever, good or bad; he just made a slip. And then he had to suffer the consequences.

The consequences were an income of a thousand dollars a month at a time when his friends had practically no income at all. It made him feel isolated and lonely. That's why you find him at the Blue Heron in the company of one Lo Langdon, who danced with all comers at ten cents a dance.

When Mat asked her what she wanted more than anything else in the world Miss Langdon replied, "Thirty-eight dollars." And that's the title of a charming short story by George Agnew Chamberlain. You're right: he's the same man who wrote "Amateur Bride."

PLANNING Utopias has always been a recognized form of indoor sport. But the designers of these perfect states have contented themselves with theory and have left the struggle with stubborn facts to someone else—presumably posterity. In the basin of the Tennessee River an exception to this rule is now taking shape. President Roosevelt's plan is beginning with action—let the extensions into theory fall where they may. The vast development has Utopian possibilities for a section that is far removed from Utopia today. In a brilliant and dramatic article Walter Davenport describes the geography and possibilities of "The Promised Land."

CANDACE was having a good time, in a bitter sort of way. It was part of her philosophy to have men, or what passed for men, in the corner where she was. And so, even at Bay's End with self-pity practically choking her, she was still bravely casting out her lines in every direction, when suddenly—But Candace is the only one who can do justice to the story. She does just that in Brooke Hanlon's gay midsummer romance, "Perfect Control."

NEXT week the National Aëronautical Association will make its most important award—the Collier Trophy, donated in 1912 by Robert Collier, the son of the founder of this magazine. The new holder's identity will be announced in an article by W. B. Courtney.

RUPERT HUGHES writes the Short Short Story. And Edward Gardner, Jr., Ellsworth Vines, Sax Rohmer, Arthur Somers Roche and other notables add to the glamour and the gayety. Leaving nothing to be desired.

This Week

●

May 27, 1933

Cover by Lawson Wood

FREDERICK HAZLITT BRENNAN
The Sweetheart of Gun Crew Three. **In which a naval lieutenant abandons his guns. Page 7**

STANLEY B. PAUL
Languorous Eyes. **You couldn't fall in love with a girl called "The Runt." Page 10**

WILLIAM G. SHEPHERD
Help Cuba Quickly. **A stirring and important interview with Senator William E. Borah. Page 12**

FRANK LEON SMITH
You Couldn't Blame Eddie. **A musical hero and a very diminutive villain go to the mat. Page 14**

SAX ROHMER
Fu Manchu's Bride, Part IV. **The horror of being Fu Manchu's prisoner. Page 16**

DON MARQUIS
Full-Throated Rapture. **An expert samples the 3.2—and reports. Page 18**

SELMA ROBINSON
From the Ground Up. **Edens to order—in your own back yard. Page 19**

CLINTON W. GILBERT
Long Chances. **Fellow members of the Kingfish's school. Page 20**

WALTER DAVENPORT
Time to Strike. **When a boss politician misses a trick you can bet there's a good reason. Page 21**

ARTHUR SOMERS ROCHE
Slander, Part VIII. **Ansted, amateur detective, upsets the apple cart. Page 22**

THE SHORT SHORT STORY
Romance Renewed. **By Ernest Haycox. Page 24**

FRELING FOSTER
Keep Up with the World. **Facts—come and get 'em. Page 49**

EDITORIAL
The Future of Our Dollar. **Page 50**

●

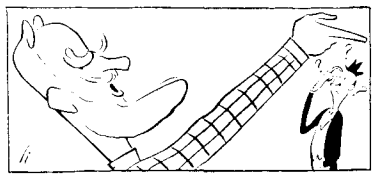
Any Week

"OF COURSE the newspapers are lying when they tell us that beer increases public revenues and decreases the number of arrests for drunkenness," says Mr. Louis E. Roan of Mobile, Alabama. "I know this because I have just been told so by a solicitor for funds to defray the expenses of asking the courts to condemn 3.2 brew as unconstitutional. Moreover, this collector, who is working on a twenty-per-cent commission, assures me that the brewers are paying the newspapers to print lies and the cops to walk their beats ignoring the thousands of unhappy women and children who inhabit our gutters now that beer has been legalized. What will you have; light or dark?"

MESSRS. R. L. TRACY, '32, and John Radcliffe, '34, both of Cambridge, Mass., contribute what we hope is the last word in the controversy between the Harvards and the M. I. T.'s. "The only thing we have to add for the benefit of those little engineers," they say, as though from a great height, "is that M. I. T. is obviously not important enough to mention in fiction."

LESTER D. SANDY of Atlanta, Georgia, has sought in vain for his various fellow Atlantans who have sent letters to this department. "The next one you have occasion to publish," he pleads, "please include the street address." Very well, Mr. Sandy; your street address is 811 Hurt Building.

AND this for the benefit of those simple souls who think it's a trifling matter to select fiction. We thought Grover Jones' "Soft Coal" one of those rare wows that editors find in the mail once every few years. But if we dared to set down here what Mr. Walton Cheesborough of Asheville, North Carolina, thinks about it we'd not only have the government down on us but this column would be padlocked by the local constabulary. And we still think "Soft Coal" was occasion for loud and frequent cheering.



"SOMETIME," suggests Mr. Dan Coombs of Louisville, Kentucky, "you might find out what it was that George Bernard Shaw said when he spoke in New York. I listened to it over the radio and I've heard people talking about it. But I don't believe it yet. Even Mr. Shaw can't be as senile as that."

LEVERNE HAMILTON of Musselshell, Montana, writes that he is willing to concede the musical ability of the Secretary of the Treasury, "providing he will just blow a few notes our way."

WHILE Mr. Rice Duncan of Farmington, Utah, doesn't agree with us on the foreign-debts situation and what to do about them, he does agree we have our uses. "Along with a great many soft-hearted, soft-headed Christian ladies you get all dithery at the thought of the straying heathen in foreign lands, but to hell with the starving Americans on your own street corners." Of course we deny all that but are more concerned with what he has to say next: "It is always a joy to meet one who is something of an artist" (meaning us, of course), "even when the trade is a form of that ancient and honorable one."

SOMETHING cryptic about that, we suspect. Perhaps we had better say no more about it and go on to Mrs. G. W. Childress of Columbus, Ohio, who makes no bones about "the trouble with our chosen rulers is that they take their election as a personal tribute instead of a mere stab in the dark by a perplexed electorate."

JUST when we thought that the Federal budget had been safely brought into equilibrium, Charles S. Shumaker of Youngstown, Pennsylvania, points out that allowance must be made for additional prison maintenance, because "it costs more to incarcerate bankers than bootleggers." But he spoils the good impression created by this evidence of foresight by going on to comment on the identity of the musical statesman mentioned by Arthur Corrigan. "If you Woodin know," he inquires, "who Dawes?"

IN CLINTON GILBERT'S article, "Reward of Virtue," we printed a story about Cordell Hull which M. T. Grattan, Past Commander Post 122, Grand Army of the Republic, had heard before. "When that story was first told us," he asserts, "Cordell Hull was in diapers and doubtless you were too." Maybe he's right. Mr. Gilbert was careful to say that the story was illustrative of the man's character but almost certainly apocryphal. What hurts us is his reference to an "ephemeral weekly." National Weekly to you, Commander.

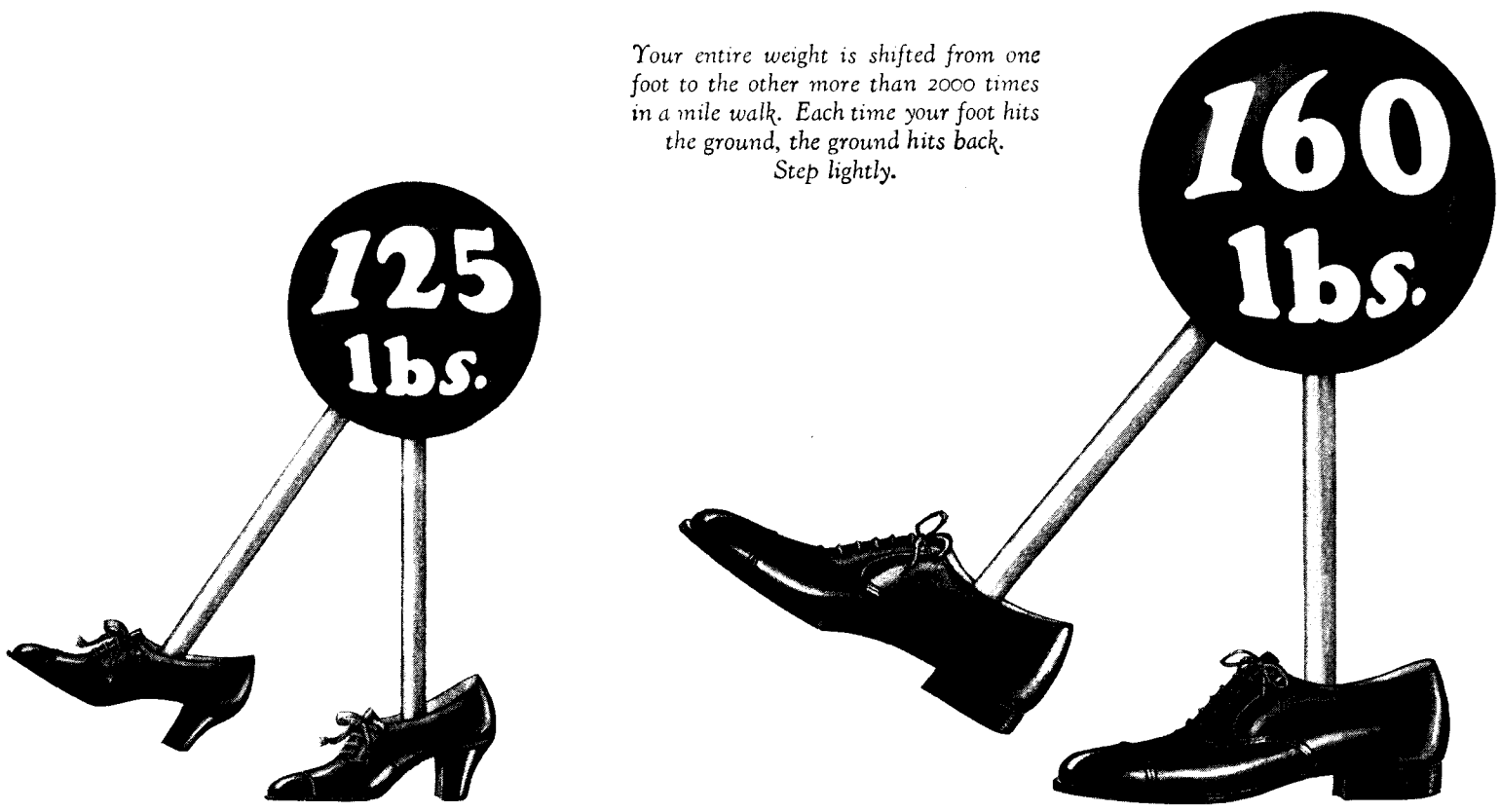
Vol. 91, No. 21. Entered as second-class matter at Post Office, Springfield, Ohio, under Act of March 3, 1879, and at Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, by P. F. Collier & Son Company, Springfield, Ohio. Copyright, 1933, P. F. Collier & Son Company, in the United States, Canada and Great Britain. Executive and Editorial Offices: 250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.; 6 Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, London. Published weekly at Springfield, Ohio, U. S. A. Thomas H. Beck, President; William P. Larkin, Vice President; Albert E. Winger, Treasurer. Manuscripts submitted to Collier's, The National Weekly, should be accompanied by addressed envelopes and sufficient postage for their return. The Publisher assumes no responsibility for return of unsolicited manuscripts.

5 cents a copy in United States, $2.00 a year, $3.50 for two years, in the United States and Possessions. For Canada add $2.50 per year for Canadian duty. Foreign subscriptions including postage: $4.50 a year to Newfoundland and Labrador, $3.50 a year to Argentina, Bolivia, Brazil, Canary Islands, Chile, Colombia, Costa Rica, Cuba, Dominican Republic, Ecuador, El Salvador, Guatemala, Haiti, Honduras, Mexico, Nicaragua, Panama, Paraguay, Peru, Spain and Colonies, Uruguay and Venezuela. $5.50 a year to all other countries.
Remit by postal or express money order or check in United States Funds to Springfield, Ohio. To avoid mistakes in delivery, subscribers should notify us of change of address five weeks in advance. Give both old and new addresses.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Watch your Arches

Your entire weight is shifted from one foot to the other more than 2000 times in a mile walk. Each time your foot hits the ground, the ground hits back. Step lightly.



A GREAT DEAL of excruciating pain in the feet or elsewhere in the body, caused by weakened or broken down arches, can be relieved or completely removed. When the three main causes of foot trouble—misuse, abuse and disuse—are generally understood, a great deal more pain will be avoided.

If you walk with your toes pointed out instead of straight ahead you put a severe strain on your arches. Overstrained, they are likely to sag or flatten. Bones may be forced out of place, pinching and torturing sensitive nerves.

All too often these tortured nerves communicate their distress to nerve centers far removed from the feet. Leg aches, headaches, backaches and many other aches are penalties which follow the misuse of a hard-working foot.

Abused, either by being cramped in a shoe which does not permit the toes to lie flat, or sprawled in an ill-fitting shoe, no foot can support and move its burden comfortably and easily. Shoes should have a straight inner edge. They should fit snugly under the long arch and at the heel.

Examine your shoes to make certain that the sole, under the ball of your foot, does not round down in the center or bend up at the sides. If it does, every step you take tends to flatten the short arch across the ball of the foot. Then the needless pain.

Disuse is the third crime committed against feet which should be able to give willing and uncomplaining service. A foot which has little to do besides carrying its burden from bedroom to dining-room and from there to an automobile or other conveyance, loses its muscular strength, becomes almost an invalid foot through feebleness.

But when muscles and ligaments have lost their strength or arches have become weakened, the services of a competent foot specialist may be needed. He may, by proper treatment, or by prescribing corrective foot exercises or scientifically constructed shoes, restore your foot to a full measure of usefulness.

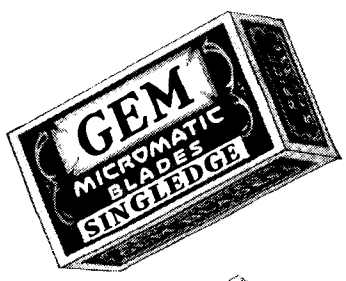
A booklet "Standing Up to Life" which tells how to overcome many foot ailments by means of intelligent foot exercises will be mailed free upon request. Address Booklet Department 633-C.

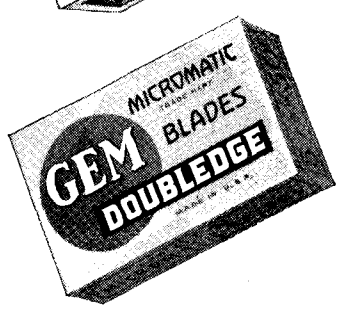
METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

FREDERICK H. ECKER, PRESIDENT — ONE MADISON AVE., NEW YORK, N. Y.

© 1933 M.L.I. CO.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED





overshadows them all!

NO beard can browbeat a Gem. Stubble that takes the heart out of other blades . . . swiftly and meekly yields to Gem's tougher edge, sharpened to frog-hair fineness by 4840 separate stroppings.

But even this super-keenness would be partly lost if Gem hadn't patented dual-alignment, which adjusts edges so precisely that not a bristle or contour can escape its swift, smooth, non-scuffing stroke.

Note the one-piece frame. Note that there are no removable parts—nothing to break—nothing to get out of order—nothing to mislay.

Note the bevelled top, with the correct stroke shaped in the design, so that you're *compelled* to shave at the correct barber-shop angle.

Note how one numbered edge is protectively covered until the other has been used to the limit.

Note that Gem Micromatic Blades are 50% thicker to get that deep wedge-edge so dear to heavy stubble and tender skins. We make them of the toughest surgical steel. They last so much *longer* that there's *less shaving* and *no saving* in "scrap-heap" substitutes.

The first razor to fit either single- or double-edged blades (provided they're Gems). The first razor so confident of its perfection that we'll mail a trial set, with a single- and a double-edged blade and the *exact* gold-plated frame included in Gem's regular $1 outfits, for 25¢.

Coupon, do your duty!

© G. S. R. C. 1933

Gem Safety Razor Corp., Dept. C6, Brooklyn, N.Y.

Enclosed find 25¢ for complete trial Gem set with a single- and a double-edge blade and the same gold-plated Gem Micromatic Razor now featured in regular $1.00 outfits.

PRINT NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

GEM MICROMATIC RAZOR AND BLADES

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

UCLA

By Frederick Hazlitt Brennan

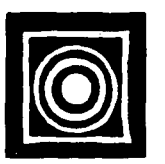
Women: their ways and wiles. Lieutenant Dunn was a promising lad who had never studied the subject. Which leads us to suggest that every future admiral be required to read the story of—

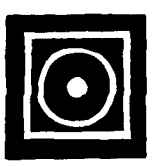
John Dunn

Schramm

McDonigle

Bohnen


Johnson


Monaghan

The Sweetheart of Gun Crew Three

THE crew of Number 3 gun, U. S. S. Dedrick, was, until a girl named Jolie came into its life, a credit to the Navy and to Lieutenant John Dunn, gunnery officer of the destroyer. In last year's short-range battle practice, Number 3 gun had received an "E" rating. The hits-per-gun-per-minute records established by Gun Crew 3 were the best in the squadron.

Now, Lieutenant John Dunn was a young man who lived for gunnery alone. Other young men put their trust in lucky stars, in blond girls who lisp, in the future of the life insurance game or simply in high ideals. But John Dunn put his trust in four-inch guns. He believed whole-heartedly that in a troublous and shifty world four-inch guns were, at least, reliable. And he felt with great earnestness and sincerity that a crack gun crew like his Number 3 is one of the noblest works of God.

Often during discussions with other gunnery officers—joyous yet reverent talk of roller path data, bore-sighting, deflections and ballistics—Lieutenant Dunn would sigh happily and remark: "My Number 3 crew hasn't fired a single shot off the buzzer since I took charge." At such times John Dunn's handsome brown eyes would warm with prophetic visions; he could see Number 3 crew shooting holes in targets rapidly and efficiently, down the years, until one glorious day it achieved the fleet record.

They were seven stalwart bluejackets. "Seven brothers . . . all for one and one for all," Lieutenant Dunn used to reflect, sentimentally, as he stood in the fire control station and watched Gun Crew 3 pour it on a target at six thousand yards. Or, "Gad, what lovely coördination!" he would say to himself, as he drilled them at the loading machine. Little did he dream that a girl named Jolie would, in the space of two date nights, utterly destroy this fine perfection. Lieutenant Dunn never dreamed about girls at all.

But let us glance more closely at the noble seven, in whom John Dunn reposed a gunnery officer's faith:

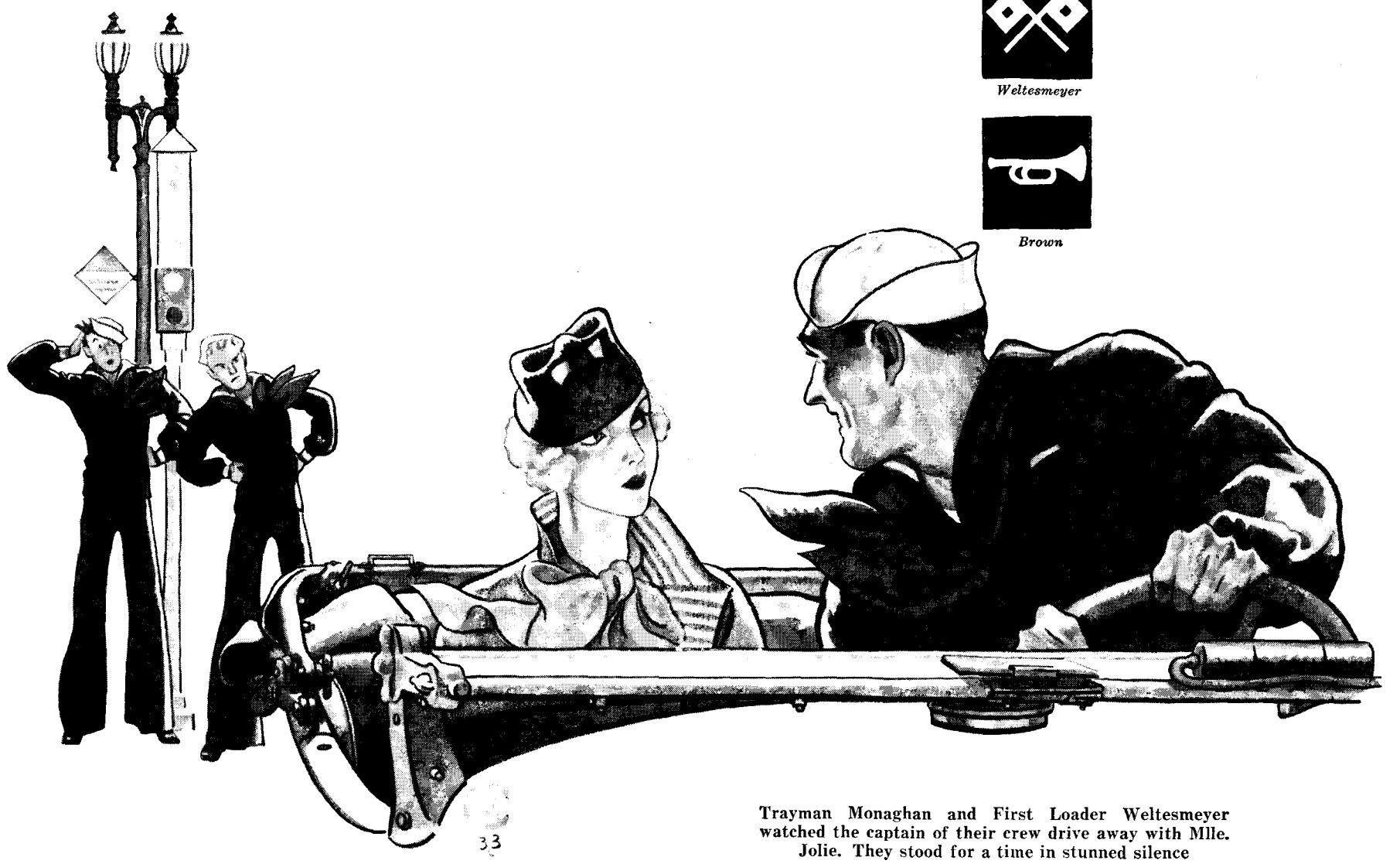
Gun Captain Schramm—laughingly called "the boy friend of San Diego." Unmarried. Eleven years in the service. The only sailor in the U. S. Navy who had the entire Battle of Manila Bay (with smoke and flame) tattooed on his chest. Observers have stated that Gun Captain Schramm could make Dewey's battle line perform a one-eight turn merely by flexing his muscles.

Trainer McDonigle—the pride of Brooklyn. Middleweight boxing champion of the Destroyer Force. Known among his comrades as "a sucker for dames wit' sick kid sisters." Could play any musical instrument after three drinks of beer.

Pointer Bohnen—alias "the Hunky." A good, persistent family man. Four times married, twice divorced. His second wife, a Panama girl, ran off with a Dutch fireman so he was unable to serve the papers.

Weltesmeyer

Brown



Trayman Monaghan and First Loader Weltesmeyer watched the captain of their crew drive away with Mlle. Jolie. They stood for a time in stunned silence

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Sightsetter Johnson—a grim Swede, married, and the guardian of the fleet's morals. Book-carrier for Holy Joe Masters, chaplain of the squadron.

Trayman Monaghan—the Adonis of the U. S. S. Dedrick. Possessed of five gold teeth, a permanent wave and a passion for love stories in magazines.

First Loader Weltesmeyer—ironically nicknamed "Butterfingers" because he once dropped a dummy shell which had been surreptitiously heated with a blow torch. The leading acey-deucey player of the division and an inveterate gambler. Fabled to have won a small fortune betting with Marines on the sex of seagulls.

Second Loader Brown—the ship's zany. Famous for his gallant response to "Man overboard" and thrilling rescue of a corpse floating in the Yangtze River. Since that incident, possessed of a dark suspicion complex.

Number 3 gun manned and ready!

TRAYMAN MONAGHAN saw her first.

He and First Loader Weltesmeyer were walking along Broadway in San Diego one Saturday afternoon, bound for a picture show. She was standing on a corner, timidly and bewilderedly, and was an apparition of such beauty that Trayman Monaghan clutched his friend's arm and exclaimed: "Hey, lookit!"

"I see it," said First Loader Weltesmeyer nonchalantly. "A dollar says she steps off the curb with her right foot."

Trayman Monaghan was judiciously appraising the merits of this bet when the young woman turned and smiled.

"The ferry, please. Where is eet?"

Mr. Monaghan and Mr. Weltesmeyer eyed each other in some doubt. The girl was expensively dressed and a foreigner and therefore not readily catalogued. Yet she was looking at them with admiring friendliness.

"The ferry, miss?"

"Oui. The ferry. Please . . . wheech way?"

"*Is* there a ferry around here, Steve?"

"Seems to me there is. But it all depends on where she wants to go. There's the Honolulu ferry and the Ketchikan ferry—"

"Non, non, non. Please. I go to Coronado."

"Oh, she means the ferry to Coronado. That right, miss?"

"Oui, oui. Yes. Wheech way is eet?"

Trayman Monaghan looked thoughtful.

"It's quite a long way from here, miss. I guess I better go along and show you." He glanced at his good friend Weltesmeyer. They had been buddies for six years and belonged to the same gun crew and all that. *But this girl was no* ordinary San Diego flapper.

"I'll be seein' you, George," he added.

Mr. Weltesmeyer, likewise, had been thinking rapidly. At first it occurred to him that he ought to be loyal to an old pal. Lieutenant Dunn, back on the ship—why, he was always telling them they should be like brothers. Besides, Steve had seen her first.

"I better go along too," said Mr. Weltesmeyer. "You see, miss, my friend knows where the ferries are but he don't know which is which. You wouldn't want to get on a Honolulu ferry by mistake."

THE two buddies glared at each other.

"Scram, sailor."

"She wants us both to go, don't you, miss?"

"Oooh. It ees asking too moch. But you theenk maybe I get the wrong boat, no?"

"Oui, oui, yes," said First Loader Weltesmeyer brightly.

The young lady laughed. Tension eased at once. She might be a high-class dame, but she liked sailors.

"I bet you're French, ain't you?"

"Oui. How could you tell heem?"

"Aw, I can always tell a Frenchy by their clothes. That's sure a nifty outfit you got on."

"Merci. You Americain sailor, you say soch verry sweet theeng."

She smiled charmingly. Hers might not have been the face that launched a thousand ships, but it was good for one division of destroyers, at least. Perceiving this, Mr. Monaghan forgot the *doctrine of one for all and all for one.*

"Say, George, you don't really need to go with us. I'll ast the cop at the pier which is the Coronado ferry."

Mr. Weltesmeyer was sweetly patient.

"The cop ain't apt to be on duty this aft, and if he ain't you'd be sunk without me, miss. My friend here can't read."

Miss Frenchy rendered her tingling trill of laughter again.

"You keed me, yes?"

Surrendering, Mr. Monaghan said with bad grace: "I guess the lady's in a hurry, so we'll get started. Uh . . . by the way . . . I don't guess we interduced ourselves. I'm Mr. Jeff and this here is Mr. Mutt."

She gave them a grave, fascinated nod.

"I am verry pleased we half met."

"Ain't you gonna tell us your name?"

"Ooh, forgive me! My name ees Jolie. I am Jolie Boucher."

Mr. Weltesmeyer started off in the general direction of Los Angeles. Mr. Monaghan frowned.

"Where you goin'? The ferry's over that way."

He pointed toward El Cortez Hotel.

Trayman and First Loader of Gun Crew 3 scowled at each other. There was a muttered argument which threatened to grow bitter and heated.

"What's the idea?"

"I guess you're tellin' me."

"You know that ain't the way to the ferry. Stallin', eh? Figurin' to ditch me, eh?"

"How about you? That ain't the way, neither."

Meanwhile, Mlle. Jolie looked more bewildered and helpless than ever.

THERE was a grinding of brakes at the curb.

Gun Captain Gus Schramm stepped grandly from a rented flivver. He had observed his two crew mates engaged in what seemed to be an angry argument. He had also observed Mlle. Jolie. So it was with mixed emotions that Gun Captain Schramm decided to interfere. Lieutenant Dunn had charged him with the duty of keeping peace in his crew and, moreover, it was just possible that this pretty girl's appealing smile meant something.

Touching his forelock, he said: "What seems to be the trouble, miss?"

"Love?" her voice broke hysterically. "You don't love me. You love four-inch guns"

Illustrated by Mario Cooper

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"I guess I better wise her up to Monaghan," said Trainer McDonigle. First Loader Weltesmeyer agreed emphatically

Mr. Monaghan and Mr. Weltesmeyer whirled. They grinned sheepishly at Gun Captain Schramm.

"My frien's, they don't know where it ees."

"Don't know where what is?"

"The ferry. Please. To Coronado."

Gun Captain Schramm looked grimly at his trayman and first loader. ("The closest harmony," Lieutenant Dunn had written in Naval Institute Proceedings, "must prevail among gun captain, trayman and first loader. They are the absolute nucleus for speed of fire.")

"Oh, so they didn't know where the ferry was, hunh?"

"Non. Meester Jeff, he say it ees that way, and Meester Mutt, he say it ees that way."

"Mutt and Jeff, hunh?"

"Listen, Chief, we was just kidding. We was gonna show her. Fact is, we was gonna take her to the ferry so's she wouldn't get lost. Ain't I right, Steve?"

"Yeah."

Mlle. Jolie's bland blue eyes were large and round. She was bewildered.

"I don' understan'. Please."

Mr. Schramm removed his freshly laundered hat with a flourish.

"It's okay, sis, it's okay. I'll drive you to the ferry. I was goin' that way myself." Then, self-righteously: "You guys better beat it. You done enough for one afternoon."

"Oooh, but meester, I half promise to—"

"That's off, sis. You just didn't know what kind of guys you was getting friendly with. Mutt and Jeff. Hunh!"

Trayman Monaghan and First Loader Weltesmeyer watched the captain of their crew drive away with Mlle. Jolie. They stood for a time in stunned silence. Then—

"Tie that! Schramm handing us that Holy Joe stuff. *Him.*"

"It was all your fault, George. I seen she was a lady right off. I wanted to take her straight down to the ferry, but, oh, no . . . you wouldn't listen. You tried to pull some kinda stall."

"Who . . . me? *I* did? Well of all the . . . hey, where you goin'?"

"To the ferry. Schramm ain't gonna walk off with *my* gal. I seen her first. And if you follow me, I'll clout yuh."

"You and who else?"

THAT same Saturday afternoon, Sightsetter Johnson was leaving the service entrance of the Hotel Del Coronado, accompanied by his wife. Mrs. Johnson was employed as one of the hotel's housekeepers. The Johnsons were saving their money for a farm in Minnesota. Instead of wasting dollars on wild revelry, they planned to spend the afternoon and evening at a Lutheran Bible conference in San Diego.

"Did you have a good week at the gun drills, dear?" Mrs. Johnson inquired.

"Har. Good enough. We ought to win the prize money for short-range battle easy. We'll go farther, too, if that talker the lieutenant's got in control will send his range and deflection dope so a man can understand it. Har. He says 'one' so it sounds like 'ten.' I got to warn the lieutenant."

Mrs. Johnson sighed.

"I do so hope the lieutenant will make him speak distinctly. It would be terrible to miss out on the prize money."

"Har!"

This exclamation had nothing to do with the poor enunciation of Lieutenant Dunn's talker. It was wrung from Sightsetter Johnson by the appearance of a pretty, stylishly dressed girl and a huge man in the uniform of a sailor. Sightsetter Johnson stared.

The couple were walking across a terrace and chatting gayly. Far in the background, lurking in the shadows of a row of palm trees, was another sailor.

Mrs. Johnson nudged her husband.

"Isn't that Mr. Schramm?"

"Yar."

"And with Miss Vivian's maid, I do declare."

Husband and wife exchanged scandalized glances.

"Jolie is a good girl, even if she does wear Miss Vivian's clothes and flirt with sailors. I don't think she knows Mr. Schramm's reputation."

Sightsetter Johnson shook his head.

"Yar, but 'twould make trouble in the crew if anything was to be said, Helga. Schramm is a fine hand at a gun."

"H'mph!"

THERE was a sound of revelry by night at the Mission Beach dance pavilion as Uncle Sam's boys in blue gathered with their ladies fair for the regular Saturday evening party.

First Loader Weltesmeyer and Trainer McDonigle stood together on a side line, watching Trayman Monaghan swing Mlle. Jolie Boucher elegantly in a waltz.

"There's a pal for you," said First Loader Weltesmeyer bitterly. "I seen her first, see? Then Schramm comes along whilst me and Steve is arguing and walks off with her. So Steve and me agrees to foller them to Coronado. And then what does Steve do? He tells a shore patrol cop that I'm trying to pick a fight on the ferry pier. So this dumb shore patrol guy says I got to take a later ferry. That's friendship for you."

Trainer McDonigle listened politely but absent-mindedly. He was watching Mlle. Jolie.

"Yeah," he said, spitting out a toothpick, "but how did Monaghan get her away from Schramm?"

Mr. Weltesmeyer shrugged, glowering darkly.

"Some dirty work, you can bet on that." Then: "It ain't that I care nothin' about the girl, see? It's the Number 3 gang I'm thinkin' of. It's like the lieutenant says—why, we got to be the same as brothers with high ideas of the service. And if that double-crossing louse is acting like a brother then I'm a Marine."

"She sure is a pretty goil," said Mr. McDonigle.

"Yeah . . . she is, at that."

Mr. McDonigle spat out another toothpick.

"Is Monaghan on th' level wit' the kid?"

"Him? He ain't on the level with nobody."

The pride of Brooklyn looked disapprovingly at Trayman Monaghan. He had no serious romantic interest in Mlle. Jolie. She was a pretty goil, but she appealed more to Trainer McDonigle's spiritual nature—that softness of heart which had often led him to believe stories about sick kid sisters. Moreover, McDonigle had a steady girl named Lola Ramnierez, who worked at Cæsar's in Tia Juana and could wield a mean stiletto, if so moved.

"I guess I better wise her up to Monaghan," said Trainer McDonigle. "It won't do no harm."

First Loader Weltesmeyer agreed emphatically.

"That's a swell idea, Tim. And say . . . I'll bet you ten to five he swings on yuh."

"Swings on *me?* I'll bet yuh twenty."

THE next afternoon Mlle. Jolie attended the Sunday matinée at the Fox Theater with First Loader Weltesmeyer. Afterward they had tea in style at the Pickwick Hotel.

"Mrs. Johnson was dead right about Schramm, girlie. That guy has got low ideas. He don't respect American womanhood, nor French neither, for that matter. And as for Monaghan—you heard what Tim McDonigle told you about him. . . . You stick to decent fellas. There's lots of 'em in the Navy. Good, clean boys that their mothers are proud of. And say . . . how about making this date last all evening?"

Mlle. Jolie giggled.

"Oooh . . . I would be so happy to, Meester Wel'meyer, but I have a date with a fine sailor boy Meesis Johnson have found for me."

"Huh. What's his name?"

"Meester Brown. He ees in Meester Johnson's gun-shooting match on the sheep."

"*That* dumb cluck? Good golly, sister! Say-y, lemme tell you what happened when we was in China—"

Bright and early Monday morning, Gun Crew 3 assembled around the loading machine on the Dedrick's deck house amidship.

Lieutenant Dunn was happy. He had spent a jolly week-end aboard ship working with star gauge and calibration data, topped off with sheaves of abscissæ and ordinates. For sheer recreation, just to keep from going stale, Lieutenant Dunn had amused himself by trying to calculate the incidences of error at the Battle of Jutland. He had reached the whimsical conclusion that had Von Scheer's gunnery been 7.84563 per cent more efficient the German turnaway would not have been necessary and the British probably would have been decisively beaten.

"Well, men," said Lieutenant Dunn, cheerily, "are we all set to knock off another fifth of a second in loading time this week?"

Six sailors stared in sulky silence at the red-painted deck. The seventh, Pointer Bohnen, had never seen Mlle. Jolie.

"Aye, aye, sir," said Pointer Bohnen, with appropriate ardor.

Lieutenant Dunn looked at the others. They appeared a trifle seedy and the gunnery officer was momentarily

(Continued on page 41)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The story of two girls and a believe-everything-you-tell-him young man who suffered from a strong attack of—

Languorous Eyes

By Stanley B. Paul

Illustrated by Robert O. Reid

CHIRP made the long swing in front of the church green and brought his car to a stop at the curb by the drug store. He cut the ignition and sat for a while considering ways and means of killing another long evening. Two summers ago, he reflected, there had been none of these dull hours to mope through, because all three of the Bloodgood girls had then been at home. Even after Constance, the eldest, had married, Margery was left. Now she, too, was gone, and only The Runt remained. The Runt was Marion to some people, but to those who liked her best she would always be The Runt. "Like" was the word as far as Chirp was concerned, unless a well-established affection could be defined as love.

No man in his right mind, however, would seek The Runt's company on a soft summer's evening if the desire to be a bit romantic was upon him. Besides, she was nuts; there was no questioning that. Imagine a kid her age saying, as she had said to Chirp the last time they had been together:

"All right, Chirp Dennis! Laugh at me when I have a mature emotion. Go ahead! But before the summer is over I'll break your heart for you. Wait and see if I don't!"

What fun was there with a kid who talked like that? Chirp sighed. His thoughts slipped away into a fantasy of other nights. His eyes assumed that dim, unseeing expression which, in young visionaries, betokens contemplation of fairer scenes than those before the eyes. In short, he dreamed. The moments, unheeded, drifted by.

"Wake up, stupid!" said a voice.

Chirp jumped. The youngest of the Bloodgood daughters was regarding him through the windshield with amused and taunting eyes. She was not alone. Her companion was a girl—a provocatively attractive one.

"HI, RUNT!" he said; and then—as if the presence at her side of one so delectable merited a greater dignity of salutation—amended it to: "Good evening, Marion!"

The Runt assumed a manner of mock dignity.

"Nicely, thank you, Charles," she replied; and went on: "I want you to meet my little cousin, Evelyn Haskell. Evelyn, this is the great Dennis lad, yclept Chirp—than whom there is no deadlier menace to a trusting heart, so don't say I didn't warn you."

Chirp vaulted over the side and approached the two, who stood on the sidewalk. The "little cousin" regarded him with shadowed, languorous eyes, and extended slim fingers.

"I'm charmed, Mr. Dennis!" said the little cousin.

"I'm delighted, Miss Haskell!"

"I'm overcome!" said The Runt.

"Visiting here?" Chirp asked, disregarding, as was his habit, The Runt's interjections.

"No," The Runt said. "Evelyn's here on business—looking over the field. Meanwhile, Chirp, she can build a fire under your heart, something that I, alas, can't even seem to warm—though it isn't 'cause I don't strike matches enough. Last summer," she addressed herself to her cousin, "we had to sweep Chirp off of the front porch with the cigarette ashes; but that was because Marge was at home. Now that she's married we hardly see him at all. I wait for him in the garden, all trembly-like, but he never comes riding by the wall—unless he's doing sixty."

"Heh! Heh!" Chirp laughed a little weakly. The Runt's persistent reference to a fancied piquancy in their relationship always made him feel ridiculous. "She's nuts!" he added for the fair visitor's enlightenment.

The Runt, thus classified, was unperturbed.

"If you sit in his car," she informed her cousin, "and look sufficiently expectant, he sometimes takes you to ride. Let's get in and try it."

THEY both climbed in. Chirp kicked the starter. As the engine surged he looked at the girl beside him in what he hoped was an inviting manner.

"Like to dance?" he asked. "We could drive in town to The Brunswick. Good music!"

"No," The Runt decided unasked. "It's too hot. Besides, you can't afford it. I think it would be nice to go to Nantasket, though. Evelyn loves the sea, and you can't spend an awful lot of money down there."

Miss Haskell spoke up promptly: "Really, Mr. Dennis, I'd much prefer the sea."

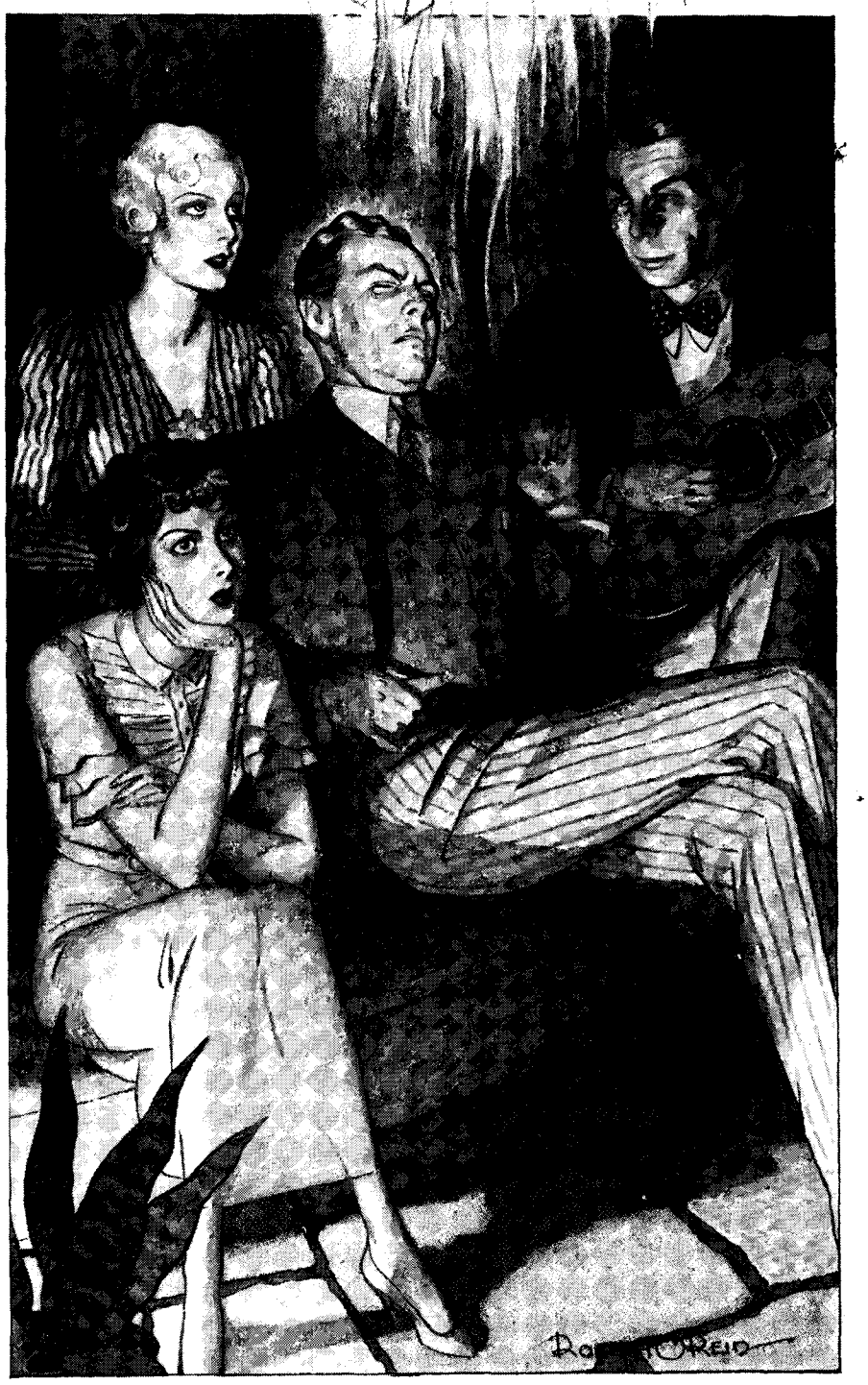
"Well . . ." Chirp was secretly a bit relieved. "If you insist."

"I do, Mr. Dennis!" The languid eyes caught him in their depths. "I do, really!"

He discovered before they had driven many miles that on right-bearing curves Miss Haskell was not averse to bringing a light pressure against his shoulder. The contact was altogether enchanting, and the apologetic glow of her eyes each time it occurred in no way served to lessen its thrill. It would seem that there were gay days ahead with The Runt's little cousin in town, and the long wait for college to reopen was stripped of imminent tedium. The charm would have been complete had it not been for The Runt's incessant chatter.

"Don't you think he's grand?" she demanded of her guest. "He's been the *ignis fatuus* of the Bloodgood women for years. Mother adores him. Constance, in despair at the difference in their ages, married another to forget. Marge was all starry-eyed with what she thought was requited love until he sent her off in his car with Luis de Rez to get married. I'm next: but he thinks I'm too young for him. That's a laugh, because it was only last winter that he started shaving his chin."

Chirp colored.



"I took her li'l brown hands in mine and said: 'Oh, Mona—'" "Mona

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Shut up, will you, Runt?" he begged.

"O-o-o!" The Runt giggled. "He's masterful, isn't he?"

Chirp looked anxiously at Miss Haskell to see if amusement showed in her face. Her eyes, on the contrary, seemed sympathetic; almost as if she must appreciate his forbearance with the noxious youngster. He relaxed a bit and took a curve—to the right—at high speed.

ONCE at the shore the call of jeweled lights and carrousels, expense or no, was too imperative for three so young to resist. The Runt abandoned her last principles about spending Chirp's money, and they left the car to enter the amusement park. Within, The Runt surveyed the glitter, the reaches of games and side shows, and the towering structure of roller-coasters with sparkling eyes.

Low?" Chirp inquired blandly

"We'll divvy him," she announced, "because three's a crowd. You're company, Evelyn, so you can have him first. What do you want him to take you on?"

"Oh," said Miss Haskell, "do they have an Old Red Mill? I love that glide in the dark."

"I can imagine," The Runt said with vast irony.

"This way," Chirp directed eagerly, taking her arm.

"So long!" The Runt called after them. "I'll be waiting for you. Remember, Evelyn, he's my deep breath—not yours. If you forget, my darling, I'll never lend you another man."

"I'll remember, honey," Miss Haskell answered. "Even if I didn't," she added when they were out of earshot, "*you* would, *wouldn't* you, Mr. Dennis?" She lifted her dark eyes to Chirp's.

"Look!" he said with the feeling that things were beginning to click. "Why don't you call me Chirp?"

"Oh, I'd love to!" she sighed as they stepped into the clumsy, blunt craft. "You know," she said as an attendant gave them a shove and they glided into the darkness of the first tunnel, "I always meet the nicest men, only to find them spoken for."

Chirp shifted in his seat a bit and cleared his throat nervously.

"Who said that I was spoken for?" he demanded.

They emerged briefly in a lighted passage. On display for their inspection was a papier-mâché fantasy of knights and dragons. Neither of them looked at it: each held steadily the eyes of the other.

"Who," she softly teased, "said you were the nicest man?"

"Why . . . er . . . I didn't exactly mean . . ."

SHE seemed to measure the distance to the next reach of engulfing darkness. Just as they slipped into the waiting gloom she turned her face to Chirp's again; the last thing he saw was the glow of her deep, dark eyes; the last thing he heard was her whispered: "Who did, Chirp? Huh?"

He was a little awkward—but effective.

The Runt awaited them outside the little paling at the end of the ride, and watched them alight with amused and calculating eyes.

"Did he kiss you?" she inquired.

"Why, Marion!" Evelyn was indignant.

"I'm only fooling, darling. I know that Chirp is true to me—me and the Junior League. But I thought I'd warn you just in case. . . . You'd better make up your mouth again, sweet. The lipstick's all skewy."

Evelyn flushed, but The Runt remained utterly bland.

"Come on, Chirp," she commanded. "It's my turn now. I want a ride on the Thunderbolt. You see, Evelyn, I do my work in the open. Besides, it has all the thrill of one of Chirp's kisses, practically, and when it's over you still have your dignity left."

"Come on, pest," Chirp growled and grabbed her arm. "I know a place on that ride where I can toss you overboard and no one would be the wiser."

"*You* would be, Chirp. And the knowledge would follow you all of your days. My face would bob up in your dreams. I'd haunt you. I'd be your bogey-woman. I feel safe. Let's go!"

It was some hours later when Chirp pulled into the Bloodgood drive and stopped under the old porte-cochère.

"What are you doing tomorrow?" he asked in parting.

"We're going in town shopping," The Runt replied. "We can't ask you to dinner because Mother will be out and Daddy's on a business trip. You can see Evelyn in the evening, though. I expect that's what you mean, isn't it?"

"Yes!" her cousin urged. "Do come over!"

"Don't worry, darling. He will. Something tells me that the Bloodgood ice chest is in for another beating from Chirp. Romantic as he is, you still have to feed him. What is it you like, Chirp? Liverwurst? I'll tell Mother to lay in a supply for you."

"Thanks," Chirp said unabashed. "I'll be over."

THE Runt seemed to linger purposefully by the car; her cousin, at length, said good night and went indoors. When they were alone The Runt looked searchingly at Chirp. Her clear, blue eyes were without banter and her voice without mockery.

"Look, Chirp!" she said in a low voice. "Don't get hurt again, will you?"

"What do you mean?"

"You needn't look so surprised. You took it on the chin about Marge and Luis, didn't you?"

"I don't know what you're talking about."

"Oh, Chirp, you're improgitable."

"I'm what?"

"Improgitable! It's a private word of mine. I made it up to describe you. Listen! You're sunk, and you know it! Honestly," her voice became a little scornful, "I should think you'd have more resistance. You're too easy to get, Chirp. I'm even losing interest myself. But here's what I mean about not getting hurt: Evelyn's folks sent her here for a kind of cure. She's had a boy complex with a decided weakness for dashing off to a minister's. They stopped her once on the five-yard line and there was all kinds of shooting. I'm just warning you, that's all. Tomorrow morning she'll forget all about you and fall in love with the postman. So don't get hurt again. I've seen that light in your eyes before and I know what it means. She probably thinks you're cute, but you haven't got enough on the ball to play in her league."

"Listen, Runt," Chirp said angrily, "you mind your own business, will you? You may be all the world to the Boy Scouts but you're only a headache to me."

"Oh, darling!" The Runt's eyes were dancing again. "Let me be your headache powder, won't you? I effervesce something swell!"

"G'wan. . . ." Chirp shifted into gear.

"All right, Lochinvar. But don't come running to Mamma when they take the bandages off, because I'll not sympathize. Remember, now!"

"You're nuts!" Chirp informed her and tore off down the drive.

CHIRP was annoyed the following evening to find a strange car parked in the Bloodgood drive. He was further annoyed, on approaching the veranda, to hear light laughter coming from the shadows. His annoyance reached its height when his eyes discerned two unfamiliar men seated with The Runt and Evelyn. Just before his presence was discovered, he heard one of the strangers say: "But who said that I was spoken for, Miss Haskell?"

Chirp stiffened a bit; but assumed a suave bearing and started up the steps. The Runt jumped up when she saw him.

"Oh, Chirp," she cried, "what do you suppose? Evelyn and I were having lunch at The Touraine today, and these gentlemen were seated across the dining-room, and we kept looking at them and looking at them, because Evelyn was sure that she'd met one of them; and we . . . and, well, anyway, it turned out—after we got acquainted, and everything—that they were classmates of a friend of Evelyn's at Tri-State Tech; and they've been down in the jungles of Central America for two years building railroads for some fruit company into the banana plantations, and they drove us out from Boston, and. . . . Oh! Excuse me!" She paused, all out of breath. "I haven't even introduced you. This is Mr. Dennis, Mr. Kelsey."

The larger of the two, he who stood at The Runt's side, extended an indifferent hand.

"Meet'cha," he mumbled, and added: "Glad you dropped in for a few minutes."

"Thanks," said Chirp a bit uncertainly, taking the hand.

"And this," said The Runt, indicating the chap with her cousin, "is Mr. Mears. Mr. Dennis—Chirp," she amended, "goes to Harvard."

"Thasso?" Mr. Mears asked and turned to his companion. "Ever hear of it, Kelsey?"

The other man appeared to ponder for a moment.

"Yeah," he said at length, "I believe I have. They play Yale once in a while."

CHIRP, unwilling to be drawn into open discourtesy with the older men, grinned good-naturedly.

"That's right," he agreed.

"Well, look!" said The Runt. "Sit down, everyone, because Mr. Kelsey is going to tell us about the time he nearly married a native woman. At least, he just promised me that he would."

"Baby," said Mr. Kelsey fatuously, "how do you expect me to talk about native women with you around?"

Chirp sat down a little stiffly. Evelyn, he observed, was turning the magic of her eyes on Mears—the magic which Chirp had found so entrancing the previous evening.

"Tell us, Mr. Kelsey! Do!" urged The Runt.

Kelsey glanced at Mears; it was as if he issued an order, for the other man reached down to his feet and picked up a guitar which Chirp had failed to notice. His fingers raced up and down the

(Continued on page 36)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

90¢ El País PRIMERA EDICION A M 3¢

HABANA, SABADO 31 DE DICIEMBRE DE 1932

Muerto a Tiros El Joven González Rubiera, Al Sufrir La Aplicación De La Ley De Fuga

Viene a Cuba El "Akron", El Dirigible Mayor Del Mundo

Arsenio Ortiz, Havana police chief

Once we fought a war to free Cuba; now we are unwitting accomplices in oppressing her. The Platt Amendment, originally intended as a safeguard to Cuban liberty, has become a barrier to effective protest against a tyrannous government. Here Mr. Shepherd tells the appalling story of the cruelty of the present régime, and Senator Borah suggests the remedy

Wide World

Upper left, a boy who was killed by police "while trying to escape." Above, repairing a Havana water main after a bombing

Help Cuba Quickly

An interview with Senator Borah

By William G. Shepherd

SENATOR WILLIAM E. BORAH in our talk was carefully but indignantly seeking for adjectives sufficiently strong to describe what he thought of President Machado's present bloody rule in Cuba when I put this question straight at him:

"Would you go so far as to say that we Americans must either drop the Platt Amendment or go to the other extreme of sending troops into Cuba to insure the election of an acceptable government?"

The idea of sending troops there for another intervention did not faze him. He answered straight back:

"I would either change or terminate the Platt Amendment, or I would live up to it. Humanity has its rights. We proved that once before in Cuba. Certainly, so long as we have the Platt Amendment, which provides that we must protect life and human liberty there, we cannot be indifferent to the Cuban situation."

To change the Platt Amendment, as appears later, would be death to Machadoism; maybe the risk of violent death to Machado himself; at least it would put him on the run.

"It seems to me," the senator went on, "that our present policy should be that of calling quickly upon the government of President Machado to protect life, property and individual liberty. Our action thereafter should depend upon the extent to which the Cuban government carried out this plain duty of every civilized government."

There is no doubt that this Cuban terror has gone too far. Weylerism, which threw Cubans to the sharks, was, as Senator Borah said to this writer, "scarcely less inhuman than what is going on in Cuba today."

Murder in Cuba today has been bolder than it was in the days of the Spanish General Weyler. At that time a southern Negro, disguised as a Cuban fisherman, went out in a rowboat near "Shark's Hole" at the foot of Morro Castle, and was able to find the half-eaten body of a Cuban patriot who had undoubtedly been thrown secretly to the sharks by Weyler's officials. He took a photograph of the corpse and it was used by the government of the United States in protesting to the Spanish government against its slaughter of Cubans. This American colored man took his life in his hands in venturing into the forbidden waters near the Shark's Hole. He was given a permanent job as embassy attaché at Havana by the United States government.

But today the officials under President Machado have made no secret of their killings. They have left the beaten and pulped corpses of their critics on the open roads as warnings to others.

It's Our Responsibility

The situation in Cuba, beyond the slightest doubt, finally became evil enough to demand action of some sort upon our part. If the rest of the world were quiet, the nations would be viewing Cuba with horror and might go so far as to suggest that the United States carry out the Platt Amendment and restore decency and order there.

Keystone View

University students under arrest following an anti-Machado demonstration

Senator Borah, for twelve years almost a one-man world-power as chairman of the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations, has, with other officials in Washington, reached a state of indignation about the cruelties of Machado.

"But," he inserted, with a sense of international neutrality gained through long experience, "I should not express my views on the Cuban situation, bad as it is, if the United States were not responsible for it." In other words—and this is the present view of many powerful officials in Washington—while the internal affairs of other nations are their own private concern, the internal affairs of Cuba, for a very special reason, are the particular concern of the United States. The relations between the United States and Cuba are different from the relations between the United States and any other nation on earth.

Senator Borah in our talk did not go into the details of Cuban atrocities. He knows them. So does the State Department. So did Henry L. Stimson, Secretary of State under President Hoover. So did Harry F. Guggenheim, our recent ambassador to Cuba. But these stories and reports were secrets of a State Department that did not act to aid Cuba even while Cuba was passing from horror to super-horror. The secrets of that State Department were officially available to Senator Borah, as chairman of the Foreign Relations Committee of the Senate. But even though he is no longer chairman of that committee, due to the political overturn of 1932, he still respects, of course, those official secrets which lie buried away in the State Department files.

"When I speak of the unspeakable conditions in Cuba, I cannot go into definite details," he told me. "You'll have to get facts for yourself concerning the terrible conditions in Cuba."

I assured him that I had paid two recent visits to Cuba and that every magazine or newspaper correspondent

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

who has gone to Cuba recently could easily find more evidence than he could use even in a big book to show the cruelties of the Machado régime.

"In Cuba," Senator Borah said, "there has been no free press, no free speech, no personal liberty. It has been government by force. Many of the practices of the government were ruthless and cruel beyond language to express.

"I am unwilling myself," he announced, "to have the unspeakable outrages which have been perpetrated in Cuba continue indefinitely, at a time when the United States has the consent of the Cuban government itself, according to the Platt Amendment, to put an end to them."

The Island of Terror

Right here, to get a picture of the mass outrages against 4,000,000 Cubans —the thing that Senator Borah says we ought to stop—comes this reporter's story, which Senator Borah told him to go out and get for himself, of some of the present-day Cuban horrors. It's only too easy for any reporter to discover. Any tourist in Havana can get a glimpse of it. It lies just under the thin surface and veneer of civilian life in the lovely city of Havana. Any waiter, bell-boy, taxi man, guide or chambermaid will whisper it to you. You walk over it, around it and in the midst of it. You rub elbows with it. Indeed, it is pitiful how almost every Cuban will try to tell you of it, if you are an American.

The Machado terror has hit every stratum of Cuban life. The whole story is too big to tell here. I must select for description only one small section of the bloody jig-saw puzzle into which Machado has turned Cuba. I shall relate statements which leading Cuban journalists and other reliable persons have made, showing how Machadoism, in its bloodiest form, has struck the very finest element in Cuban life, the 6,500 students in The University of Havana (which is one of the oldest universities in the Spanish-American world) and the 19,000 boys and girls in the seven high schools of Cuba.

International

A street gathering of university students in Havana

Machado, almost six years ago, induced the three political parties of Cuba to combine. Collier's has told how Machado practically bribes congressmen, senators and politicians by giving them the official right to buy lottery tickets from the government at a low price and sell them to the public at a high price. This merger was not a hard-times measure; Cuba was booming. Only a few brave congressmen dared to oppose the party merger. Cubans call this small group of less than a dozen "The Orthodoxes."

The merged parties nominated and reëlected Machado to the presidency. University professors and students and, later on, high-school students, with their teachers, began to protest against corruption, oppression and cruelty which grew out of this one-party rule. There is one high school in each of the six provinces of Cuba and a very large high school in the city of Havana, with its 600,000 population. The university and high schools are federal institutions.

Education at a Standstill

The university students began their campaign by holding anti-Machado mass meetings. Machado opposed them. This drove the students closer together in their resistance. Machado in turn closed the university and the high schools. Today none but primary or private schools are open in Cuba.

This is the third year the university and high schools have been closed. Cubans who can afford it are sending their children to school in the United States or in Mexico.

Machado, acting as if he were an outside enemy who had seized Cuba and was trying to destroy it by destroying its youth, has held at a dead standstill the education of almost twenty-five thousand of Cuba's young people; and they are Cuba's brightest and best young people.

It is true that Machado, driven by opinion of the outside world, tried to open the university and the high schools, but students declined to return until Machado and the corrupt congress had resigned. Today the record stands that several professors of the university, over fifty-five of the university students and even one seventeen-year-old high-school student have been assassinated, and hundreds of young girls and boys, students of the high schools, have been imprisoned like criminals by Machado's civil and military police. This is why the professors and the students refuse to return to school until the Machado congress and Machado himself are out of office.

What I have to tell is about the slaughter of some of these students; the finding of their corpses, pounded and battered and, in some cases, bearing what the Cubans call the "Mark of Ortiz."

"When they find a student whose spinal column has been broken by a bullet at the base of the brain," a university student told me, "we know that Major Arsenio Ortiz has stepped up behind him in the office of the military police and has personally used his revolver on the victim."

Major Ortiz is an officer in the Cuban army. He is chief of the military police in Havana, which means that he is in charge of all police, for Havana for over a year has been under military rule; practically under martial law. Ortiz's name carries terror. The Russian Ogpu is not more frightful. He and his men go into homes and drag men and women, boys and girls, before the military courts, or put them into prison and hold them for months, without trial, charges or explanations. The only courts, aside from those in which civil suits are tried, are courts-martial, manned by soldiers and officers. There are no jury trials. There is no bail. There is no habeas corpus.

Ortiz, Machado's right-hand man, is a subject of dreadful legend. When the liberty dam breaks in Cuba Major Ortiz will most certainly depart somewhere in haste. Whether all the stories told about him are true or not, the Cubans believe them. I heard many terrible stories about Huerta in Mexico during the closing days of his dictatorship, in the spring of 1914; of his aides, for instance, shooting his political enemies at their gravesides. But none of the Mexican stories was one half as ghastly as the stories that are told and are sincerely believed concerning the alleged brutalities of this Cuban army officer, Ortiz. He is a huge man, part Negro, with very small, deep-sunken eyes. The Cubans tell you that he is more cruel than Pancho Villa, the Mexican bad man, at his worst. They tell you that he has strangled prisoners to death with his bare hands. "Ortiz can kill you and throw your body away, if he wants to, without accounting to anyone," a professor of the university told me, "but he prefers to leave the bodies of our students lying in the open, like your Chicago gangsters, as a warning to others."

There is a story told of Machado's men that they took a partially morphined youth who had been hastily removed by student companions from the operating-room of a hospital, where he had been treated for wounds inflicted in a struggle with an *experto* policeman. They were seen to be slapping him,

(Continued on page 46)

"The Victims of Ortiz." A page from a Cuban magazine with photographs of the bodies of revolutionaries found in the streets after their arrest by police

International

Above, Freyre de Andrade, murdered university professor. Below, Gerardo Machado (center), president of Cuba, with U. S. Ambassador Harry F. Guggenheim

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

You couldn't blame Eddie

By Frank Leon Smith

A romance of the roofs, featuring a young man with a spyglass—and a girl with everything

ONE taxicab was enough for Eddie Fielding and all his chattels, together with the abandoned junk of his two former roommates.

Before going to the roof, Eddie tacked up—near the bureau in his new place—a snapshot of Eddie Fielding, erstwhile member of the Apollo Athletic Club, neatly completing a twelve-foot pole vault.

It would, therefore, appear that Eddie was proud of his pole-vaulting. He was. But Eddie was more than a pole-vaulter, capable of taking falls of twelve feet or so without landing on his head. He was also a musician. He could play Home, Sweet Home on any instrument he could get his hands on. And at Pfister & Pflueger's big store, where he worked, he could get his hands on many.

Pfister & Pflueger sold musical instruments. For two years Eddie had dedicated his life to extending pleasant greetings to customers—those who came in for fiddle strings, phonograph needles or sax reeds, as well as those who wanted to look at expensive horns or concert grand pianos.

Meanwhile he had been sharing an apartment with two other fellows, and they had gone and got married. He couldn't swing the rent and expenses alone. He found that out. So he rented a pleasant, furnished "single," and he got a turned-in radio set for nothing at the store; and one sunny Saturday afternoon in early June we find him on the roof, stringing an aërial—and getting ready to plunge right into a triangle story, with himself, Carol Pond and young Paul in the angles. Paul is the villain.

Eddie strung his wires, and when he had finished, for no reason at all, unless Destiny gave him a kick, he walked to the edge of the flat roof.

He saw a whole mess of yards, fences and fire escapes where, in the contrasting fashion of cities, some very modest old tenements backed up to the modern apartment buildings.

He saw a forest of five-story clothes-poles, with pulley lines leading to windows at various levels; some of the lines empty, some loaded with socks, bibs, tablecloths, bathing-suits and crucified union suits. He looked down, and close by, on a flat extension leading from the fourth story of one of the newer buildings, he saw a girl.

YOU couldn't blame Eddie for clutching at the air. Here he had expected nothing but economy from the neighborhood, and already it was giving him notions of romance. The girl was young and she was, to use the word that caromed through his mind, a "pip." She had a mop of blue-black hair, and the agreeable features that young sailors have in mind when ordering portraits tattooed on their arms. She was wearing pajamas, the polite, public kind that almost make an evening gown of that humble garment, and she was watering plants in boxes at three sides of the extension.

Presently she looked Eddie's way, and he smiled, and hoped she would think he was good-looking and a fine fellow indeed. But Eddie might as well have been cut from black cardboard. He was standing against the sun—hence was only a silhouette to her.

Then she put down the watering pot and reached into a window—and brought out a baby in rompers. "Aw, shoot!" said Eddie to himself. "Already she's married and got a baby."

He went below, grumpily, switched on his radio, shut it right off when he found it worked, and then, without admitting to himself what he was doing, he rummaged a bag of odds and ends cast off by his former roommates. What he was doing was looking for a telescope, somewhat battered, but still and all a serviceable telescope. He found it, tossed it on the day bed, and tried to convince himself that next he was going to hang up his tie rack.

Instead he went to a window, opened it and looped back the curtains. He looked out and across to the roof that interested him. He saw that the girl, or her people, had penthouse ideas. Modest ones, but pent, none the less. They had made the roof extension very attractive with plants and rugs and seats and striped awnings. The girl was there with the baby, and now her husband came out.

EDDIE frowned. He couldn't like this husband, who was a big, evil-looking fellow and acted very silly about the baby, gaping at it with awe, and holding it like glassware in his brawny arms. Now Eddie was no peeping Tom, and he didn't linger at the window. He backed up to the middle of the room where he couldn't possibly be seen, and he pulled out the telescope to its full length and focussed it.

When he got the girl in focus he staggered, for she leaped right into his room in her pajamas, her nice teeth and eyes flashing a brilliant smile. Only the smile wasn't for him. Neither was that maddening kissing motion she made with her lips. That was for the baby. So Eddie rested his elbows on the bureau to steady himself, and through the leveled spyglass he got a good, clear view of her left hand, as she clasped the baby. He blushed. She had no wedding ring. She didn't even have an engagement ring!

"Just a tenement girl," he told himself, but he knew better and, anyway, it wasn't a tenement she lived in. He looked again through the telescope. The brawny-armed man sat down in a wicker chair and took an eight-dollar psychology book from a table. Eddie knew it was an eight-dollar book. He had seen it in the stores and knew the jacket. The man found his place, called to the girl, read something, and jeered.

Quite obviously the girl was indignant. Still holding the baby, she thumbed the pages of the book, indicated a place toward the end, quoted from it, gave the man a push and stood back with a triumphant, "See, smarty?"

"She's read the book," thought Eddie. "She's got a bean."

He slammed the telescope shut and stood it on his bureau, avoiding himself in the mirror. He tried out the thought that he didn't like this place and that he should move right away. He booted a bag that had a folded rowing-machine in it, and while he was caressing his toe and making faces a hallboy called him.

Some pals were out front with a car. They were off for the week-end, and he was to come along. He wouldn't go, although he had planned to if he was through with his moving. When he came back to his room, the girl on the roof had gone. "Darn it," he thought. "Why did that big bruiser have to meet her first?" and, "If I met her on a raft, at some swell beach, it would be romance, but on a roof it's just backstairsy and servants' hall. Anyway, I haven't met her yet, and probably won't."

THAT afternoon and evening he took over the entire unhappy burden of being The Loneliest Man in Town.

The next day, Sunday, was beautiful. June showed just what it could do if it got behind a day with all its resources, and when Eddie came back from a husky breakfast, with ten pounds of Sunday papers under his arm, the girl was on the roof again. Once more in pajamas.

Eddie thought, "Gosh, I'd like to know her, but I'm not going to shout from windows like some shanty person."

So he peeled off his coat and went right up to the roof with pliers and wire, on an absolutely spurious radio mission.

"—'k out you don't fall!" came a lovely voice, the voice of a mountain brook when there aren't too many people around.

Eddie turned. The girl was looking up at him. She was smiling. She had spoken to him! Gosh—they were acquainted—or they soon would be.

He assured her he wouldn't wish to fall. His work was finished, anyhow. He stretched and inhaled and gave June's day some rousing compliments. The girl stretched and inhaled, and endorsed the compliments. Now her roof garden came in for extravagant but well-phrased praise. That led up to the fact that he was a stranger here. Just moved in. Noticed her place yesterday. And what lovely flowers she had around the firewall. Then Eddie cast away all he had learned at his mother's knee about lying and said, "And what a beautiful little baby you have! Saw him yesterday. I'm crazy about him!"

"Isn't he darling? His name is Paul."

Now behind her a stout blond young lady came to the window, eating peanut-brittle. She looked out to see who was talking, and, sighting him on the roof, clutched her kimono to her and retreated.

Eddie, striving to be casual, although his thumping heart made him fear his words would come out in hysterical bursts, said, "Oh—just happened to

The girl was looking up at him. She had spoken to him!

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

think—would you folks be interested in a concert tonight? I have some passes and I thought maybe you and your husband and your sister might like to go."

Her smile was delightful and so was the little "Go 'way!" gesture she made, but her words were divine—to Eddie. She said:

"They're no relation. The baby is theirs."

Eddie rendered the round "O" of understanding—but if he had owned two tons of firecrackers he would have set them all off at once. He said, "Supposing I send three tickets around, anyhow?"

She laughed. "They have other plans—but I'd love it."

Neighborhood heads now appeared at the windows of the more modest tenements. Here and there buxom housewives placed pillows on window sills and rested their arms on them, to look and listen the more comfortably. In a kitchen across the yards, Mr. Fogarty, who worked at a coal dock and always brought home his favorite scoop-shovel of a Saturday night, lest it be purloined over the week-end, was awakened by the passage of his wife and daughter to the window.

EDDIE was saying, "I get all kinds of passes right along." He wanted to give the girl confidence, so he added ingenuously, "I work at Pfister & Pflueger's, and we advertise in the programs and, anyway, we get a drag wherever they use our pianos."

"Oh. Oh, I see," said the girl.

"What is ut?" Mr. Fogarty grumbled.

"They's a man on the roof, Pa," said his daughter.

"Our roof?" Mr. Fogarty asked in alarm.

"No—the one over there."

"Well, if it's a crook, get a cop. If it's fire, turn in the alarm."

"He's talkin' to that girl with the bare arms—over there where they think they're smart with their awnings."

"Tell him to shut up his head and let a man get his sleep of a Sunday morning."

"Aw, he's only a fresh guy, flirtin'," said the child over her shoulder, her shrill voice carrying across the back lots to Eddie and the girl with the bare arms.

"Arrgh!" roared Fogarty, and beat upon his shovel with a poker.

Eddie grinned, spread his hands in comic despair, then held up seven fingers and mouthed, "Seven o'clock?" and, "Out front?" and pointed. The girl nodded and laughed, and Eddie withdrew from the roof. When he got to his own room he didn't avoid the mirror. He beamed at it, and shook hands with himself, and put his right forefinger on his head and his left hand on his hip and made what he thought were oriental dance turns.

Seven o'clock, of course, was early, but it gave a chance for dinner and conversation.

He was waiting, well before seven, in his best white flannels and blue coat, and when she came down in a charming little sand-colored frock, with splashes of emerald green, his panama hat almost leaped into his hand.

HE PUT her right into a taxi and told the man to drive toward the park. Then from the corners of their seat they looked at each other with frank interest, and smiled and exhaled, in what might have been approval, or relief. "Oh, by the way," he said, "Fielding. Eddie Fielding."

"Carol Pond. May sound like the name of a small lake, but it's all mine."

"Carol. What a pretty name. Never knew anybody named Carol—until now."

She blushed. She said hurriedly, "I'm all thrilled about the concert. What is it to be?"

He told her, and added, "Dog-gone it, it's the last of the series—and here I've had passes to throw away all spring." He looked at her in mock alarm. "Gosh, what a narrow escape!"

"What—on the roof?"

"No—I came darn' near taking an apartment in Thirty-sixth Street, and if I had, that concert would be shy this pair of music lovers."

She asked him where he had been living, and starting with that he gave her a vast amount of biographical data, going back as far at times as a couple of generations. Suddenly he found himself telling her how he had once booted the bar at an even twelve feet, and was astounded to find himself telling her that, and looking out the window at a big bronze bust of Robert Burns or somebody, with a pigeon on his head.

"How'd we get up here at the end of the park? And how come I'm giving Miss Pond all this Blue Book dope about Mr. E. G. Fielding?"

SHE laughed. "I guess because we have a good driver—and because Mr. Fielding's saga interested Miss Pond."

"Saga? Oh, is that the way you pronounce it? Now I can use it sometime. I'll use it right now. How about hearing yours?"

She said, "Born in Quincy, Mass., twenty-two years ago. Father, a naval designer, killed in a shipyard accident, while daughter was in Radcliffe. Daughter finishes college and comes to big city with her pick and shovel, as those implements seem best suited to her mental attainments. Finds small job in office. On one eventful day she seeks to have repairs made on her Sunday fur coat. A wholesale house in near-by city is suggested. She goes. The manager observes her, detains her, and has been detaining her ever since. Your present correspondent," she finished, "now models furs, and e'en, at times, obtains commissions on sales, the manager maintaining that I am the only model in the city with a Boston accent and that it impresses buyers."

"Why," Eddie asked, "do you live over here?"

"It's because the Butlers—the people I live with—came from up our way, and they provide a very pleasant room for our heroine at a very small cost, in consideration of her services at odd times as custodian of their son, Paul."

(Continued on page 44)

Illustrated by Earl Oliver Hurst

Eddie announced they had just time for one more dip. She raced in with him

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Fu Manchu's Bride

By Sax Rohmer

The Story Thus Far:

WORKING feverishly, Dr. Petrie, noted English scientist, endeavors to discover the cause of a deadly plague which has attacked southern France. He succeeds—finds a weird *new* bacillus. And he evolves an antidote, "654," the formula of which he sends to one man alone: Sir Manston Rorke, in London.

With Petrie is Alan Sterling, a young orchid hunter. Living at a near-by villa (recently purchased by Mahdi Bey, a mysterious Egyptian) is a girl: "Fleurette." Sterling meets her, is fascinated by her beauty. He wonders who she is. . . . That night (and many times in the next few days) Sterling sees a dacoit—a member of a murderous Burmese band—lurking in the shadows near Petrie's villa. And Sir Denis Nayland Smith—ex-Scotland Yard operative and old friend of Petrie—arrives. With Sterling he goes to the laboratory. Petrie is there, a deep shadow (sure sign of the plague!) creeping slowly down his forehead. Instantly, Sir Denis gives him an injection of "654." Then—"Kill that fly, Sterling!" The "fly," killed, proves to be a monstrous flying flea. "Look!" exclaims Sir Denis. "Those leaves it lighted upon—they've been sprayed with blood, Sterling!" Then— "Someone is *trying to murder* Petrie. *Someone* is trying to find the formula for '654'—*to destroy it.* We're up against the most dangerous man on earth: *Dr. Fu Manchu!*"

Petrie is taken to a hospital. There is no more "654." "I'll get the formula from Sir Manston Rorke," says Sir Denis. But *he does not do so. Sir Manston is poisoned, murdered*—and his prescription records stolen! . . . While guarding Petrie, Sterling has a strange adventure. A woman enters the room, introduces herself as "Karamaneh," Dr. Petrie's wife. She tries to kiss Petrie. Ordered by Nayland Smith *to permit no one to touch the patient,* Sterling pulls her away. She is very beautiful. Gazing into her eyes, Sterling finds himself hypnotized. But a voice—seeming to emanate from the air—warns him to beware. The woman hurries away. According to Sir Denis, she was not Petrie's wife, but Fah Lo Suee, daughter of Fu Manchu! . . . Other exciting adventures follow. Finally, trapped in a room, Sterling shoots a dacoit and tries to make his escape. A cloud of mimosa-scented vapor envelops him. He loses consciousness, but is saved by Sir Denis.

Convalescent (while Sir Denis is in Berlin, hoping to find an extra copy of the formula), Sterling goes to a restaurant. At a near-by table is a distinguished man, possibly a Russian of the old régime. Facing the man is—*Fleurette!*

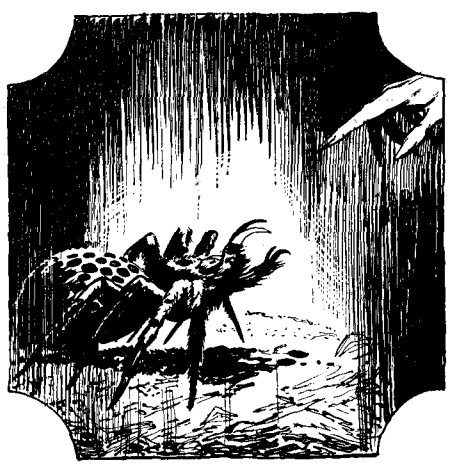
IV

YES—it was Fleurette!

Over one astrakhan-covered shoulder of her companion our glances met. Dim light may have created the illusion, but I thought that that flower-like face turned pale, that the blue eyes opened very widely for a moment.

I was about to stand up when a slight, almost imperceptible movement of Fleurette's head warned me unmistakably not to claim the acquaintance.

I asked myself the question: Had the gesture been real or had I merely imagined it?



Fleurette wore a light wrap over a very plain black evening frock. Her hair smoldered under the shaded lights so that it seemed to contain sparks of fire. She had instantly glanced aside. I could not be wrong.

At first I had experienced intense humiliation, but now my courage returned. True, she had conveyed the message: "Don't speak to me." But it had been in the nature of a warning, an admission of a mutual secret understanding, and in no sense a snub.

She was not, then, inaccessible. She was hedged around, guarded, by the jealous suspicions of her Oriental master.

I could doubt no longer.

The man seated with his back to me was the same whom I had seen in the car driven by the Negro chauffeur. Despite his nonconformity to type, this was Mahdi Bey. And Fleurette, for all her glorious, virgin-like beauty, must be his mistress.

She deliberately avoided looking in my direction *again.*

Her companion never moved: his immobility was extraordinary. And presently, through the leaves of the shrubs growing in wooden boxes, I saw the black-and-silver car, almost directly opposite the restaurant.

My glance moved upward to the parapet guarding a higher road which here dips down and forms a hairpin bend.

A man stood there watching.

Difficult though it was from where I sat to form a clear impression of his appearance, I became convinced, nevertheless, that he was one of the tribe of the dacoits . . . possibly the same yellow-faced horror I had seen in the garden of the Villa Jasmin!

And at that moment, as my waiter approached, changing the plates in readiness for the next course, I found myself swept back mentally into the ghastly business I had come there to forget. I experienced a sudden chill of foreboding.

If, as I strongly suspected, one of the murderous Burmans was watching the restaurant—did this mean that I had been followed there? If so, with what purpose? I no longer stood between Petrie's enemies and their objective . . . but:

I had wounded, probably killed, one of their number. I had heard much of the implacable blood feuds of the Indian thugs; it was no more than reasonable to suppose that something of the same kind might prevail among the dacoits of Burma.

I glanced furtively upward again. And there was the motionless figure leaning against the parapet.

In dress there was nothing to distinguish the man from an ordinary Monaco workman, but my present survey confirmed my first impression.

This was one of the yellow men attached to the service of Dr. Fu Manchu.

I cast my memory back over the route I had so recently traversed. Had any car followed me? I could not recollect noticing any. But, on the other hand, I had been much abstracted, driving mechanically. . . . Dusk had fallen before I had reached Monaco. If an attempt were contemplated why had it not taken place upon the road?

THE problem was beyond me. . . . But there stood the watcher, motionless, by the parapet.

And at this very moment, and just as the wine waiter placed a decanter of my favorite Pommard before me, I had a remarkable experience—an experience so disturbing that I sat quite still for several seconds, my outstretched hand poised in the act of taking up the decanter.

Close beside my ear—as it seemed, out of space, out of nowhere—that same high, indescribable note became audible; that sound which I believe I have already attempted to describe as the call of a fairy trumpet. . . .

Once before, and once only, I had heard it—on the beach of Ste. Claire de la Roche.

Some eerie quality in the sound affected me now, as it had affected me then. It was profoundly mysterious; but one thing was certain: Unless the sound were purely a product of my own imagination, or the result of some trouble of the inner ear—possibly an aftermath of illness—it could not be coincidence that on the two occasions that I had heard it Fleurette had been present.

My hand dropped to the table—and I looked across at her.

Her eyes were fixed on the face of her companion, who sat with his back to me, in that dreamy, far-away regard which I remembered.

Then her delicate lips moved, and I thought, although I could not hear her words, that she was replying to some question which he had addressed to her.

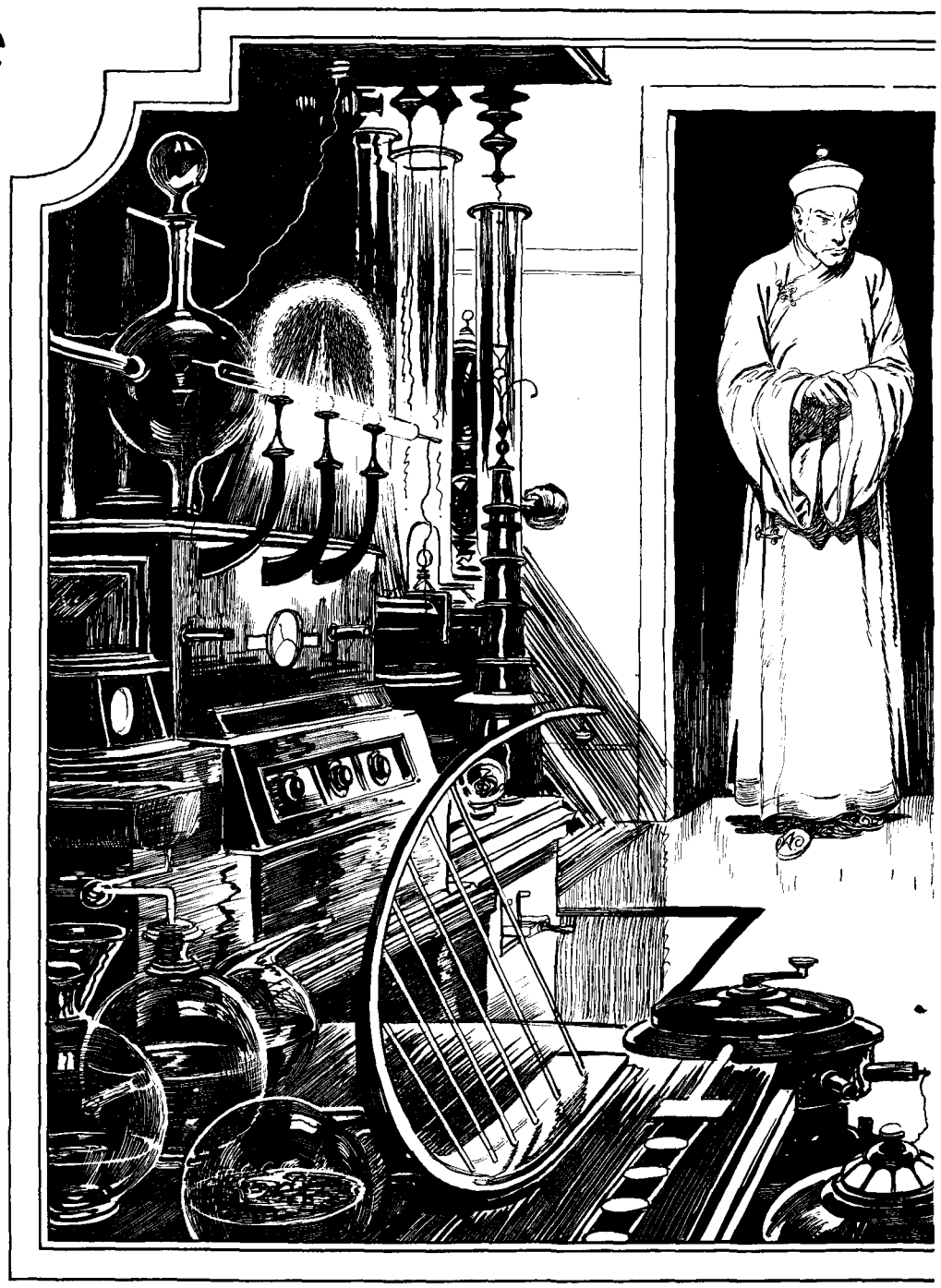
And, as I looked and realized that she was speaking, that strange sound ceased as abruptly as it had commenced.

I saw Fleurette glance aside; her expression changed swiftly. But her eyes never once turned in my direction. I stared beyond her, up through the leaves of the shrubs and towards the parapet on the other side of the street.

The Burman had disappeared.

"YOU are wanted on the telephone, M. Sterling."

I started as wildly as a man suddenly aroused from sleep. A dreadful premonition gripped me icily. I stood up.



I sprang forward, and fell back as though a cunning

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

John Richard Flanagan

opponent had struck me a blow over the heart

"Do you know who it is?"

"I believe the name was Dr. Cartier, sir—"

In that moment Fleurette and her mysterious companion were forgotten; the lurking yellow man faded from my mind as completely as he had faded from my view. This was news of Petrie; and something told me it could only be bad news.

I hurried through the restaurant to the telephone booth, and snatched up the receiver.

"Hullo, hullo!" I called. "Alan Sterling here. Is that Dr. Cartier?"

Brisson's voice answered me; his tone prepared me for what was to come:

"I mentioned Dr. Cartier's name in case you should not be familiar with my own, Mr. Sterling. I would not have disturbed you—for you can scarcely have begun your dinner yet—had I not promised to report any news at once."

"What is it?" I asked eagerly.

"Prepare yourself to know that it is bad."

"Not . . . ?"

"Alas—yes!"

"My God!"

"There was no final convulsion—no change. '654' might have saved him—if we had known what treatment to pursue after the first injection. But the coma passed slowly into . . . death."

As I listened to those words a change came over my entire outlook on the future. A cold rage, and what I knew to be an abiding rage, took possession of me. The merciless fiends, for no reason that I could possibly hope to imagine, had ended an honorable and supremely useful life; that kindly personality which had lived only to serve had been snatched away, remorselessly.

Very well. . . . It was murder, calculated, callous murder. This was a game that two could play. What I had done once I could do again, and again—and every time that I got within reach of any one of the foul gang!

Dr. Fu Manchu!

If such a person existed I asked only to be set face to face with him. That moment, I vowed, should be his last—little knowing the stupendous task to which I vowed myself.

Fah Lo Suee—a woman; but one of them. The French had not hesitated to shoot female spies during the World War. Nor should I now.

I HAD reached the head of the steps when Victor Quinto touched my shoulder. Details were indefinite, but my immediate objective was plain. One of the Burmans was covering my movements. I planned to find that Burman; and—taking every possible precaution to insure my own get-away—I planned to kill him.

"You have had news, M. Sterling?"

"Dr. Petrie is dead," I said, and ran down the steps.

I suppose many curious glances followed; perhaps Fleurette had seen me. I didn't care. I crossed the street and walked up the opposite slope. A man was lounging there, smoking a cigarette—a typical working-class Frenchman; and I remembered that he had stood there for part of the time during which the dacoit had watched the restaurant.

"Excuse me—" I said.

The man started, and turned.

"Did you chance to see an Oriental who stood near you here a few minutes ago?"

"But, yes, m'sieur. Someone, I suppose, off one of the foreign yachts in the harbor? He has gone only this last two minutes."

"Which way?"

He pointed downward.

"Toward the Jardin des Suicides," he replied, smiling.

"Suitable spot if I catch him there," I muttered; then, aloud: "Drink my health," I said, thrusting a note into his hand. "I shall need your kind wishes—"

"Thank you, m'sieur—and good night. . . ."

I REMEMBER starting the car and driving slowly down the slope to the corner by the Café de Paris. I had had no glimpse of the Burman. Here, viewing the activity which surges around the Casino, seeing familiar figures at the more sheltered café tables, noticing a gendarme in an Offenbach uniform, a hotel bus—I pulled up.

My determination remained adamant as ever; but I suddenly recognized the hopelessness of this present quest. I must cast my hook wisely; useless to pursue one furtive shark. My place was beside Cartier, beside dear old Petrie—in the center of the murderous school. . . .

I set out. I had not dined; nor had I tasted my wine. But I was animated by a vigorous purpose more stimulating than meat and drink.

That purpose, as I view it now, was vengeance. Some part of me, the Highland, had seen the fiery cross. I was out for blood. I had consecrated myself to a holy cause: the utter destruction of Dr. Fu Manchu and of all he stood for.

Petrie dead!

It was all but impossible to accept the fact—yet. I dreaded my next meeting with Sir Denis: his hurt would be deeper even than my own. And throughout the time that these bitter reflections occupied my mind, I was driving on, headlong, my steering controlled by a guiding Providence.

Without having noted one landmark on the way, I found myself high up on the Corniche road. Beyond a piece of broken parapet outlining a sharp bend I could see twinkling lights far ahead and below. They were, I thought, the lights of Ste. Claire de la Roche. I slowed up to light my pipe.

The night was very still. No sound of traffic reached my ears.

I remembered having stuck a spare box of matches in a fold of the canvas top. I turned to get it. . . .

A malignant yellow face, the eyes close-set and slightly oblique, stared into mine!

The dacoit was perched on the baggage rack!

What that hideous expression meant—in what degree it was compounded of animosity and of fear caused by sudden discovery—I didn't pause to consider. But that my own cold purpose was to be read in my face, the Burman's next move clearly indicated.

Springing to the ground, he began to run. . . .

HE RAN back. I had no chance to turn the car. But I was out and after him in less time than it takes me to record the fact. This was a murder game: no quarter given or expected!

The man ran like Mercury. He was already twenty yards away. I made a tremendous sprint and slightly decreased his lead. He glanced back. I saw the moonlight on his snarling teeth.

Pulling up, I took careful aim with the automatic—and fired. He ran on. I fired again.

Still he ran. I set out in pursuit; but the dacoit had thirty yards start. If he had ever doubted, he knew now that he ran for his life.

In a hundred yards I had gained nothing. My wind was not good for more than another hundred yards at that speed. Then—and if I had had enough breath, I should have cheered—he stumbled, tottered, and fell forward onto hands and knees!

I bore down upon him with grim determination. I was not ten feet off when he turned, swung his arm, and something went humming past my bent head!

A knife!

I checked and fired again at close range.

The Burman threw his hands up, and fell prone in the road. . . .

"Another one for Petrie!" I said breathlessly.

Stooping, I was about to turn him over when an amazing thing happened.

The man whipped around with a movement which reminded me horribly of a snake. He threw his legs around my thighs and buried fingers like steel hooks in my throat!

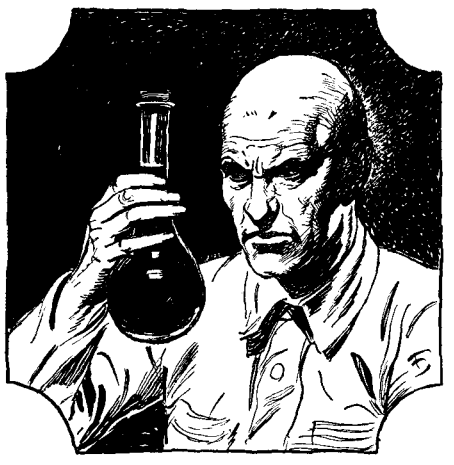
Dragging me down—down—remorselessly down—he grinned like a savage animal cornered but unconquerable. . . . The world began to swim about me; there was a murmur in my ears like that of the sea.

I thought a car approached in the distance. . . . I saw bloody foam dripping from the dacoit's clenched teeth. . . .

WHEN I opened my eyes my first impression was that the dacoit had killed me—that I was dead—and that the Beyond was even more strange than the wildest flights of spiritualism had depicted.

I lay on a couch, my head on a pillow. The cushions of the couch were of a sort of neutral gray color; so was

(Continued on page 30)



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Full-Throated Rapture

By Don Marquis

Illustrated by Ray Rohn

SOME FROTH . . . AND A LITTLE SENSE

Beer
Is here
To Cry into once more—
But I haven't a tear!
For Beer
Is here
To Tie Into once more;
And I who've been Ailing and Whining
Will take now to Wine-ings and Ale-ings
And mingle some mirth with my dining
And forgive and forget the world's failings,
For Beer
Is here,
And Song shall return to my lips
Where the schooner of Pilsener drips,
And gladness leap back to my heart
With the Wham! where the bungstarters start,
And my feet shall curl over the railings of brass
And my fingers encircle the foam-covered glass,
And I shall grow mellow and rosy and plump
With the hours I pass by the bartender's pump,
And my legs
Become kegs
And my nose takes the shape of a bottle
While daytime and night
The tides of delight
Eddy and flow down my throttle—
For Beer
Is here!
O high-busted Hebe, blondined and red-faced,
And flat-footed Ganymede, hither, make haste!
For Gambrinus walks in his gardens once more,
And the sunshine is amber and gold,
The esophagus gurgles a hymn as of yore,
The esophagus purrs as of old!
Hi lee! Hi lo! I shall dance,
I shall caper and prance—
A long drooping mustache noble and wide
I shall grow to curl lovingly over a stein
While the beer ebbs and flows in a ceaseless brown tide
And I capture the rapture again that was mine
Ere the long years of drouth poured sand in the mouth
And turned us to mummies
With leathery tummies—
Hi lee! and Hi lo! Let the beer flow!
And sing, nightingales, sing in the moon-silvered trees,
Call up the kellner from vaults cool and deep;
After I've drunk as much beer as I please
I shall drink some more beer and then go to sleep!

THE foregoing is an entirely personal ebullition of feeling, with little or no political significance.

But there is this to be said seriously with regard to the legalized sale of beer, pending the repeal of the constitutional amendment: it puts the whole country on trial. If, as a people, we can see that all the laws, rules, regulations surrounding the sale and consumption of beer are enforced and observed, there is a chance for a repeal of the amendment. But if the sale of beer is attended with wholesale violations of the laws designed to control it, if a fresh crop of scandal springs up and a new kind of racketeering develops, the amendment will certainly never be repealed.

I have always been opposed to the prohibition amendment as a matter of principle; but if and when it is repealed, and there is no longer any plausible human excuse for violation of law in connection with liquor, I shall be just as hot for the rigid enforcement of laws regulating the liquor traffic as I ever was against the amendment itself.

I have never seen a time in the past fifteen years when I would willingly have given testimony in a bootlegging case. . . . I wouldn't have perjured myself in court, but I would have been such a difficult witness that I would have had the recording angel coughing behind his hand . . . simply because I thought the law was unjust, tyrannical, foolish, and the open door to a train of criminal abuses.

But if and when we get sane, decent liquor laws, which are no essential infringement of personal liberty, I shall be so hotly in favor of the enforcement of those laws and the decent regulation of liquor sales, that I almost feel willing to turn snooper and help turn over to the Federal or state cops anyone who is criminally imbecile enough to violate them.

And the way this beer thing is administered, operated, enforced and observed is going to tell the tale with regard to repeal. If the distillers and brewers and dispensers are stupid fools, as they so often have been, they can spill the beans again.

My own hope is for repeal, and a cessation of the criminal racketeering which has grown up; for the practical result of the anti-liquor laws has been to finance the underworld, to the extent of thousands of millions of dollars, in every department of crime. But after we get civilized laws once more, they must be enforced with a rigidity which the country has never known, or there will be a swing back into chaos again.

What the country needs is temperance, moderation—sanity and a temperate spirit in the use of alcoholic beverages, sanity and temperance in the restrictions imposed upon their use. What we have had is one sort of fanaticism opposing another sort, one lot of extremists fighting another. We have a chance to get rid of all that now, with the evils it has brought in its train. And the way we handle the legal sale and consumption of beer is going to be a national test.

Before we part this week, let me (not changing the subject at all) introduce a dear old lady who has been a friend of mine for the past dozen years. . . . Speakeasy Grandma, I call her.

Oh, Grandmother, what was the Speak-easy like
In the days when you palled with a Number One Sheik
And knew every gigolo there on the pike,
In the brave days of old?

'Twas an innocent place, my little pet lamb,
Where nobody cared very much of a damn,
Nor mourned to excess if she got in a jam.

Grandmother darling, can they be true,
All the tales that my Mamma reports about you,
And how you would act with a Scuttle of Brew?

Oh, I was a Drinking Dame, little pet lamb,
And I never could care very much of a damn;
And then I turned eighty, and now here I am—

I twitter a little, I jitter and halt,
But it may be that something got into the malt,
Or maybe the last batch of Scotch was at fault.

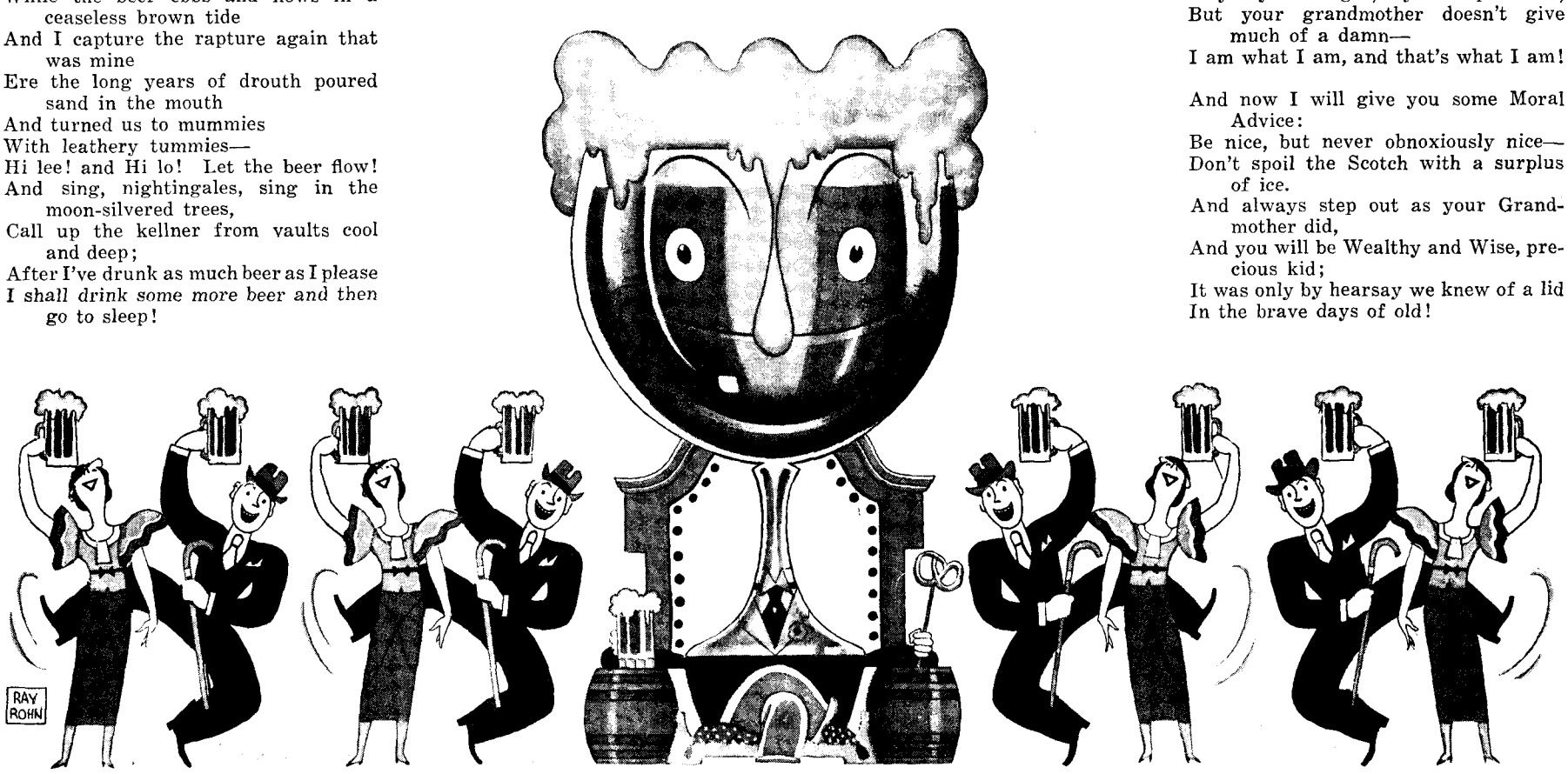
Don't ask me to cheer, but expect me to mourn,
If the Speakeasies call it a day and adjourn;
There's been nothing like 'em since Noah was born.

You cannot imagine the fervor and pride
Which came to the heart of a Speak-easy Bride
When the Gun of her choice took a Punk for a ride!

Grandmother dear, with your pretty gray curls,
And your lip-rouge laid on in provocative twirls,
You and your mates were such Naughty Old Girls!

Maybe you're right, my little pet lamb,
But your grandmother doesn't give much of a damn—
I am what I am, and that's what I am!

And now I will give you some Moral Advice:
Be nice, but never obnoxiously nice—
Don't spoil the Scotch with a surplus of ice.
And always step out as your Grandmother did,
And you will be Wealthy and Wise, precious kid;
It was only by hearsay we knew of a lid
In the brave days of old!



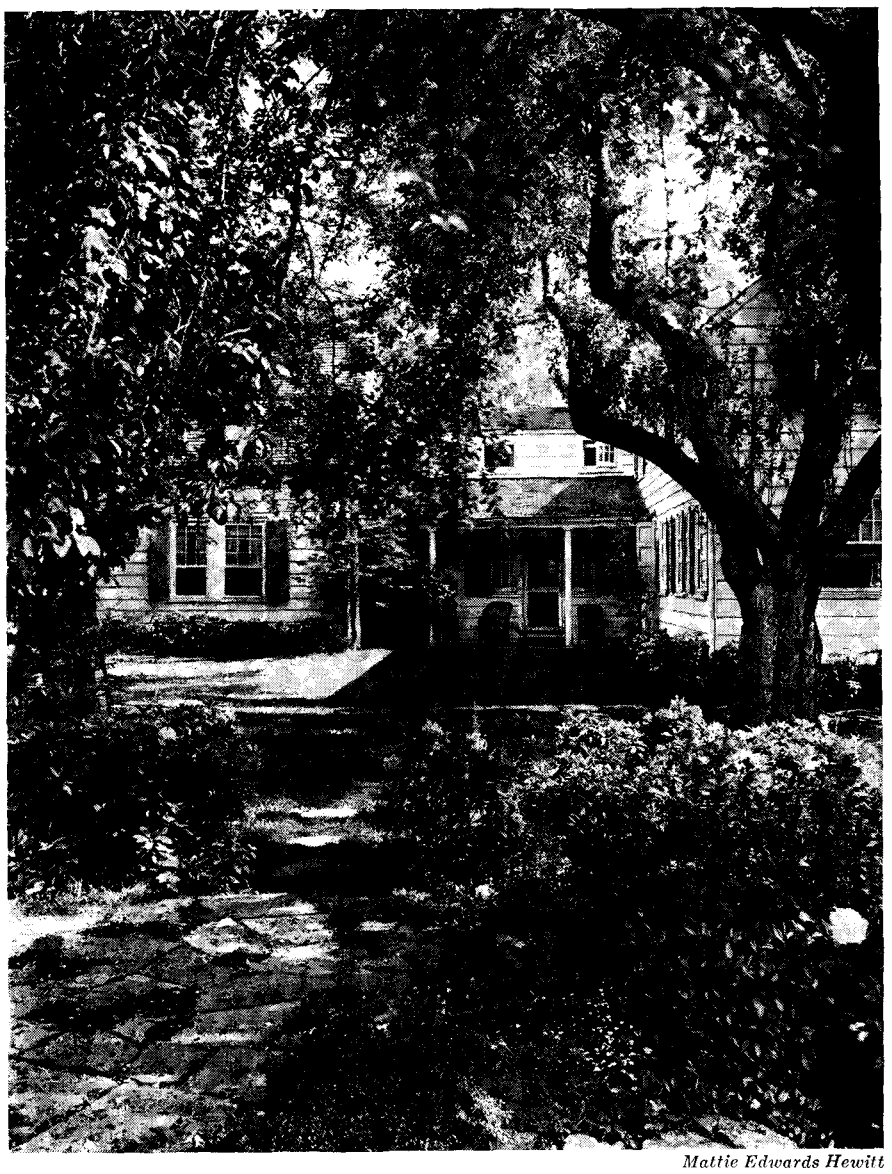
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

From the Ground Up

By Selma Robinson

The gardeners' New Year is upon us—full of blossoms in the garden and good resolutions in the gardener. To encourage the latter, here is some sound advice from Annette Hoyt Flanders, landscape architect

The Homeier Clark Studios



Mattie Edwards Hewitt

Above, the Long Island garden of Mr. and Mrs. Montague Flagg. Above, left, the planting is low to save the view from the Virginia estate of Mr. and Mrs. Charles A. Stone

Victor Tennissen

Annette Hoyt Flanders, who has created many beautiful gardens, three of them shown on this page

A dogwood-bordered path beside the tennis court on the estate of Mr. and Mrs. Charles E. F. McCann

YOUR garden should be your outdoor living-room," says Mrs. Flanders. "Use it. Love it. Be comfortable in it. Make it so livable and interesting and inviting that you will want to be out in it every fair day from spring to winter and view it through your window from winter to spring."

In most sections of the country, March and April are months of seed catalogs and penciled plans and occasional days out of doors, turning over the soil. But May is the month in which seeds are planted, and tender plants are transferred from window boxes and cold-frames to the open garden. It is the month when frosts are quite definitely over and the weather is settled. It is the month when the promises of bulbs are fulfilled, when blossoms brighten twigs and branches that were bare and brown a little while ago, when the garden becomes an actuality, full of remembered beauty—and full of remembered mistakes. It is the month when men make resolutions to build gardens or rebuild them.

America, Mrs. Flanders says, should be a nation of gardens. More than ever men are learning the value of gardens for pleasure or profit. Those who went in heavily for golf at country clubs are busy raising radishes or pruning lilacs. Over two and a quarter millions of citizens belong to garden clubs! The attendance at the recent Flower Show in New York was greater than that of any year in its history! One wholesale florist sold eight million rose bushes last year! Impressive statistics, these, and they point to the fact that America is busy raising gardens wherever they will grow.

And gardens will grow, apparently, anywhere in this country, in sun and in shade, in dry soil or boggy, on mountain tops or prairies. There is even a plant that will grow in chips of rock. There is hardly a spot in America where a garden cannot be made, providing it is suitable to the land, Mrs. Flanders says.

Annette Hoyt Flanders, A. B., B. S., M. L. A. (all of them degrees from Smith College, from the University of Illinois, Marquette and the Sorbonne), has her offices and drafting-rooms on Park Avenue, New York, with hundreds of pictures, on the walls, of gardens she has created. Don't call her a gardener or a landscape gardener but a landscape architect, for the modern landscape architect is one who combines in one profession horticulture, landscaping, architecture and engineering.

Though Mrs. Flanders has designed estates for Charles E. F. McCann of Oyster Bay, and DeLancey Kountze, for Vincent Astor and other millionaires, that are show places of the country, one of her greatest interests is the small gardens of the nation.

"The first essential of any garden, anywhere," she says, "is to be true to the type of the soil and the shape of the land. Make the most of your land and you will learn what many of the most experienced gardeners have learned—that the defects, the peculiarities of the place, often determine the real character of the garden. A stubborn, stony place that juts out can be turned into a spot of beauty with a little encouragement. A rock garden or a velvety patch of moss and some ferns will transform it. Train forsythia or tomato vines or put an ordinary privet hedge against an ugly wall instead of attempting to conceal it with a wooden trellis.

"Whether your garden is a window box or a twenty-acre estate, grow in it only what is suitable," she suggests. "Never attempt to raise exotic, difficult plants in a window box when red geraniums or a tumbling mass of petunias would look more beautiful and grow more easily. In your garden, grow things without trouble. There are just three little words to learn: Take it easy. The forced garden, the garden that is neither suitable nor natural to its surroundings, is not only distressing to look at but heartbreaking to grow. It will be a source of constant worry and expense, and then the results will be unsatisfactory.

Basic Rules for Amateurs

"Plant in your garden what grows easily and naturally and it will be a constant joy. Cactus is beautiful on the hot Southwestern desert but it is silly and difficult in the Westchester hills.

And as for the rock gardens that have broken out like an epidemic of measles all over the country, they are beautiful only in the rocky New England states and in the Far West or wherever rocks abound, but they are an unattractive affectation on the Kansas prairie or on an open Long Island lawn.

"There are a few basic rules which must be obeyed if a garden is to be a success. First and foremost, any gardener will tell you that you must analyze your soil to see whether it is acid or alkaline. The various universities or the commercial gardening institutions will give you an expert analysis if you, yourself, are unable to make it. Then, having determined the nature of the soil, find out what plants will grow easily in it. Although the soil can be changed by means of chemicals, it is an arduous process and really a little pointless because there is a plant for every type of soil. Set your garden out for the way it will look ten years from now. Develop it, if possible, with material that does not require great upkeep, and that will grow more beautiful year by year. Get the very best quality plants you can afford, even if you have to buy a small plant and wait for it to grow; the cheap, scrubby plant is an extravagance. If you do buy small plants, select them in sizes proportionate to one another, so that when they grow they will still be in proportion to one another. Select plants with a good foliage value, plants whose leaves will stay green and lovely for a long time. Remember that it takes more than flowers to make a garden and that although

(Continued on page 26)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Long Chances

By Clinton W. Gilbert

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT fills the public eye to the exclusion of everyone else in Washington, so Huey Long is for the time being a diminished figure. Politicians who do not look far ahead say that Long is through, has shot his bolt, that he overdid his part so much in the beginning that nobody will pay any attention to him in the future.

The nervousness over his capacity to obstruct the Senate and split the Democratic party in it is abated. Leader Joseph T. Robinson exercises his functions without question, recognized by the President and free from attack by the Louisiana senator. With even Republicans following Mr. Roosevelt's leadership, it is no time for Huey to be obstreperous.

Another thing that may give him pause is the machine-gun fire of attacks upon him that his enemies in Louisiana are keeping up. He attacked General Ansell, counsel of the Senate committee investigating the charge that the primary election in which he defeated Senator Broussard for renomination was corrupt, in a savage speech in the Senate. He waived immunity for the language he used but when Ansell started suit for libel he retreated behind his privilege as a senator. However, he had circulated copies of his speech containing subheads that were not spoken on the floor of the Senate and is being sued on the alleged libelous character of the subheads. Ex-Governor John M. Parker and other citizens of Louisiana have filed charges against him with the Senate, asking for his removal. The main charge is, as Long read it to the Senate:

> "During the administration of said Huey P. Long as Governor of Louisiana more than $150,000,000 of bonds issued and of funds derived from taxation have been spent by the Louisiana Highway Commission and other State agencies controlled and dominated by said Long. Of this sum a conservative estimate is that at least $10,000,000 has been used for what is commonly known as graft and for corrupt purposes. The said Long is personally responsible for this condition."

On the basis of gossip about these state expenditures Federal agents have been inquiring into his income tax returns. The Louisiana petitioners say that Long has "created and maintained in Louisiana a system of corruption and debauchery unparalleled in the history of the state."

But Huey is busy. The mail brings me a long letter from him inclosing half a dozen copies of The Long Plan to Spread the Wealth of the Country Among the People, with a request that I write the President about it and my two senators and my representative. The Long plan provides for a capital levy tax on fortunes above $10,000,000, with the government taking all above $100,000,000; an inheritance tax graduated so that no one can inherit more than $5,000,000, all the rest going to the government; and an income tax heavier than at present in the higher brackets, so that no one can keep more than $1,000,000 income. This, says the senator, will give the government an income of $15,000,000,000 a year.

The time may come when the country will be impatient to see the results, measured in returning prosperity, of all the powers that have been voted to the President. When that time comes Long will be ready to organize his Black Shirts or his Brown Shirts, or whatever color he fancies, among the Democrats of the Senate.

C. J. Post

Senator Huey Long gets fun out of his rabble-rousing

It is hard to estimate the limits of the Huey Long bloc in the Senate. His colleague from Louisiana, Overton, owes his senatorship to him. No one now can be elected to office in that state without Long's approval. So it may be said that Overton belongs to him. The mouselike little widow, Mrs. Caraway, owes her election to him and so may be counted as another rubber stamp. Russell of Georgia and Reynolds of North Carolina, two new radical Democrats of the South, incline toward Long, though the position of Russell, a young man, is not yet determined.

The Hero of the Hill Billies

Thomas of Oklahoma, who seems to burn with a dull anger at something, presumably the gold standard, will apparently gravitate toward the Long group. And among the western senators McCarran of Nevada seems surely his. The western Progressive Democrats, Wheeler of Montana and presumably the new senator from that state, Erickson, who succeeded the late Thomas J. Walsh and who is a Wheeler man, Costigan of Colorado and Bone of Washington, seem to form a group by themselves, more allied to LaFollette and Norris than to the southern radicals. But they are an uncertain element in the Democratic party.

But the potentiality of Long is by no means limited by the membership of the present Senate. He went over into Arkansas and performed the impossible by electing Mrs. Caraway to the Senate. If anyone thinks that this was not a feat let him consider how Mrs. McCormick, the only other woman who tried for the Senate, was defeated. The next time there is a senator to be elected from Arkansas Long may repeat.

Huey has almost as much influence in Mississippi as in his own state of Louisiana. And Rankin, a wild-eyed congressman from Mississippi, seems made to his hand. A correspondent who has been in Alabama, Georgia and Tennessee, tells me that Long is a hero among the hill billies there. Tom Heflin will run for senator again from Alabama, perhaps with Long's support.

"Farmer" Jim Ferguson of Texas has twice performed the impossible feat of electing his wife, "Ma" Ferguson, governor of Texas. Farmer Jim, one of the great masters of rural English in this country, may run for the Senate if his wife, who has dedicated her political life to this purpose, succeeds in getting restored to him his citizenship, which was taken away from him when he was impeached and removed as governor. But there is always Representative Wright Patman, the veterans' friend, available for Huey Long's support.

The Smoldering South

The South, like the West, has always been inclined to radical movements. It sent some Populists to the Senate in the days of the Populist movement. It sent "Pitchfork" Ben Tillman to the Senate from South Carolina, savage politically when he arrived but afterwards tamed and conservative. It sent Tom Watson from Georgia, a Populist originally and always a radical, and Vardaman from Mississippi.

None of these men was more than a state figure. Long is the first who has transcended state lines. The southern radical has an intensity about him that the western progressive who split the Republican party has not. The western progressive represented the agrarian class, and the farmer has no sense of inferiority to other more fortunate classes in American political life.

The southern radical represents the poor white, the cracker and the hill billy. Who ever spoke of a western farmer as a poor white? In the poor white of the South there is a hatred of the old aristocracy of the South. There is hatred of the North handed down from the Civil War. The poor white of the South is always in hock to the storekeeper, lives alongside the disfranchised Negro and knows that financially he is little better off than the Negro. There is plenty of explosive social material in the South.

Long, in a year and a half, has become the best advertised man in the Senate outside of Borah, who has taken twenty years or more to reach his present fame. Huey bubbles with words that have a popular tang in them. In his letter transmitting the "Long Plan" he writes, "The blind financial powers . . . would let the country with all its people go slap damn to hell and go with us before they would surrender their mastery of money control in America."

Like the devil, Huey quotes Scripture, "Decentralize wealth is the command of the Lord. See Leviticus, Chapters 24 to 27; St. James, Chapter 5." In a recent interview on the indictment of the banker Mitchell, he said: "This country's just a cage of lions, and the only ones we pull out of the den are the dead ones. First we prod them, kick them, poke them, and make sure they're dead. Then, once we are sure of that, we all shout together, 'Let's go after them,' and we do."

He is no lean and embittered fanatic. He gets fun out of rabble-rousing. He is not even at pains to seem excessively sincere. He is something of a physical marvel. He swaggers as he walks. He lolls in his chair in the Senate like a movie hero. He pulls all the stops: humor, class hatred, religion.

Mr. Roosevelt has the radio and is a master politician. Give Huey Long the radio and when the present unanimity ends there might be a nice struggle over the control of the Democrats in the Senate.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Time to Strike

By Walter Davenport

They were hot on his trail. So, being a fighter, the Boss got busy. What the old man did may be hard to believe—until you know the whole story

Ronald McLeod

"The doc shakes his head and says he can't tell yet"

THEY last just so long, like a case of Scotch. He's the third big politician I been personal and private confidential secretary to, and now he's back on his heels so far that it won't do any good to push him up.

He's still the political boss of this town but I wouldn't give a dime for a first mortgage on his future. They last just so long, like I said, and then it's the wagon. A month ago he had the city calling him daddy; today, as far as the organization's concerned, he's a half pint of nothing that the prohibition people have poured something into to make it taste bad. He's lost his grip. I know. After you've been personal and private confidential secretary to three big bosses and seen all I've seen, you can't help knowing more than your name.

Listen: These reformers—this Save Our City Committee—ain't got enough on the Boss to dirty a humming bird's neck. Not only they ain't got a thing on him but he had this Waldo Fillmore, chairman of the committee, thrown in his lap all sewed up like winter underwear. All the Boss had to do was call in the newspapers and look over the remains.

This Fillmore is accusing the Boss of being hooked up with Good Night Danzig's beer racket. I ain't saying the Boss wouldn't shake hands with a little dough now and then if it's nice, but what he's got never came out of a bottle. Listen, the Boss wouldn't know a glass of beer from a pair of oars. Never took a drink in his life. Don't even smoke. But this Mr. Fillmore! Why, the Boss has the evidence that this Mr. Fillmore is a sponge head, a stew.

He has this Mr. Fillmore all stuffed and ready for the museum. The whole story's in his hands. And what does he do with it? Nothing. It's like somebody handed him the Atlantic Ocean: he don't know what to do with it.

Last Tuesday a certain party I won't mention, but a good friend of the Boss, a district leader, called up saying he was sending down a guy named Sprung.

"Don't be afraid to talk freely to this man Sprung," this party said, "because it won't do any good not to. There is nothing you can tell this man he couldn't find out for himself if there was a dime in it. In half an hour this man could tell you what you were doing on the ninth of April, 1890, at half past ten, if you were alive then, and who was doing it with you. I never saw such a man and sometimes I feel it would be okay with me if I didn't. This man could find out what you were thinking of doing any day you mention even if you forgot to do it. So don't be afraid to take him into your confidence, because, as I say, it wouldn't make any difference anyway if he felt like finding out. He knows something you can use."

Sprung — Heels Sprung they call him—came in next morning. He looked like somebody who lived on arsenic. He didn't have any chin and his eyes didn't play together. He looked kind of young, but you couldn't tell. And he always stood, never sat down, with his two thumbs hooked in his belt and his fingers playing a tune on the air. Mind you, I'm not knocking this bird, because if anybody ever delivered the goods, he does, even if the Boss does muff it like the Cincinnati outfield. But I will admit that this Sprung is the sort of guy you can't see even once without feeling like giving him a poke in the nose on general principles, except that you would be afraid you wouldn't get your hand back.

"This Mr. Fillmore," said Sprung to the Boss, "who is trying to make out you're taking a cut of Good Night Danzig's shop is a tank. Awful."

"Heavy drinker, hey?" said the Boss.

"Awful," said Sprung, drumming the air with his long fingers.

"Tell me about it," said the Boss, crossing his legs and trying to catch one of Sprung's eyes.

"Tomorrow afternoon," said Sprung. "I only got the beginnings."

"Tomorrow afternoon," said the Boss.

"At four o'clock," said Sprung. "And with the dope I hand you, you will have these reformers picking pieces of this Mr. Fillmore out of their hair for a week. It will be awful."

I DON'T know where Sprung picked up that word awful but he certainly made it work. He thought it was a society word. But I will say this for him—he was a smart guy and proved you could trust him by coming back the next afternoon at four on the dot. Personally, I would not care to make a pal of this Sprung. I am a nervous, high-strung fellow and wouldn't be able to get along with a guy who don't make any noise at all when entering a room. Of course I don't say he came into the office without opening the door, but I didn't hear the door open and I didn't see it move. I just hear a cough and looked up and there he was standing there, looking at the ceiling and the floor at the same time and beating the air with his fingers. But maybe it was just because I was busy reading some mail.

"Got the dope?" I said.

"Awful," he said. "Where's the works?" Meaning the Boss.

I will say for this Sprung that he ain't sensitive. The Boss slugs him from the start, but Sprung didn't bat an eye. This certain party I was speaking of told him to help the Boss and he was doing what he was told.

"Sit down," said the Boss.

"Never sit down," said Sprung. "I don't like chairs."

"Suit yourself," said the Boss. "Only you ought to have a little practice. A couple of prison guards will show you how some day. What about Fillmore?"

"Awful," said Sprung. "I could have delivered last night. Listen, I got an affidavit here in my pocket from a nurse—an old woman who used to be a nurse. She's busted. After listening to her I quit working on the case. I slipped her two bucks and she was so grateful she cried."

"Woman on him too," said the Boss, only I didn't like the way he said it. The Boss didn't like Sprung, which shows he was slipping. You can't be the boss of a town this size and not like a useful guy like Sprung, even if you wouldn't let your dog go near him in private life.

"I wouldn't know," said Sprung, looking at the door and out the window at the same time. "I got the bottle on him and it is awful."

"Let's hear," said the Boss.

"THIS old dame, this nurse," said Sprung, "starts by telling me about this Mr. Fillmore having a son and he thinks that this son is made up of extra parts of the angels. It's all here in the affidavit. I told her I wanted it for a book they are getting out to give Mr. Fillmore on his birthday and she didn't want to take the two bucks I give her."

"Out of your own pocket," said the Boss.

"Sure," said Sprung, who is very good-natured besides being smart. "She and me were the only ones there. Listen: She told me one night an ambulance

(Continued on page 28)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Slander

By Arthur Somers Roche

The Story Thus Far:

MARTHA BLAISDELL learns that her broker, Gerald Gerrish, is quietly spreading the rumor that he is having an affair with her. Shocked, angry, she dismisses the man, who amazes her by protesting his love for her!

Her troubles have only begun. Her estate (which Gerrish has been managing) *is almost valueless.* She must have more money. Desperate, she makes a sudden decision. Two men are in love with her: Peter Baxter, a young "charity" doctor, who is poor; and Herbie Cranston, an explorer, who is rich. She resolves to marry Cranston—if he proposes. . . . Whatever his feelings toward the girl may have been before, Gerrish now hates her. He threatens her with blackmail and scandal, gives the scandalmongers much of which to whisper. . . . But Cranston adores Martha Blaisdell. Ignoring the gossips, he asks her to marry him. And Martha accepts him.

Then follows a dreadful scene, witnessed by many of Martha's friends, at the Hyslops' Long Island estate. Martha and Baxter are chatting. Two men approach them. Process servers! Gerald Gerrish, they announce, is suing to recover funds advanced Martha Blaisdell on her promise to marry him! Baxter glances at his watch. "You can't serve a summons on Sunday," he says. "And it's Sunday. *Get out!*"

The men slink away. But the damage has been done. Martha Blaisdell is not the sort of girl to drag any man through a morass of scandal. Determined to give Cranston his freedom, she returns to New York. . . . Cranston follows her, rushes to her apartment. Martha is there, on the verge of collapse. And Gerald Gerrish is there—*dead!*

Martha gasps out her story: Returning from the Lemmings', she had found him there. Intoxicated, he had raved of calling the reporters, ruining her utterly. Then, in a paroxysm of rage, he had died. Cranston thinks quickly. The girl must be protected. But how? He knows a way: Summon Baxter—help him to spirit the body to Baxter's office! He phones the young doctor; and within an hour his idea has been carried out.

When Cranston leaves (reluctantly), Baxter works quickly. In answer to his phone call, Ansted, Gerrish's valet, comes to the office, sees the dead man, hears Baxter's story. He is obviously doubtful of that story—that his master, a victim of acute alcoholism, had come to Baxter for treatment, and suddenly died. "You don't believe me?" snaps Baxter. "Well, why don't you call in the police?" Ansted rises from his chair. "I may," he replies, "*do that very thing!*"

VIII

CRANSTON, Gerrish's hand bag tucked under one arm so that the initials would not show, and with Martha's suitcase dangling from the other, had the peculiar feeling that what he was doing had happened before. The ride down in the elevator, the brief walk to his parked car, the placing of Martha's bag in the rumble and the putting of the hand bag on the floor in front—all these things seemed a repeated experience. Yet, even as he marveled at the phenomenon, he understood it. Shock sometimes renders one side of the brain infinitesimally less quick of reception than the other; by the time the slower half of the brain has become aware of something, that something has become memory to the quicker half. At least, so some alleged scientists had explained the matter to Cranston.

Nevertheless, though the thing was understandable, it was a bit terrifying. Then he grinned at his own alarm. He had told Martha she mustn't think of danger and that there was no danger. It would be well for him if he profited by the advice he had given her.

As he pressed upon the starter he glanced at her. It was miraculous what a touch of rouge and a trace of powder could do for a woman. Men bolstered up their courage with a jolt of Scotch; women applied external remedies. There she was, as fresh as though she had slept nine hours last night instead of less than three, as though she had experienced no nerve-devastating tragedy this morning.

But an actor, he realized, can banish from his face all signs of depression or unhappiness as he steps before the footlights, and all women are actresses. Give a woman the scantiest public and she becomes a different being from the person sitting alone in her boudoir. And the elevator boy, the casual passers-by on the sidewalk, had become, for the moment, Martha's public. Not to one of them would she let it become known that tragedy sat upon her shoulder.

The feeling that he had passed through all this before left Cranston as they turned up Fifth Avenue. The necessity of watching traffic brought alertness.

"You're wonderful," he whispered to her.

"I can't tell you what I think of you," she replied. "When I think of the risk—"

"We're not to discuss that," he interrupted. "Not until we get to the Lemmings'. Talk of something else."

SHE did. Of trivialities, of little happenings here and there, of mutual acquaintances, of mutual likes and antipathies, they chatted. Had there been an invisible passenger in the car he would have testified that nothing beyond pleasure in each other's companionship was in the minds of either of these two.

The rain had ceased, and the summer sun shone more brightly than ever. Traffic was heavy on the Queensboro Bridge and upon the Long Island roads, so that it was an hour and a half after they left New York when they reached the Lemming place.

If the man who opened the door of the car for them was surprised at their return, there was nothing in his manner to indicate it. Yes, luncheon had been served and nearly everyone had gone to the golf course. Mrs. Torrance was with Mrs. Lemming on the veranda playing backgammon. Would they like some sandwiches? Very well, they would be served at once.

From the floor of the car Cranston picked the Gerrish hand bag. While the man was busy getting the suitcase out of the rumble Cranston walked into the house with the small bag tucked under his arm. He went directly to the bedroom he had occupied last night and placed the bag in a chest of drawers. There was only the faintest chance that the room would be visited by a maid during the next hour or so, and that was a chance he must take, for there had been no opportunity to dispose of the bag on the journey out here. Then he went downstairs and found Martha with the other two women. He paused for a moment in the door leading to the veranda. He knew Sister Letty as well as Sister Letty knew him, and he could tell instantly that Letty approved.

Well, why not? Letty had never seen a lovelier girl than Martha Blaisdell, nor one whose beauty of character so obviously matched her face and body.

The three women looked up as he approached the table by which they sat.

"Martha told you anything?" he asked.

As her visitor closed the door swiftly behind him and she saw his sallow face, fear came to her

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Trudie shook her head; Letty merely stared at him and in that stare he read approbation. He drew up a chair and sat down.

"That note that Martha left for you, Trudie," he said. "Who has seen it?"

Trudie wrinkled her brows.

"You and Letty and myself," she replied.

"Bob?" he asked.

She shook her head.

"I told him there was a note; he was too sleepy to be curious. Nothing registered with him. He had a golf date at Glendale and staggered off still rubbing his eyes."

"The maid that brought it to you?" Cranston persisted.

"It was sealed," replied Trudie. "What's it all about, Herbie?"

TERSELY, in choppy sentences, glancing around all the time lest he be overheard by a servant, he told them the events of the morning. Not a word did Trudie or Letty utter until he had finished. Then Letty leaned impulsively over and kissed Martha on the cheek.

"You poor, dear darling," she said. There were tears in the eyes with which she looked at her brother. "I'm pleased with you, Bert," she said.

Cranston colored faintly. Letty, deeply affectionate though she was in her heart, was always chary of praise.

"It's needless to warn you that you've heard none of this. Go upstairs, Trudie, and destroy Martha's note. Burn it. And remember that all the note said was that I was obstinate and disagreeable and that Martha had broken her engagement. And where can I get rid of Gerrish's bag?"

Trudie, ever practical, rose to her feet.

"I don't think you need worry about that, Herbie. After all, even if everything that happened came out, there's no question of any very serious crime. All you're doing is trying to save Martha from further unpleasantness. There couldn't possibly be any question as to the way in which Gerrish died. Or could there?" Her eyes narrowed as she observed the expression on Cranston's face.

"Certainly not," he replied. "But we don't want anything to be discovered that might arouse a question in anyone's mind. Where'll I put the hand bag?"

Trudie glanced toward the Sound. "You could put some rocks in it, take a ride in the motor boat and drop it overboard."

"And that's exactly what I'll do this minute," said Cranston.

TWENTY minutes later he returned to the veranda again and sat down before a plate of sandwiches. An intimacy had already sprung up between Letty and Martha, an intimacy upon which Trudie beamed.

"That's settled," he announced.

"And the note's burned," said Trudie. "There must be something wrong with me," she went on. "I suppose I ought to be frightened and have a feeling of guilt, but I never was so excited in my life. Imagine being part of a conspiracy to outwit the law! And I never thought I'd be hard-hearted enough to be glad that anyone was dead. But I can't find in my heart the faintest trace of pity for Gerrish. And what do we do now?"

"Behave absolutely normally," replied Cranston.

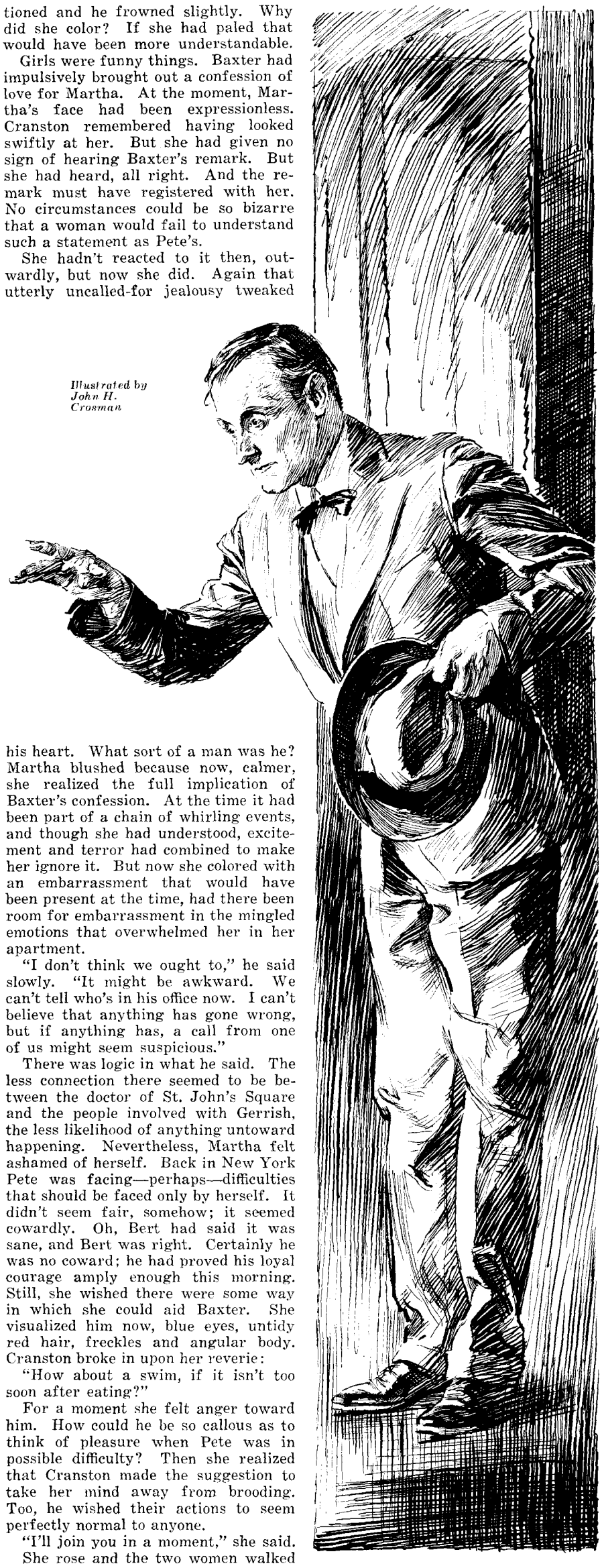
Trudie pursed her lips thoughtfully.

"I wish we dared telephone Pete," she said.

Cranston happened to be looking at Martha as Trudie spoke. As a matter of fact, he had hardly taken his eyes off her save when he reached for another sandwich. He saw the sudden flush on her cheek as Baxter's name was mentioned and he frowned slightly. Why did she color? If she had paled that would have been more understandable.

Girls were funny things. Baxter had impulsively brought out a confession of love for Martha. At the moment, Martha's face had been expressionless. Cranston remembered having looked swiftly at her. But she had given no sign of hearing Baxter's remark. But she had heard, all right. And the remark must have registered with her. No circumstances could be so bizarre that a woman would fail to understand such a statement as Pete's.

She hadn't reacted to it then, outwardly, but now she did. Again that utterly uncalled-for jealousy tweaked



Illustrated by John H. Crosman

his heart. What sort of a man was he? Martha blushed because now, calmer, she realized the full implication of Baxter's confession. At the time it had been part of a chain of whirling events, and though she had understood, excitement and terror had combined to make her ignore it. But now she colored with an embarrassment that would have been present at the time, had there been room for embarrassment in the mingled emotions that overwhelmed her in her apartment.

"I don't think we ought to," he said slowly. "It might be awkward. We can't tell who's in his office now. I can't believe that anything has gone wrong, but if anything has, a call from one of us might seem suspicious."

There was logic in what he said. The less connection there seemed to be between the doctor of St. John's Square and the people involved with Gerrish, the less likelihood of anything untoward happening. Nevertheless, Martha felt ashamed of herself. Back in New York Pete was facing—perhaps—difficulties that should be faced only by herself. It didn't seem fair, somehow; it seemed cowardly. Oh, Bert had said it was sane, and Bert was right. Certainly he was no coward; he had proved his loyal courage amply enough this morning. Still, she wished there were some way in which she could aid Baxter. She visualized him now, blue eyes, untidy red hair, freckles and angular body. Cranston broke in upon her reverie:

"How about a swim, if it isn't too soon after eating?"

For a moment she felt anger toward him. How could he be so callous as to think of pleasure when Pete was in possible difficulty? Then she realized that Cranston made the suggestion to take her mind away from brooding. Too, he wished their actions to seem perfectly normal to anyone.

"I'll join you in a moment," she said.

She rose and the two women walked with her into the house. Cranston, left alone, glanced at his watch. Pete, although Trudie hadn't mentioned it, had intended to return for luncheon. Of course, the formalities with which he had been compelled to comply had precluded the possibility of so early a return. Nevertheless, he might have been expected to telephone Trudie. Trudie wasn't supposed to know of the circumstances preventing his prompt return. Had anything come up to prevent Baxter from being polite to a hostess who expected him for luncheon?

HE TRIED to dismiss alarm from his mind and walked down to the pool. In the dressing-room he stripped and donned a bathing-suit. He came out and stood in the full blaze of the mid-afternoon sun. Save for the gleam of water on the leaves, there was no indication of the fortuitous thunderstorm of the morning. Well, nature had plotted to aid them; perhaps other events would do likewise.

He waited twenty minutes for Martha to appear, then plunged into the pool and was splashing up and down when Letty came across the lawn. He climbed out of the water.

"Where's Martha?" he asked.

"Having a nap; at least I hope she is. Trudie gave her something that ought to make her sleep and she seemed to be dozing off when I left. Bert, I congratulate you."

"Even in spite of everything?" he asked.

"In spite of *anything*," she said. "If she isn't lovely in every possible way, then I know nothing of my own sex. The poor, dear darling. But it's going to be hard for you, Bert."

Quick suspicion appeared in his eyes.

"You wouldn't say one thing and mean another, would you?"

"I certainly would not," she said. "But I want you to be prepared. All Long Island is talking about last night at the Hyslops' dance. Well, Gerrish's sudden death in Pete Baxter's office isn't going to stop the talk. And what a grand young man he is," she finished.

"You met him this morning?" he asked.

"I managed to pry him loose from Millie Cragin for five minutes. And I can't say that I blame Millie. If ever a man had charm, completely outside the usual understanding of charm though it is, Pete Baxter has it. But Trudie gave me a hint that he can't see Millie because his eyes are filled with Martha. Is that so?"

He nodded.

"He said as much today when I balked at letting him take all the risk."

"POOR boy," said Letty. Then loyalty to her brother superseded any other emotion. "But he didn't take all the risk. It seems to me that you took plenty. I'm proud of you, Bert. And I hope that no matter what happens, no matter what tongues wag or what newspapers print, you'll marry her. I just love her."

"Somewhere in the world there may be a sweller sister than you, Letty, but I'll never believe it," said Cranston. "Coming in for a swim?"

"I don't think so. Go ahead and finish yours."

"I'm through. I'll get dressed and take a few dollars from you at backgammon."

She jeered at him.

"Hurry up and try," she said.

But when he emerged from the dressing-room she was not on the veranda. He heard voices in the living-room and entered, to find Trudie at the telephone. She looked up at Cranston.

"It's Pete explaining why he couldn't come out for luncheon. That man Gerrish came in for treatment and dropped dead in his office."

(Continued on page 38)

"Don't scream, lady. I just want to ask you some questions"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Romance Renewed

A Short Short Story complete on this page

By Ernest Haycox

Illustrated by Marshall Frantz

Judith said gently: "Here's our childhood. Here we were married"

WHEN they left the arterial Yellowstone cut-off the modern world quit them and this rutted side road, looping across the burned, sage-studded ridges, led them definitely back to a world that had measured time by seasons instead of by hours. Judith was silent beside him, living in a past that Tom Ballard told himself he must this day respect. Yet he could not help speaking when the car at last pointed down to what remained of Mystery Lake, the town of their younger days. He stopped.

"We shouldn't have come back, Judith. This is disillusion."

There was nothing here now of that lusty cow town but four buildings widely scattered along what he remembered to have been a solid street ten years before. Drum's theater, the hotel, Madame Regnier's restaurant, and one building beyond the hotel—nothing more.

He heard Judith speak oddly: "What has happened here, Tom?"

"I thought you knew. A month after we left, somebody discovered gold beyond Heart Mountain. This town died overnight. Nobody, it appears, ever returned." He let the car coast through the street. A man sat on the porch of the last building, another lay asleep in the dust and open sun, a hat over his face. There was no more life than this.

They got out of the car. Judith said gently: "Here's our childhood. Here we were married."

"April 9, 1920," he said, and looked at her, again amazed that he should always see the same pride and grace in the tall, dark-haired girl; always the same illusion of beauty. Her lips were faintly apart, faintly smiling, and he knew then that she wanted to rummage among these old scenes alone. He walked on, past the alcohol stench of the sleeping man, and the figure on the porch, gravely thinking that their lives had been truly softened and given dignity by a quality of understanding very real. Perhaps the one shadow between them all these ten years had made that understanding the more gentle; certainly this shadow had brought her back, as he knew it one day must; for she could have no rest until she knew why Lorne Tabor, her first and only actual love, had quite vanished from the town on the eve of their marriage.

THERE was no anger in him as he went on with his head bent; only a sense of loneliness and strangeness that comes of possessing the loyalty and trust of a woman—and possessing no more.

He passed through the saloon door of the hotel. Here the great and near-great once had stood. But the barroom was stripped and dirty, its glamour gone. There was an intervening hall, a parlor, and a stairway running up to the rooms. Out of idle curiosity he stopped before one more thing he well remembered—a mail rack on the wall. A folded newspaper still waited in it, and a few unclaimed letters—all a dusty, brittle yellow; and the very ancientness of them told how suddenly the town had died, how tenantless it had remained. Still curious, he took down the paper, opened it, and quickly caught a letter sliding from its folds. He was, then, at once astonished, for that dim address read: "Mr. Lorne Tabor, care Sullivan's." The postmark, he noted, was April 3, 1920.

He had no scruples about opening it, for here was only a piece of litter in a ruined town. But when his eyes touched the inner writing he went cold and still. That note to Lorne Tabor was from Judith, then a girl and now his wife:

> "DEAR LORNE: I hear you've been drinking again, and I know only this way of reaching you. I haven't changed my mind. I can stand poverty or hard work. I can follow you to the loneliest, dirtiest cabin in the hills. But you must come—and speak. I can't sit and grieve. I was made to be useful—to be somebody's wife. If you have changed your mind, say so. Should I not hear from you within the week, it will be Tom, who does want me. *Please come.* JUDITH."

He said, "Tough," gently, and his big-knuckled hands rested idle. Of course he had been second choice. Never had either mentioned it, but that tacit knowledge was the shadow between them, and here was the written fact to sharpen the old loneliness. Six days beyond the letter's date he had married Judith; had left Mystery Lake with her on the night stage.

Ballard struck a match to the letter, watched it burn. It was, he thought, a part of her shining courage. She had taken him not because of despair but because she knew she was meant to be somebody's wife. And then he thought slowly back over those ten years, unable to recall a single word of complaint, of regret, of anger. It was as though she had set herself from the beginning to be to him all that he might desire.

HE GOT up, went out. He said to the man on the porch: "Did you ever hear of Lorne Tabor?"

The man showed mild surprise; and then his finger moved and steadied itself on the figure in the dust.

Ballard said, "Good God!" and went over. He lifted the hat, but as he viewed that hopeless, disintegrated face, he dropped the hat back in the manner of covering something unclean. Judith was slowly approaching; he went forward to cut off her approach. Her eyes were very tired and there was something in them, too, as they turned to him, strangely shy and hurt. She said: "I've had enough, Tom."

They returned to the car, thinking swiftly. No change was possible between them—the shadow would remain. But she had come to resolve a question and had failed. That one thing he could do—settle it for her, remove the old hurt, and leave with her a softer dream of an old romance. It was hard to speak a name he never had spoken, hard to admit the existence of a situation so long unexpressed.

"I found out something," he said, looking straight ahead. "Lorne died in the hills a week before we were married. It's why he never came back to you."

He felt her body turn stiff. She spoke faintly: "Have you known all this time—all this time—that I had never forgotten him?"

"Such as I deserved, Judith, you have given me. All the luck has been mine."

She had never cried before, but her body fell against him and long shuddering spasms ran violently through her. He put his arm around her. "We shouldn't have come. It's hell to stir up memories."

"Listen, Tom. These ten years have been beautiful, but I didn't know it. What I thought all this time about Lorne wasn't true, and when I walked into that old deserted theater there I knew it wasn't. It was a false memory, like the memory I had of the town. Both illusions—both gone now. Why didn't we come back sooner! I have hurt you every day for ten years!"

He said, with a dry throat: "You sure, Judith?"

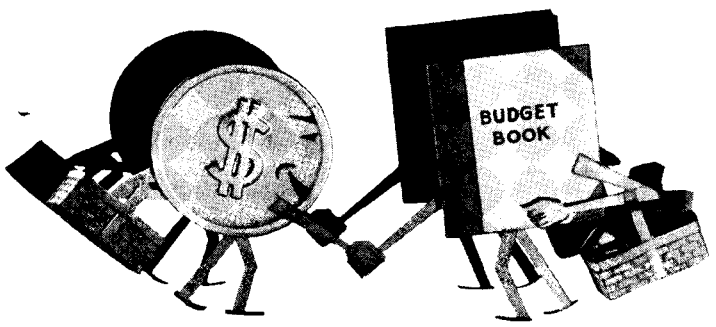
She was herself again, a tall and yellow-haired girl with the grace of beauty. But her smile then was strong, and for him alone. She kissed him, and Ballard, taking his wife into his arms, felt the softness and willingness and fire there. It was, he thought, such a sort of happiness as could come to few men; such a sort as could never come more than once to any man.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Husbands are cheering these new Budget-Breakfasts!

BUDGET-BREAKFAST No. 4

Strawberries
Grape-Nuts with Milk and Sugar
Slice of Toasted Whole Wheat Bread
Butter
Marmalade
Coffee or Postum



WIVES are saying—"These Budget-Breakfasts help to stretch my household money!" Husbands are saying—"What's gotten into breakfast lately to make it taste so good?" *That's* the kind of talk the new "Budget-Breakfasts" are stirring up!

But . . . the "Budget-Breakfast" shown here couldn't be so tasty, so economical—and at the same time *fully nourishing*—if it weren't for Grape-Nuts. For, Grape-Nuts supplies necessary *concentrated* nourishment. Served with milk and sugar, a single portion of crisp, delicious Grape-Nuts is rich in energy—and gives you more *varied* nourishment than many a hearty meal!

And remember—the ample portion of Grape-Nuts you serve in this breakfast is just two rounded tablespoons. Surely *that* proves what a big bargain in nourishment Grape-Nuts cereal really is!

Get Grape-Nuts—for tomorrow morning. Serve the "Budget-Breakfast" given above. Others are coming—watch for them! *Then* see if you aren't eager to keep right on pleasing appetites—and your pocketbook—with more of these delicious Grape-Nuts "Budget-Breakfasts"!

Your grocer has Grape-Nuts. Order Grape-Nuts today. Grape-Nuts is a product of General Foods.

Grape-Nuts

FOR BREAKFAST TOMORROW

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

From the Ground Up

Continued from page 19

nothing is more beautiful than a flower garden in full bloom, nothing can look so bedraggled as the plant whose foliage has wilted with the blossom."

The average American is a garden lover. He is a person of innate taste, too, according to Annette Hoyt Flanders, and his mistakes are due to his lack of experience and his lack of understanding that the beauty of his garden depends fundamentally upon the beauty of its design, for in a well-designed garden all the plants will show to their best advantage. The garden he makes is often not the garden he dreams of. It is just as though he were carrying a song in his mind and were unable to play an instrument. He has a feeling for it, an urge to create something beautiful. He wants his garden to be lovely and natural-looking. But he tries so hard to make it look easy and informal that he may be defeated by his own sincerity.

As a matter of fact, the formal garden is nothing to be afraid of, Mrs. Flanders says. Formal, according to the dictionary, means "having form." And every garden should have that just as every human being must have a skeleton. Both formal and informal gardens have one quality in common—balance. But the informal garden is balanced without being symmetrical; the "formal" garden is usually symmetrical. The so-called natural garden, which looks as though it had just grown of itself, is one of the most difficult to do well, even for the expert.

Balanced Beauty in Nature

"The point is that nature is not so artless as she seems," Mrs. Flanders says. "I found that out for myself several years ago as a party of us were driving through Montana. All at once we came on a vista that halted our conversation. It was perfect. The hills seemed to open up and the dark green trees tapered down to a greenish gray and distant violet, beyond which layers and layers of mountains dissolved into one another. After we came to a turn in the road and looked again, we still saw the blue-green and the gray-green trees, the far purple mountains, but the enchantment was gone. We went on talking. I tried to discover what the difference was, why one view was so satisfactory and the other so unimportant. And this is what I found out: the beautiful vistas of nature are balanced and formal in the strict sense of the word."

An informal garden should look as though it had grown without human assistance. The formal garden, too, must look, when it is done, so utterly natural and right that it seems like the only design that will go with the place. Public buildings, official buildings, homes where formal entertaining is the rule, almost demand a formal garden.

Strangely enough, Mrs. Flanders believes that the small back-yard type of garden, behind a home that is the very essence of informality, should be done formally, since its shape is formal. It is not big enough to be broken up with irregular planting that would seem to decrease its size. A tall hedge or a simple wooden fence will provide a lovely enclosure and at the same time shut out the building next door. Against this fence train grape vines or roses or such a shrub as forsythia, which may be clipped and made to grow flat instead of in a bush. There could be a three- or four-foot bed all around the garden filled with evergreen shrubs or with shrubs that will insure a succession of bloom from early spring until late fall. If there is a man who doesn't mind mowing grass once a week and who will see that it is well watered, the center of the yard can be a rectangle of green. Mrs. Flanders suggests the use of gravel or flagstones set half an inch apart so that moss, but not grass, will be encouraged; brick laid in patterns—all these go to make the garden a usable place even after dew has fallen. If a flower bed is wanted, study your color effects. Remember that bright colors mark the limits of a small garden very definitely. Reds and yellows catch the eye and if used at the end of a garden seem to decrease its size. Blues and purples are receding colors and give an illusion of greater depth.

The Garden in the Suburbs

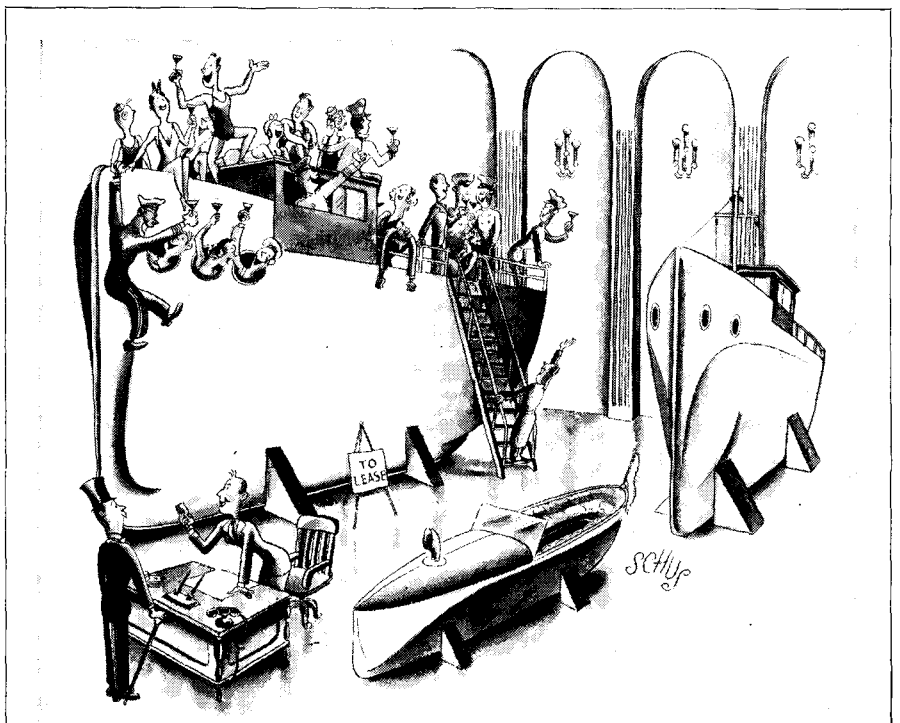
The average garden should be an outdoor living-room, for the average American home is hot in summer. A simple iron chaise longue and two or three weather-proof chairs of good, honest lines, a little shelter or awning to ward off too-strong sunlight or, better still, one lovely maple—an apple or an oak or a swamp maple—and the back garden will be a usable, inviting place.

The suburban garden, with its larger plot of ground, permits greater scope, naturally. Most suburban homes have grassy lawns at the front of the house. A lovely tree or two and a simple foundation planting of flowering shrubs or small evergreens or a neatly clipped hedge are all that are needed, with perhaps a few gay window boxes for color. But it is behind the house that gardening activity usually takes place. There the master of the house will have his small patch of vegetables. True, the suburban garden must serve a number of practical uses, like providing the child with a playground, or concealing the laundry yard or the refuse can, but these are duties that can be effectively handled. A metal garbage can may be sunk into the earth immediately back of the kitchen door, where it will be convenient and yet inconspicuous. A flower garden is no place for children, so for them it would be better to have an open space where an outdoor swing, a sandpile and sturdy weather-proof furniture may be set.

"If the suburban garden is sunny it may have a pear tree or cherry or apple for shade," says Mrs. Flanders. "Roses might grow along the walls, and parallel to the walls, beds of flowers with something growing for every time of the year—primrose, iris, tulips and daffodils for the early spring; then on into larkspur, petunia, and the great variety of flowers that will bloom through the summer, and finally zinnias, dahlias and chrysanthemums for the fall. Break the corners with flowering shrubs or with spreading trees. If you like a profusion of flowers, cut your garden into patterns of small beds with footpaths between and mix the plants, choosing them so that the majority will have good foliage even after the flowers are gone. A narrow metal edge or a brick or gravel walk will keep the plants from spreading.

"In the midst of this carpet of flowers, a simple sundial, a bird bath or a fountain would be delightful. A barrel cut in half and sunk into the earth, then filled with water, makes a combined water-lily pool and bird bath.

Although the flower garden satisfies the universal love of color, Mrs. Flanders believes with other gardening experts that flowering shrubs have had only a small part of the attention they deserve in this country. The returning beauty of such shrubs as lilac, bridal wreath, flowering quince, dogwood, forsythia, mountain laurel and the many, many other shrubs offers annual delight.



"Mr. Van Dorgan's yacht party has it rented till next Saturday—then comes Mr. DeGram's week-end party. Shall we say the last two weeks in July, Mr. Wilson?" *Adolph Schus*

Plants of Double Beauty

Long after these blossoms have vanished, the foliage, like the yellow-green of laurel or the blue-green of honeysuckle or the red-green of sumac, is still handsome. The nature of the soil must be determined before planting the flowering shrubs, for what will grow in one soil will not grow in another.

Flowering quince, which offers its bright scarlet flowers in May; pearl bush, another May plant; hydrangea, a late summer shrub with its flowers ranging through pink and blue and bronze-green; the many varieties of syringa (lilac to you) require good, rich soil. Buddleia, better known as butterfly bush, and the violet blue *Caryopteris incanna* need well-drained soil. Japanese barberry, weigela and mock orange will grow in almost any soil. Forsythia and bridal wreath will grow in poor soil. The mountain laurel, star magnolia and the rhododendron require an acid soil before they will yield any of their gorgeous blossoms.

Flowers and flowering shrubs should be planted so that the garden will afford what professional gardeners like to call a succession of bloom—that is, there should be a blossom for every time of the year: peonies, tulips, crocuses, purple and white iris, forsythia and lilac for now; oriental poppies and lemon lilies, and the many varieties of phlox, bridal wreath, roses, clematis for the warmer weather, and the deeper, more intense, odorless blossoms like zinnias, dahlias, asters, such vines as bittersweet, and shrubs like sumac to blend with the intense flaming colors of tree and hedge in the fall. Or you might plan a garden that would blossom only in the spring and fall. Mrs. Flanders thinks that greens are not sufficiently understood or enjoyed during late July and August when the heat is oppressive: she suggests a flowerless garden for those months, with nothing but the varying shades of green in it to soothe the eye and to give the illusion of coolness.

Gardens in Character

Besides being a thing of beauty in itself, the successful garden should blend with the character of the surrounding country even if it must subdue itself a little to the landscape. For an old colonial estate in Virginia that had a gorgeous view back of it, Mrs. Flanders purposely made a low-growing garden with old-fashioned flowers. Petunias, heliotrope and verbena grew there. For a client who had a home on Lake Michigan she devised a garden that seemed to lead out to the water. She decided there was no point in having the garden even attempt to compete with the lake, so she framed the view by cutting down the trees that obscured it, leaving only the tall graceful trees at each side. She selected shrubs of a blue-green color and flowers with blue and purple blossoms to lead the eye out to the shifting colors of the water and the sky.

Once the garden is properly planted and beautifully growing, it should be cared for conscientiously and Mrs. Flanders offers a few simple suggestions. A garden should never be sprinkled. A sprinkling is worse than no watering at all because it wets only the surface soil and causes the roots to turn upward in search of moisture. The ground should be watered well once or twice a week and the earth should be examined to see that it is thoroughly soaked. The water should penetrate deep beneath the surface. Cut your flowers as soon as they fade and you will be rewarded by stronger plants and foliage that stays green and fresh. Allowing a plant to go to seed robs it of its strength. You can obtain from your seed merchant better seeds than your plant will give you. Prune your shrubs to make strong, beautiful plants. Weed your garden and spray it to keep it free of damaging insects.

You may start growing vegetables because that is a "useful" thing to do, but be warned that you will end by cultivating roses and saving your lunch money to buy new daffodil bulbs, for that is the way of all gardening. But should you need further justification for indulging in a garden, here it is: according to statements by real estate boards, the house with a beautiful garden is worth anywhere from twenty-five to one hundred per cent more than the gardenless home!

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

HOW'S YOUR BREATH TODAY?

If it's bad, you won't be welcome... Play safe...use Listerine

● How's your breath today? If it is bad, it will keep you out of things . . . it may mar friendship . . . kill off a romance . . . or jeopardize a business chance. *Don't let it do any of these things.*

Play safe . . . use Listerine, every morning and night and before social or business contacts. Listerine instantly renders your breath sweet, wholesome, and agreeable to others. It is the one reliable remedy for halitosis (unpleasant breath).

Everybody Has It

Fastidious as you may be, do not make the mistake of thinking that your breath is never bad. Halitosis spares no one, because it springs from such common causes as tiny bits of fermenting food particles on the teeth, unhealthy teeth or gums, and temporary or chronic infections of the nose, throat, and mouth. The insidious thing about it is that you yourself never realize when you have it.

Only Listerine Succeeds

Only by using Listerine can you be certain that your breath will not offend others. Cheap, ordinary mouth washes fail in 12 hours to conquer odors which Listerine gets rid of instantly. That has been shown again and again by strict laboratory and clinical tests.

Keep Listerine handy in home and office. Rinse the mouth with it before social and business engagements. It cleanses and invigorates the entire oral cavity and leaves you with a feeling of confidence and assurance. *You know your breath is right.* Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Missouri.

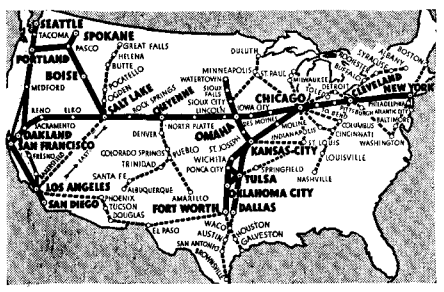
LISTERINE

INSTANTLY ENDS HALITOSIS . . . (*BAD BREATH*)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FLY to the Chicago World's Fair via United Air Lines ☆ Multi-motor planes with 2 pilots and stewardess ☆ Two-way radio ☆ Lighted airways ☆ Fares are economical.

New and faster schedules with the world's fastest multi-motor planes now in effect on coast-to-coast route. For schedules, tickets or reservations to 137 cities . . . call United Air Lines ticket offices, Hotel Porters, Travel Bureaus, Postal or Western Union.



AIR EXPRESS · Phone Air Express Division, Railway Express Agency, Inc. Use Air Mail · it saves time.

UNITED AIR LINES

Subsidiary of United Aircraft and Transport Corporation

55,000,000 MILES FLYING EXPERIENCE

Time to Strike

Continued from page 21

drove up to the hospital where she was working and they carry this boy in. He has something wrong with his head—something growing inside it that wasn't supposed to be there. He's pretty bad.

"She don't know who he is, being just a nurse. But she finds out pretty soon, because she is called in by the doctor, who tells her that the man with him is this Mr. Fillmore and that the boy is Mr. Fillmore's boy and that she is hired on the case.

"She stays in the room while the doc and this Mr. Fillmore talk. The boy's mother ain't there. She's dead. The doc tells this Fillmore that it is one chance in a hundred for the boy to beat the rap, but that he would take a running jump at that one chance if Mr. Fillmore said so and not unless he did say so.

"It's like this," said Sprung. "According to this old dame, this nurse, the doc tells Fillmore that even if the boy pulls through, it might leave him blind or deaf maybe. And sometimes after they pulled through they were never much good afterwards anyway."

Sprung unhooked one of his thumbs from his belt and tapped his head.

"See?" he said, hooking his thumb back in his belt again.

"Get going," said the Boss.

"Well, according to this old dame, this nurse," said Sprung, "Mr. Fillmore is wet as a fish, it being a hot night and him crying like it was him that had to be operated on and not his boy. But he tells the doc to shoot the works. The doc makes it plain that he won't lift a knife unless Mr. Fillmore gives the word and Mr. Fillmore gives the nod after the doc tells him the boy is sure to die if they don't operate and has only one chance in a hundred anyway."

"For God's sake," said the Boss, looking like he'd like to try and see how many times he could twist this guy Sprung's head around without changing grips. "For God's sake, get going."

"WELL, they operate on the boy in the morning and although Mr. Fillmore has a room in the hospital, although it's the boy that's sick, not him, he don't go in it at all but walks up and down the corridor all night, and all the time they got the boy on the table. He can't take it. See?

"It is about noon when the doc comes out of the operating-room and Fillmore's on him like an army overcoat. The doc shakes his head and says he can't tell yet. He says the boy don't croak under the ether and that he's still alive, but that he won't be able to tell until the boy wakes up, which ought to be sometime in the evening.

"It's all in the affidavit here," said Sprung. "This nurse says that in a case like this the patient don't snap out of the ether as quick as if it was only a couple of slugs in the body or losing your appendix. Anyway, it's an awful hot day—awful—and it gets hotter along about dinner-time, although this Mr. Fillmore ain't eating anything. Just walking up and down and stopping now and then to listen at the door of his boy's room, where the nurse—this old dame—is. You can see for yourself that he'll wilt when you hang this on him, because he showed then he couldn't take it, walking up and down like he was the one they were working on."

I didn't like the look in the Boss' eyes. Knowing he had sort of lost his grip and was slipping bad, I didn't know what he might do. So I slipped over nearer to him so I could stop him if he reached for the drawer where he kept a gun.

"Listen, you," the Boss said, "what about Fillmore being a rummy? How about it? Lay off this kid stuff. And, for God's sake, sit down—will you?—and stop your—"

"Okay, okay," said Sprung. "I'm coming to that. You're asking me and I'm telling you."

But Sprung didn't sit down and he went right on playing tunes on the air with his fingers.

"IT WAS about seven o'clock," said Sprung, "when this old dame, the nurse, comes to the door of the boy's room and gives Fillmore the nod. The boy is coming out of it. But the nurse stops Fillmore at the door and tells him he ain't to say a word and that he ain't to touch his boy and that anyway he ain't to stay more than a couple minutes anyway. And then she lets him in. It's an awful hot night, she says—awful. The windows are all open but it's as still as the morgue and there ain't a breath of air stirring even away up there on the top floor of the hospital where the boy's room is.

I'm watching the Boss close. I didn't want to see him take a sock at this guy.

"Well," said Sprung, "it's all here in the affidavit like the old dame tells me. From where they stand in the boy's room they can see the river but they ain't paying any attention to the river, because the boy's eyes are opening. After a while the boy's eyes are open wide and he whimpers like a pup and this Mr. Fillmore forgets all about what the nurse says and says, 'Johnny, Johnny, old boy, do you see me?'

"And then, according to what this old dame tells me, two things happen: The boy sort of smiles and says, 'Father, Father, let's go home.' And as he says that one of the boats down on the river lets go with its whistle, which sounds very faint in the heat. But the boy smiles again and says 'Steamboat, Father—steamboat.'

"Listen," said Sprung, "this Mr. Fillmore begins to blubber 'Thank God, thank God,' but instead of asking the nurse and the doc is there anything he can do, like you and me would, he staggers out of the room. Instead of being a man and behaving himself, he goes out and buys a bottle of wine and drinks it all without taking the bottle off his lips!

"Drunk? I'll say he was drunk. He took fourteen hours to sleep it off. Sleeping fourteen hours while his boy is so sick in the next room. I had a heck of a time getting this old dame to put this in her affidavit. But she come across fine when I told her there wasn't going to be more than just the one book printed and that one would go to Mr. Fillmore. She wants to say it's exhaustion that floors Mr. Fillmore, but I cut that out."

Sprung unhooked one of his thumbs and took the affidavit out of his pocket.

"So there's your Mr. Fillmore, all wrapped up and ready for the ash can."

"When did all this happen?" said the Boss, getting up out of his chair slow.

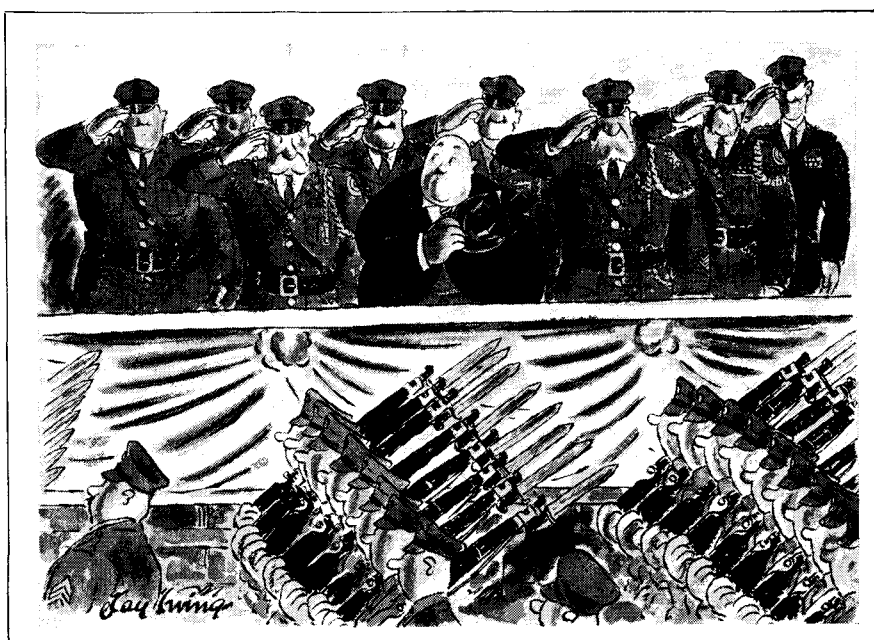
"What do you care—what do you care?" said Sprung. "Suppose it was twenty years ago, you don't have to say anything—"

Maybe I didn't hear Sprung come in, but I heard him go out. And I ain't saying the door didn't open when he came in, I just didn't see it. But I happen to know it didn't open when Sprung left—not the regular way, anyway.

The Boss walked over to Sprung. He didn't hurry—just walked up to Sprung easy. He took that affidavit in one hand and Sprung's neck in the other and tried to cram that affidavit down Sprung's throat. He'd done it too, if I hadn't grabbed his arm. The affidavit fell on the floor and the Boss picked up Sprung and threw him right through the door like a pineapple. And then he grabbed his hat and left.

SURE, I can see it coming. They last just so long, like a trip to Florida, and then it happens. You can't tell what starts them on the skids. Something happens and—bingo!—they're done. There was this Heels Sprung doing the Boss a big favor, handing him this big reformer like Santa Claus. It's hard to explain. This Save Our City Committee ain't got a thing on him and he's ready to quit like a match.

Of course somebody might dig up the fact that the Boss' own boy had an operation on his head or something back about twenty years ago and try to make something of that. But don't pay any attention to that bunk. The two cases weren't anything alike. The Boss' boy died and he's forgot all about it long ago. And besides, the Boss was in Europe when it happened. So they can't hang it on that.

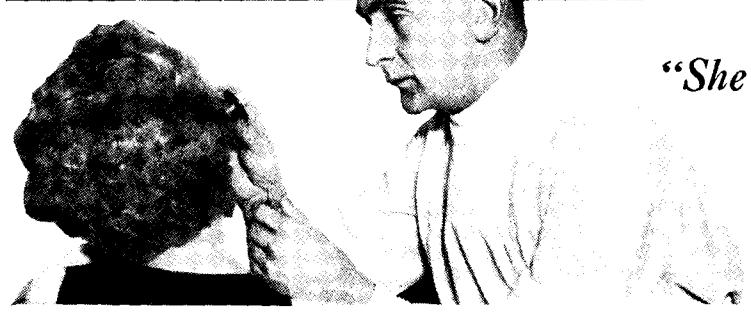


"How long can a thing like this go on?" *Jay Irving*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Her skin trouble vanished ...thanks to Yeast"

DR. RICHTER, the noted Berlin skin specialist, *describes a typical case from his own practice!*



"She had a blotchy skin and severe furunculosis (boils)"

Dr. Richter is the Physician-in-Chief of the Department of Dermatology, Surgical Clinic, University of Berlin. He says:—"This patient was anemic and suffered from constipation. She had a blotchy skin and severe furunculosis (boils) on the face and neck . . . I prescribed yeast* . . . It corrected her constipation; her health improved and *her complexion troubles vanished.*"

"I was worried about my *skin, too," writes Miss Catherine Elliott*

"A close relative started me eating Fleischmann's Yeast," *writes* Catherine Elliott (right) *of Bon Air, Virginia.* "His doctor had recommended it . . . I was worried about my skin, too. So I tried yeast, hoping in this way to get rid of the poisons in my system . . . It wasn't long before I noticed improvement. My tiredness left, too. There's nothing like yeast for a poor complexion!"

DR. WILHELM RICHTER, of Berlin, Germany, is the author of over sixty important medical articles. He states:—

"Most skin troubles can be traced directly to the intestines. Constipation leads to poisons . . . which are absorbed into the blood. The results are . . . frequent headaches, coated tongue, bad breath". . . *and bad skin!*

Yet, as Dr. Richter says, "relief from such troubles is now very easy. In long-standing cases of constipation and skin disorders I prescribe the eating of *fresh yeast.*"

Since fresh yeast is a food, you can eat it regularly—three cakes a day. After a few weeks you should notice these effects:—

Your bowels should be "regular." That is because yeast softens the wastes—"tones" the intestines—stimulates their natural action.

Your digestion should be better. That is because your digestive juices again flow healthily and normally.

And, finally, you should have greater energy—fewer headaches—and a skin free of blemishes . . . as yeast cleanses your system and clears away the wastes in your body that were poisoning you!

Try Fleischmann's Yeast. Eat it plain, or in a third of a glass of water—before meals, or between meals and at bedtime. At grocers, restaurants and soda fountains.

***IMPORTANT!**

Fleischmann's Yeast for health—in the foil-wrapped cake with the yellow label—is yeast in its fresh, effective form—rich in vitamins B, G, D—the kind doctors advise. Write for booklet. Dept. Y-N-12, Standard Brands Inc., 691 Washington St., New York City.

Copyright, 1933, Standard Brands Incorporated

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Lay down your razor . . . . and splash this sparkling tonic on your still-moist face. Feel that tang and tingle? That's Aqua Velva . . . . and these are the things it does:

1 Gives a sparkling refreshing tingle.
2 Helps to care for tiny nicks and cuts.
3 Helps to conserve the skin's natural moisture.
4 Keeps the skin flexible.
5 Guards against dust and germs.
6 Helps protect from sun and wind.
7 Takes away the oily feel that sometimes lingers on the face.
8 The sum of all these things . . . *helps to keep the face looking and feeling Fit!*

An after-shaving bracer of Aqua Velva costs about as much as one cigarette. And what a perfect finish for a shave. Keeps your face feeling and looking as fit all day as Williams Shaving Cream—or the new Williams Glider Brushless Shave—*leaves* it. Pick up a bottle on the way home *tonight.*

Aqua Velva is blended by the makers of Williams lather Shaving Cream and Williams Glider Brushless Shave. Either one of these fine creams is a perfect Companion-In-Arms for *Aqua Velva* in keeping Faces Fit!

THE J. B. WILLIAMS COMPANY
GLASTONBURY, CONN. MONTREAL, CAN.

Fu Manchu's Bride

Continued from page 17

the pillow. They were composed, I saw, of some kind of soft rubber, and were inflated. I experienced considerable difficulty in swallowing, and raising a hand to my throat I found it to be swollen and painful.

The couch upon which I lay—and I noted now that I was dressed in white overalls and wore rubber-soled shoes! —was at one end of an enormously large room. The entire floor, or that part of it which I could see, was covered with this same neutral gray substance which may have been rubber. The ceiling looked like opaque glass, and so did the walls.

QUITE near to me was a complicated piece of apparatus, not unlike, I thought, a large cinematograph camera, and mounted on a movable platform. It displayed a number of huge lenses, and there were tiny lamps here and there in the amazing mechanism, some of them lighted.

A most intricate switchboard was a not less curious feature of this baffling machine. Farther beyond, suspended from the glass ceiling, hung what I took to be the largest arc lamp I had ever seen in my life. But although it was alight, it suffused only a dim, purple glow, contributing little to the general illumination.

Half hidden from my point of view stood a long glass table (or a table composed of the same material as the ceiling and the walls) upon which was grouped the most singular collection of instruments and appliances I had ever seen, or even imagined.

Huge glass vessels containing fluids of diverse colors, masses of twisted tubing, little points of fire, and a thing like an Egyptian harp, the strings of which seemed to be composed of streaks of light which wavered and constantly changed color, emitting a ceaseless crackling sound. . . .

I closed my eyes for a moment. My head was aching furiously, and my mouth was so parched that it caused me constantly to cough, every cough producing excruciating pain.

Then I opened my eyes again. But the insane apartment remained. I sat up and swung my feet to the floor.

The covering had the feeling of rubber, as its appearance indicated. My new viewpoint brought other objects within focus. In a white metal rack was ranged a series of vessels resembling test tubes. The smallest was perhaps a foot high, and from this the others graduated like the pipes of an organ, creating an impression in my mind of something seen through a powerful lens.

Each tube was about half filled with some sort of thick fluid, and this, from vessel to vessel, passed through shades from deepest ruby to delicate rose-pink.

I stood up.

And now I could see the whole of that fabulous room. I perceived that it was a kind of laboratory—containing not one instrument nor one system of lighting with which I was acquainted!

Other items of its equipment now became visible, and I realized that a continuous throbbing characterized the place. Some powerful plant was at work. This throbbing, which was more felt than heard, and the crackling of those changing rays alone disturbed the silence.

And now I observed a minor, but a curious point: the rubber couch upon which I had been lying was placed in a corner. And upon the floor-covering were black lines forming a right angle. Its ends, touching the walls, made a perfect square—in which I stood.

I looked about that cavernous place, pervaded by a sort of violet light, and I realized that certain pieces of apparatus, and certain tables, were surrounded by similar black marks upon the floor.

Apparently there was no door, nor could I find anything resembling a bell. If this were not mirage—or death—what was this place in which I found myself; and why was I there alone?

I set out to explore.

One step forward I made, and had essayed a second when I recall uttering a loud cry.

As my foot crossed the black mark on the floor a shock ran through my body which numbed my muscles! I dropped to my knees looking about me —perhaps, had there been anyone to see, as caged animals glare from their cages. . . .

What did it mean? That some impassable barrier hedged me in!

The shock had served a double purpose: it had frightened me intensely—this I confess without hesitation—but as I got to my feet again, I knew that also it had revived that cold, murderous rage which had governed my mind up to the moment that the dacoit had buried his fingers in my throat.

"Where the devil am I?" I said aloud; "and what am I doing here?"

A panel in one of the glass walls slid open. A man came in. The panel closed behind him. He stood looking in my direction.

I sprang forward . . . and fell back as though a cunning opponent had struck me a straight blow over the heart!

Collapsed on the rubber-covered floor, I lay quivering—temporarily stunned. I experienced now not so much fear as awe; I was a prisoner of the invisible.

But, looking about at the nameless things which surrounded me, I knew that the invisible must be controlled by an intelligence. If this were not death —I had fallen into a trap.

THE man who had entered through a panel in one of the walls wore a plain yellow robe and walked in silent, thick-soled slippers. Upon his head was set a little black cap surmounted by a coral bead. His hands partly hidden in the loose sleeves of his robe, he stood there watching me.

And I knew that this man had the most wonderful face that I had ever looked upon.

It was aged, yet ageless. I thought that if Benvenuto Cellini had conceived the idea of executing a death-mask of Satan in gold, it would have resembled very closely this living-dead face upon which my gaze was riveted.

He was fully six feet in height and appeared even taller by reason of the thickly padded slippers which he wore. For the little cap (which I recognized from descriptions I had read to be that of a mandarin of high rank) I substituted mentally the astrakhan cap of the traveler glimpsed in the big car on the Corniche road; for the yellow robe, the fur-collared coat.

I knew at the instant that he entered that I had seen him twice before; the second time at Quinto's.

One memory provoked another.

Although in the restaurant he had sat with his back towards me, I remembered now, and must have noted it subconsciously at the time, that tortoise-shell loops had surrounded his yellow, pointed ears. He had been wearing spectacles.

Then, as he moved slowly and noiselessly in my direction, I captured the most elusive memory of all—

I had seen this man in a dream—riding a purple dragon which swept down upon a doomed city!

The veil was torn—no possibility of misunderstanding remained. Those brilliant green eyes fixed upon me in an unflinching regard conveying as though upon astral rays a sense of force unlike anything I had known. . . .

This was Dr. Fu Manchu!

My strange surroundings, the man's awesome personality, my attempt to cross the black line surrounding an invisible prison, these things had temporarily put me out of action. But now, as this conviction seized upon my mind, my hand plunged to my pocket.

Flesh and blood might fail to pass that mysterious zone; perhaps a bullet would succeed.

THE man in the yellow robe now stood no more than ten feet away from me. And as I jerked my hand down a sort of film passed instantaneously over the green eyes, conveying a momentary—but no more than momentary—impression of blindness. This phenomenon disappeared in the very instant that I came to my senses—in the very instant that I remembered I was wearing strange garments. . . .

How mad of me to have looked for a loaded automatic in the pocket of these white overalls!

"Ah, Mr. Sterling," my jailer said, and approached me so closely that he stood but a pace beyond the black line, "your attempt to explore the radio research room caused a signal to appear in my study, and I knew that you had revived."

I could think of nothing to say. I was helpless and this man had come to mock me.

"You seem to have a disregard for the sanctity of human life," he continued, "unusual in Englishmen. You killed one of my servants at the Villa Jasmin—a small matter. But your zeal for murder did not end there. Fortunately I was less than half a mile behind at the time, and I had you carried to a place of safety before some passing motorist should be attracted by the spectacle of two bodies in the Corniche road. You mortally wounded Gana Ghat, head of my Burmese bodyguard."

"I am glad to hear it," I replied.

Those green eyes watched me immutably.

"Rejoice not unduly," he said softly. "I wished you no harm, but you have thrust yourself upon me. As a result, you find yourself in China—"

"In *China!*"

I heard the note of horror in my own voice. My glance strayed swiftly around that incredible room, and returned again to the tall, impassive, yellow-robed figure.

Good heavens! It was a shattering idea—yet not wholly impossible. I had no means of knowing how long I had been unconscious. The dreadful theory flashed through my mind that this brilliant madman—for I could not account him sane—had, by means of drugs, kept me in a comatose condition, and had had me transported in some private vessel from France to China.

I tried to challenge those glittering green eyes—but the task was one beyond my powers.

"You left me no choice," Dr. Fu

(Continued on page 32)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

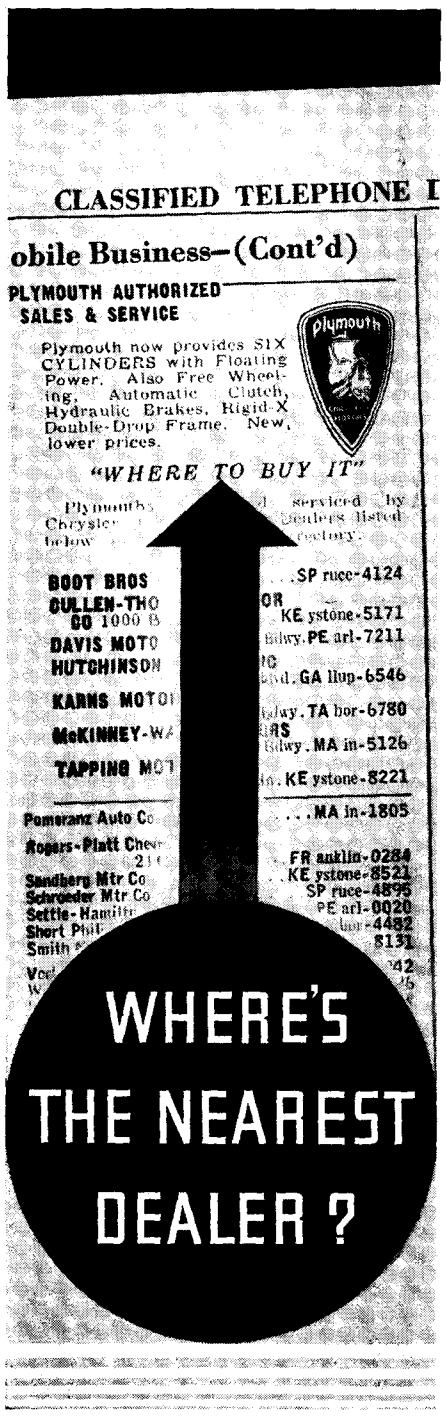
in telephone service
you pay *for the* extra miles... *but with* ***TEMPERED RUBBER*** *you get extra mileage at* no extra cost

Only builds with TEMPERED RUBBER

TEMPERED RUBBER, developed and used only by U. S., is tougher, longer lasting than any other. It wears down slower, prolongs tire life, materially lengthens the tire's measure of safety. Look for the words Tempered Rubber on the sidewall; it pays to make sure.

United States Rubber Company
WORLD'S LARGEST (US) PRODUCER OF RUBBER

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



. . . here's how to find the answer quickly

Here's a time-saving tip. Doubly useful to folks who travel . . . helpful to stay-at-homes.

To locate a nearby dealer or service station for an advertised product, turn to your *classified* telephone book.

Look for the trade name of the brand you want—G. E. refrigerators, Goodrich tires, 'blue coal', for example. There you'll find names, addresses and telephone numbers of authorized dealers or service stations.

"WHERE TO BUY IT"

Fu Manchu's Bride

Continued from page 30

Manchu went on. "I can permit no stranger to intrude upon my experiments. It was a matter of deciding between your death—which would not have profited me—and your services, which may do so."

He turned slowly and walked in the direction of the hidden glass door. He was within one step of it when it slid noiselessly open. He glanced at me over his shoulder.

"Follow," he directed.

Since at the moment I could see no alternative to obedience, I stepped cautiously forward.

There was no shock when I passed the black line, but I continued to move warily across that silent floor in the direction of the opening in which the Chinaman stood glancing back at me.

The idea of springing upon him the moment I found myself within reach crossed my mind. But—*China!* If I should actually be in China, what fate awaited me in the event of my attack being successful?

I knew something of the Chinese, having met and employed many of them. I had found them industrious, kindly and simple. My knowledge of the punishments inflicted by autocratic officials in the interior was confined entirely to hearsay. Certain stories came back to me now, counseling prudence. If Nayland Smith were correct, it would be a good deed to rid the world of this Chinese physician—even at the price of a horrible martyrdom.

But I might fail . . . and pay the price nevertheless.

These were my thoughts as I drew nearer and nearer to the glass door. I had almost reached it when Fu Manchu spoke again.

"Dismiss any idea of personal attack," he said in a soft voice, the sibilants more than usually pronounced. "Accept my assurance that it could not possibly succeed. Follow!"

He moved on, and I crossed the threshold into a small room furnished as a library. Many of the volumes burdening the shelves were in strange bindings, and their letterings in characters even less familiar. There was a commodious table upon which a number of books lay open. Also there was a smell in the room which I thought I identified as that of burning opium; and a little jade pipe lying in a bronze tray served to confirm my suspicion.

So much I observed as I crossed this queer apartment, richly carpeted, and came by means of a second doorway into the largest glasshouse I had seen outside Kew Gardens. Its floor was covered with that same rubber-like material used in the radio research room.

The roof was impressively lofty, and the vast conservatory softly lighted by means of some system of hidden lamps. Tropical heat prevailed, and a damp, miasmatic smell. There were palms there, and flowering creepers, rare shrubs in perfect condition and banks of strange orchids embedded amid steaming moss.

THE place was a bulb-hunter's paradise, a dream jungle, in parts almost impenetrable by reason of the fact that luxurious growths had overrun the sometimes narrow paths.

I discovered as we proceeded that it was divided into sections and that the temperature, in what was really a series of isolated forcing-houses, varied from tropical to subtropical. The doors were very ingenious. There was a space between them large enough to accommodate several persons, and a gauge set beside a thermometer which could be adjusted as one door was closed before the next was opened.

Let me confess that I, myself, had ceased to exist. I was submerged in the flowers, in the jungle, in the vital, intense personality of my guide. This was fantasy—yet it was not fantasy. It was a mad reality: the dream of a super-scientist, a genius whose brilliance transcended anything normally recognized, expressed in rare foliage, in unique blooms.

Dr. Fu Manchu consented to enlighten me from point to point.

At an early stage he drew my attention to species which I had sought in vain in the forests of Brazil; to orchids which Borneo, during one long expedition, had failed to reveal to me: Indian varieties and specimens from the Burmese swamps. . . .

"This is mango-apple, a fruit which first appeared here two months ago. . . . Notice near its roots the beautiful flowers which occasion the heavy perfume—*Cypripedium cycaste,* a hybrid cultivated in these houses successfully for the first time . . . the very large blooms are rose-peonies—scentless, of course, but interesting. . . ."

AT ONE point in a very narrow path overhung by a most peculiar type of *Hibiscus* in full bloom he paused, and pointed.

I saw pitcher-plants of many species, and not far away *drosophyllum*—of that kind of which I had already met with two specimens.

"These insectivorous varieties," said Dr. Fu Manchu, "have proved useful in certain experiments. I have outlined several inquiries upon which I shall request you to commence work shortly, relating to this interesting subject. We come now to the botanical research room. . . ."

He opened a door, and with one long-nailed yellow hand beckoned me imperiously to follow.

I obeyed.

He closed the door and adjusted the gauge, continuing to speak as he did so:

"You will work under the direction of Companion Herman Trenck—"

"What!" His words aroused me from a sort of stupor. "Dr. Trenck? Trenck died five years ago in Sumatra!"

Dr. Fu Manchu opened the second door, and I saw a beautifully equipped laboratory, but much smaller than that in which I had first found myself.

A Chinaman, wearing white overalls resembling my own, bowed to my guide and stood aside as we entered.

Bending over a microscope was a gray-haired, bearded man. I had met him once; twice heard him lecture. He stood upright and confronted us.

No possibility of doubt remained. It was Herman Trenck . . . who had been dead for five years!

Dr. Fu Manchu glanced aside at me.

"It will be your privilege, Mr. Sterling," he said, "to meet under my roof many distinguished dead men."

He turned to the famous Dutch botanist.

"Companion Trenck," he continued, "allow me to introduce to you your new assistant, Companion Alan Sterling, of whose work I know you have heard."

"Indeed, yes," said the Dutchman cordially, and advanced with outstretched hand. "It is a great pleasure to meet you, Mr. Sterling, and a great privilege to enjoy such assistance. Your recent work in Brazil for the Botanical Society is well known to me."

I shook hands. I was a man in a dream. This was a dream meeting.

Of the bona fides of Dr. Trenck in life, there could never have been any question. His was one of the great names in botany. But now, I thought, I had entered a spirit world, under the guidance of a master magician.

"If you will pardon me," said Trenck, "there is something here to which I must draw the Doctor's attention."

I made no reply. I stood stricken silent, now most horribly convinced that my first impression had been the true one—that definitely I was dead. And I watched, as that tall, gaunt figure in the yellow robe bent over the microscope. Herman Trenck studied his every movement with intense anxiety; and presently:

"Not yet," said the Chinaman, standing upright. "But you are very near."

"I agree," said the Dutch botanist earnestly.

"That I am still wrong?"

"It is more probable, Doctor, that *I* am wrong. . . ."

And it was at this moment, while I firmly believed that I had stepped into the other world, that a phrase flashed through my mind, spoken in a low, musical voice: "Think of me as Derceto. . . ."

Fleurette!

This thought was powerful enough to drag me away from that phantasmal laboratory—powerful enough to make me forget, for a moment, Dr. Fu Manchu and the dead Dutch botanist who talked with him so earnestly.

Was Fleurette also a phantom?

Did Fleurette belong to the life of which, until recently, I had believed myself to form a unit, or was she one of the living-dead? In either case she belonged to Dr. Fu Manchu; and every idea which I had formed respecting her was scrapped, swept away by this inexorable tidal wave which had carried me into a ghost world. . . .

A new thought: Perhaps this was insanity!

In the course of my struggle with the dacoit I might have received a blow upon the skull, and all this might be but a dream within a dream; delirium, feverish fancy. . . .

Through all these chaotic speculations a guttural voice commanded:

"Follow."

And, dumbly, blindly, I followed.

I FOUND myself in a long, gloomily lighted corridor.

My frame of mind by this time was one which I cannot hope to convey in words. In a setting fantastic, chimerical—I had found myself face to face with that eerie monster whose existence I had seriously doubted: Dr. Fu Manchu. I had been made helpless by means of some electrical device outside my experience. I had seen botanical monstrosities which challenged sanity . . . and I had shaken the hand of a dead man!

Now, as I followed my tall, yellow-clad guide:

"The radio research room," he said, "in which you recently found yourself, is in charge of Companion Henrik Ericksen."

This was too much; it broke through the cloud of apathy which had been descending upon me.

"Ericksen!" I exclaimed—"inventor of the Ericksen Ray? He died during the World War—or soon after!"

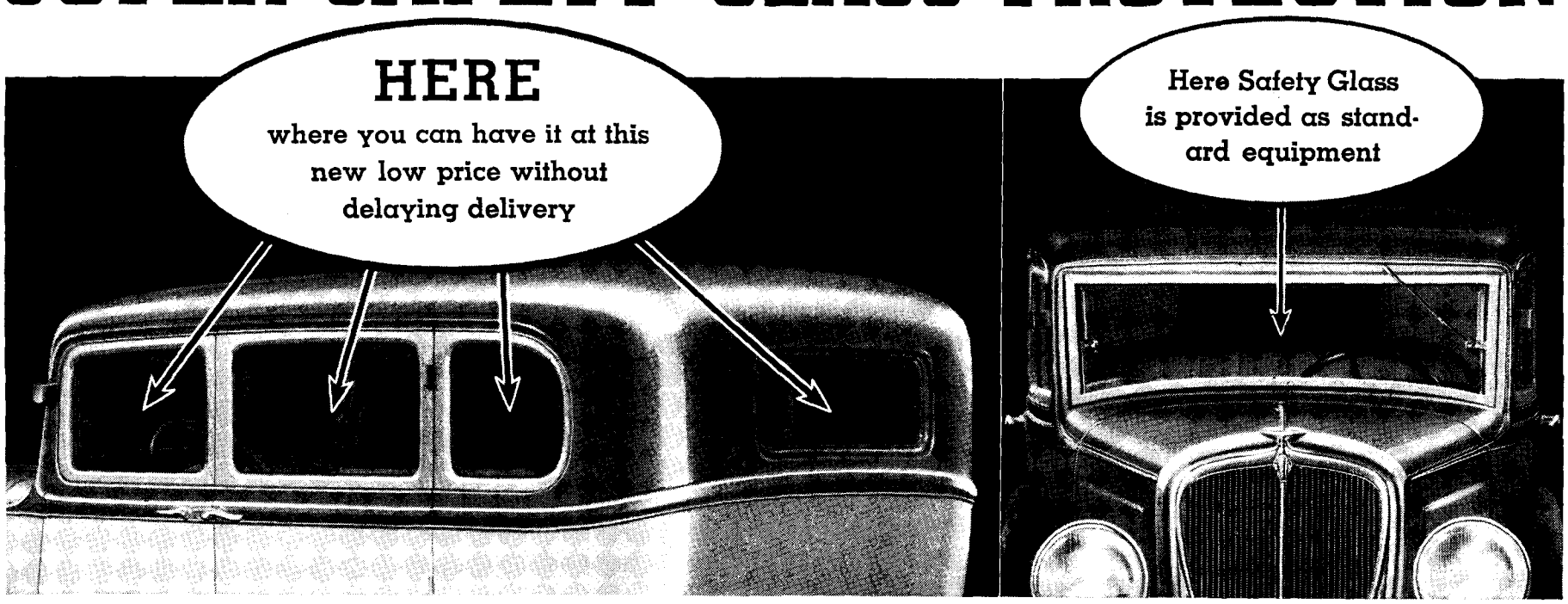
"The most brilliant European brain in the sphere of what is loosely termed

(Continued on page 35*)*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LESS THAN $1.50 A MONTH
FOR TWELVE MONTHS

GIVES YOU
SUPER SAFETY GLASS PROTECTION


HERE
where you can have it at this new low price without delaying delivery
Here Safety Glass is provided as standard equipment

For less than $1.50 more on each of twelve monthly payments, you can now have L·O·F super Safety Glass in *all windows* of your new car, when it is not already furnished there free of charge by the manufacturer. That's where you *must* have it, in order to provide the greatest available protection. Safety Glass in the windshield alone is not sufficient. Windows, too, are liable to break and injure passengers.

DO THIS
WHEN YOU BUY A CAR

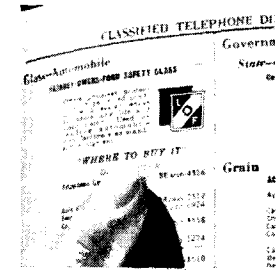
Ask the salesman where the Safety Glass is and just how much there is of it. Now that Safety Glass *all around* costs so very little, can you afford to buy a new car without this essential safeguard in *all windows* as well as in the windshield? Can you safely drive a car without it? Safety Glass all around is the only way to be sure you are protecting yourself and your family to the fullest possible extent against broken, flying glass.

In Packard, Studebaker, Franklin, Reo Royale, Ford De Luxe Models, Cadillac, La Salle, Lincoln and Buick 80 and 90, Libbey·Owens·Ford super Safety Glass is supplied in both windshields and windows at no extra charge.

In Graham, Reo Flying Cloud, Willys, Ford Standard Models, Buick 50 and 60, Chevrolet, Oldsmobile, Pontiac, Rockne, Auburn and Cord, it is supplied in windshields at no extra charge. You can have it in the windows at a new low price, without delaying delivery.

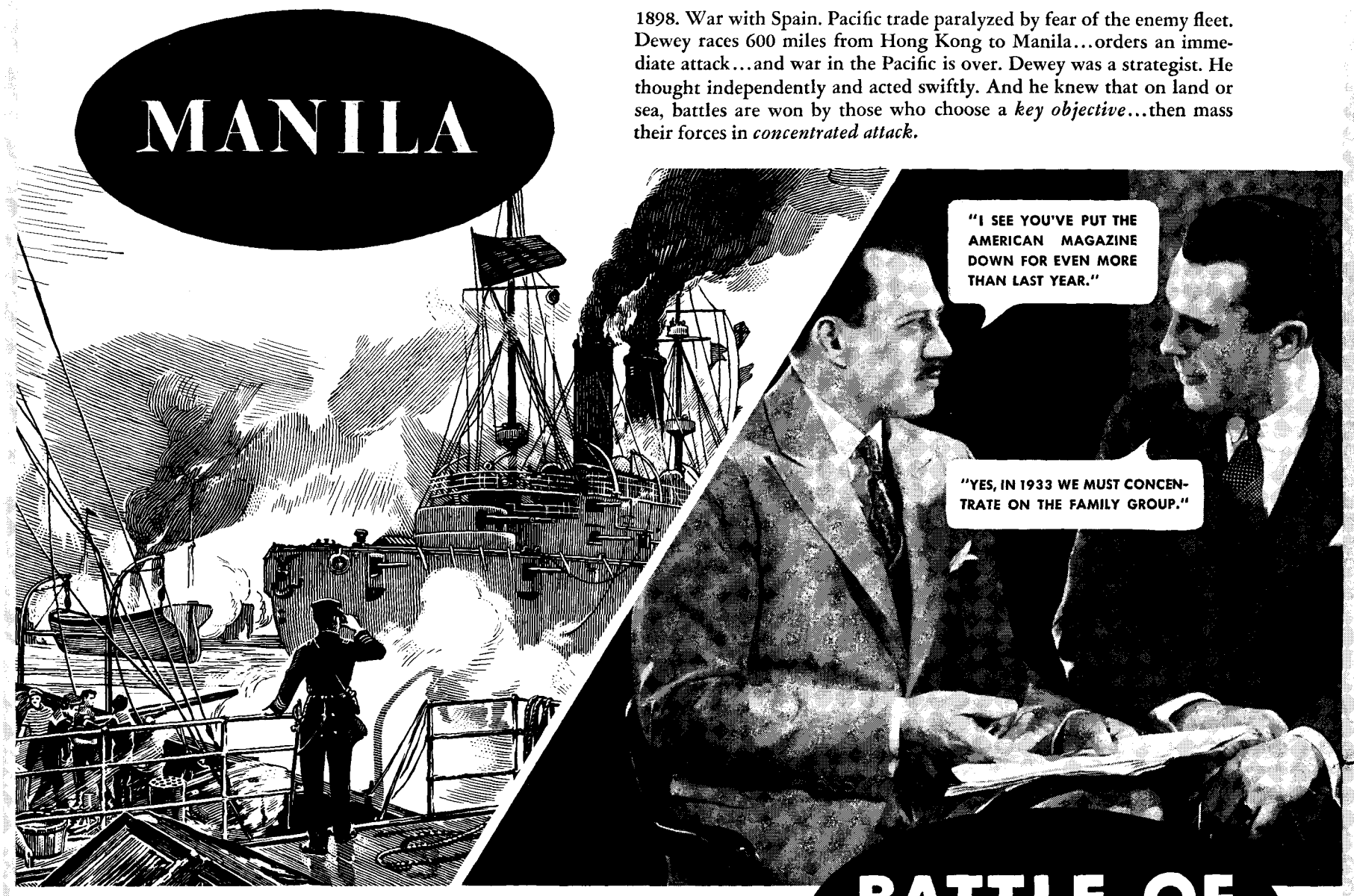
LIBBEY·OWENS·FORD GLASS CO., Toledo, Ohio

Our authorized replacement dealers will quote you prices on super Safety Glass specially fitted to the windshield or windows of your present car. Ask the L·O·F distributor, who is listed in the "Where To Buy It" section of your local telephone directory, for name of nearest dealer.



LIBBEY·OWENS·FORD
SAFETY GLASS
FOR LASTING CLEARNESS AND GREATER SAFETY

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED


MANILA
"I SEE YOU'VE PUT THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE DOWN FOR EVEN MORE THAN LAST YEAR."
"YES, IN 1933 WE MUST CONCENTRATE ON THE FAMILY GROUP."
BATTLE OF 1933

1898. War with Spain. Pacific trade paralyzed by fear of the enemy fleet. Dewey races 600 miles from Hong Kong to Manila...orders an immediate attack...and war in the Pacific is over. Dewey was a strategist. He thought independently and acted swiftly. And he knew that on land or sea, battles are won by those who choose a *key objective*...then mass their forces in *concentrated attack.*

The business leaders who will profit most substantially from today's rapidly changing economic conditions are those who, like Dewey, think independently and act swiftly. The advertising appropriations of many businesses are still reduced. But leaders in these businesses know that they can secure the greatest selling effect by concentrating their advertising forces on the *key objective,* the American *family.*

PUT THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE FIRST

1933 business strategists have arrived at two definite conclusions on present day advertising:

1 The most profitable medium on any advertising list is that one which is most widely read by *the whole family*—father, mother, sons and daughters.

2 The American Magazine is more thoroughly read by all members of the family than any other magazine published.*

*Proved by scores of independent investigations. Data available on request.

● The depression brought at least one compensation...a return to family life. This return has *re-emphasized* the power and effectiveness of a great advertising medium ...The American Magazine.

More than 1,800,000 families...fathers, mothers, sons and daughters get together on The American Magazine. It is here that they find a *common ground* of interest—discussion of the new circumstances under which they must live and work.

And it is in The American Magazine that they find the news of those products whose purchase is more than ever *a matter of family decision.*

That is why advertisers of 1933, who must make fewer dollars go further than ever before, are putting The American Magazine *first.*

It allows them to concentrate profitably and economically on their key objective... to do a *consistent all-family* job.

The American Magazine
First with all the family

THE CROWELL PUBLISHING COMPANY...NEW YORK

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Fu Manchu's Bride

Continued from page 32

radio. Van Rembold, the mining engineer, also is with us. He 'died,' as you term it, a few months before Ericksen. His work in the radium mines of Ho Nan has proved to be valuable."

Yet another door was opened, and I entered into half-light to find myself surrounded by glass cases, their windows set flush with the walls and illuminated from within.

"My mosquitos and other winged insects," said Dr. Fu Manchu. "I am the first student to have succeeded in producing true hybrids. The subject is one which possibly does not interest you, Mr. Sterling, but one or two of my specimens possess characteristics which must appeal even to the lay mind."

YES; this was delirium. I recognized now that connecting link, which, if sought for, can usually be found between the most fantastic dream and some fact previously observed, seemingly forgotten, but stored in that queer cupboard which we call the subconscious.

The ghastly fly which had invaded Petrie's laboratory—this was the link!

"My principal collection," the guttural voice went on, "is elsewhere. But here, for instance, are some specimens which have spectacular interest."

He halted before the window of a small case and, resting one long, yellow hand upon the glass, tapped with talon-like nails.

Two gigantic wasps, their waisted bodies fully three inches long, their wing-span extraordinary, buzzed angrily against the glass pane. I saw that there was a big nest of some clay-like material built in one corner of the case.

"An interesting hybrid," said my guide, "possessing saw-fly characteristics, as an expert would observe, but with the pugnacity of the wasp unimpaired, and its stinging qualities greatly increased. Merely an ornamental experiment, and comparatively useless."

He moved on. I thought that such visions as these must mean that I was in high fever, for I ceased to believe in their reality.

"I have greatly improved the sand fly," Dr. Fu Manchu continued. "A certain Sudanese variety has proved to be most amenable to treatment."

He paused before another case, the floor thickly sanded, and I saw flea-like, winged creatures nearly as large as common house flies. . . .

"The spiders may interest you. . . ."

He had moved on a few steps. I closed my eyes, overcome by sudden nausea.

The dream, as is the way with such dreams, was becoming horrible, appalling. A black spider, having a body as large as a big grapefruit and spiny legs which must have had a span of twenty-four inches, sat, amid a putrid-looking litter in which I observed several small bones, watching us with eyes which gleamed in the subdued light like diamonds.

It moved slightly forward as we approached. Unmistakably it was *watching* us; it had intelligence!

No horror I had ever imagined could have approximated this frightful gorged insect, this travesty of natural laws.

"The creature," said Dr. Fu Manchu, "has a definitely developed brain. It is capable of elementary reasoning. In regard to this I am at present engaged in a number of experiments. I find that certain types of ants respond also to suitable suggestion. But the subject is in its infancy, and I fear I bore you. We will just glance at the bacteria, and you might care to meet Companion Frank Narcomb, who is in charge of that department."

I made no comment—I was not even shocked.

Sir Frank Narcomb—for some time physician to the English royal family, and one of the greatest bacteriologists in Europe—had been a friend of my father's!

I had been at Edinburgh at the time of his death, and had actually attended his funeral in London!

A door set between two cases slid open as my guide approached it. In one of these cases I saw an ant hill inhabited by glittering black ants and, in the other, a number of red centipedes moving over the leaves of a species of cactus, which evidently grew in the case. . . .

In a small but perfectly equipped laboratory, a man wearing a long, white coat was holding up a test tube to a lamp and inspecting its contents critically. He was quite bald and his skull had a curious, shriveled appearance.

But when, hearing us enter, he replaced the tube in a rack and turned, I recognized that this was indeed my father's old friend, aged incredibly and with lines of suffering upon his gaunt face, but beyond any question Sir Frank Narcomb himself!

"Ah, Doctor!" he exclaimed.

I saw an expression of something very like veneration spring into the tired eyes of this man who, in life, had acknowledged none his master in that sphere which he had made his own.

"The explanation eludes me," he said. "Russia persistently remains immune!"

"Russia!"

I had never heard the word spoken as Dr. Fu Manchu spoke it. Those hissing sibilants were venomous.

"Russia! It is preposterous that those half-starved slaves of Stalin's should survive when stronger men succumb. *Russia!*"

With the third repetition of the name a sort of momentary frenzy possessed the speaker. During one fleeting instant I looked upon this companion of my dream as a stark maniac. The madman discarded the gown of the scientist and revealed himself in his dreadful, naked reality.

Then, swiftly as it had come, the mood passed. He laid a long yellow hand upon the shoulder of Sir Frank Narcomb.

"Yours is the most difficult task of all, Companion," he said. "This I appreciate, and I am arranging that you shall have more suitable assistance." He glanced in my direction and I saw that queer film flicker across his brilliant eyes. "This is Mr. Alan Sterling, with whom, I am informed, you are already acquainted."

SIR FRANK stared hard. As I remembered him he had been endowed with a mass of bushy, white hair; now he was a much changed man, but the shrewd, wrinkled face remained the same. Came a light of recognition.

"Alan!" he said, and stretched out his hand. "It's good to meet you here. How is Andrew Sterling?"

Mechanically I shook the extended hand.

"My father was quite well, Sir Frank," I replied in a toneless voice, "when last I heard from him."

"Excellent! I wish he could join us."

In the circumstances I could think of nothing further to say, but:

"Follow!" came the guttural order.

And once more, I followed.

(To be continued next week)

MOTORISTS WISE

SIMONIZ

This Lincoln Coupe has gone over 97,000 miles. It still looks new because Simoniz protected its finish always. The owner of this car is Mr. A. L. Doering—"Doering Spark Plugs"—New York City

● There's Nothing Like SIMONIZ

FOR KEEPING CARS BEAUTIFUL

Think of it! . . . Simoniz will make your car look new again! And then it will keep it beautiful year after year—always, in fact!

Millions Simoniz their cars. And you should, too! Every car, new or old, absolutely needs Simoniz. It stops weather and dirt from dulling and ruining the finish, positively makes it last longer and keeps the colors from fading.

Nothing compares with Simoniz. It's different from so-called waxes and polishes that give but a temporary shine.

Simoniz gives beauty that *lasts!* Dust and dirt don't stick to a Simonized finish. A soft cloth wipes them off in a second—so that you can keep your car sparkling bright without bother or expense.

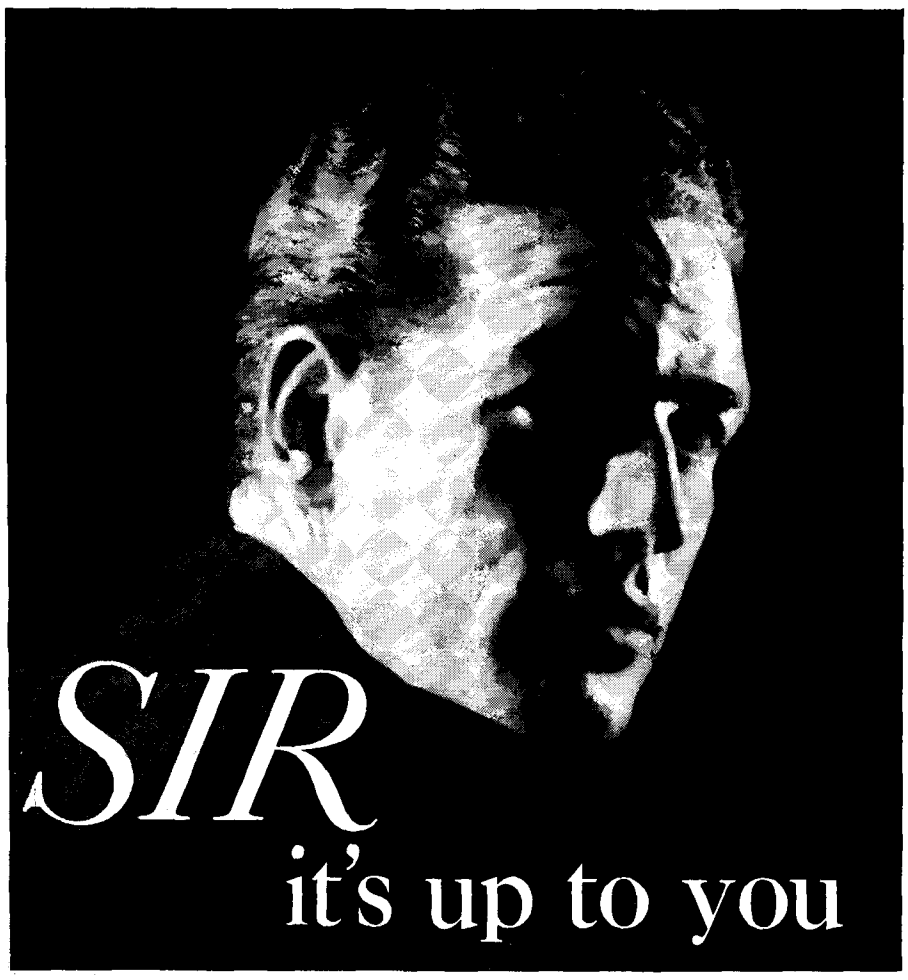
Simonizing is easy to do. The wonderful Simoniz Kleener quickly and safely removes all grime, discolorations and film, restores the original lustre *without* hard rubbing. Then Simoniz keeps your car looking new month after month no matter where you go or in what kind of weather you drive!

●

Always insist on Simoniz and Simoniz Kleener. Nothing takes their place. These famous products are NEVER sold under any other name. See that you get what you ask for. Sold at hardware and accessory stores everywhere!

THE SIMONIZ COMPANY, CHICAGO, U. S. A.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Feminine Antisepsis is a *husband's problem, too!*

The most important health-factor in your wife's whole life! . . . Won't you help her learn these truths which science has approved?

•

It's easy for *you* to side-step the question of marriage hygiene. Easy to leave it entirely to your wife.

But it's *not* easy to face the unhappiness that follows, like fate, in the wake of your neglect.

Ignorant of the principles of feminine hygiene, your wife is harried by a ceaseless fear. Nerves rebel. Beauty fades. Health fails. And the serenity of your marriage becomes a thing of the past.

Don't leave this vital problem for your wife to solve alone . . . It is always so much easier for a man to get these *facts*.

One method of feminine antisepsis stands out above all others . . . approved for years by the medical profession. It is the simple use of the correct solution of "Lysol" disinfectant . . . by every married woman, regularly, unfailingly.

"Lysol" is so much more *effective* than chlorine compounds...because "Lysol" destroys germs even in the presence of organic matter . . . Certain "watery" chlorine antiseptics lose 95% and more of their potency under such conditions.

And "Lysol" contains no free caustic alkali. It is *safe, soothing,* and *healing* to tender tissues.

The kindest thing you can ever do is to persuade your wife to adopt the "Lysol" method, recommended by leading physicians.

Tell your wife to send for this booklet
(Or fill in her name and mail the coupon yourself)

LEHN & FINK, Inc., Bloomfield, N.J. *Dept. LC-5*
Sole Distributors of "Lysol" disinfectant

Please send me free, postpaid, a copy of your new booklet—"Marriage Hygiene," with articles by three internationally famous women physicians.

*Name*_____

*Street*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____

© Lehn & Fink, Inc., 1933

Languorous Eyes

Continued from page 11

strings seeking and plucking soft minors. He lifted his voice in slow melody:

"Anda! lavate la cara
A la fuente del amor. . . ."

His voice died away but his fingers plucked on, striking a rhythm of fascinating undertones. Kelsey began to speak:

"Well," he said with vast condescension, "it was when we were surveying new trackage from Porto Bello to Fortuna. I met her in the jungle—a wild thing, she was—but I soon had her tamed. And I called her my li'l brown blossom. . . ."

Mears, with his eyes on Kelsey's face, came up through a soft obbligato and broke into a faint, plaintive rhumba. Chirp was conscious of a growing sense of dislike for these two, and their obvious teamwork.

". . . and she called me her White God from out of the North."

"Isn't it wonderful?" asked The Runt softly.

"Swell!" said Chirp. "When do they go *into their dance*?"

"Say, fellah!" Kelsey fixed him with a menacing eye.

"Sorry," Chirp said. "Go on."

MEARS resumed his sighing chords; Kelsey continued:

"Little did I know what havoc I was wreaking in this dusky maiden's heart; nor, for that matter, in my own; until one night by the river, with the jungle moon hanging low and the breeze sighing through the near-by banana plants . . ."

"Oh!" breathed the enraptured Runt. "How incredibly romantic!"

Kelsey bestowed an approving glance upon her; then continued:

". . . I took her li'l brown hands in mine and said: 'Oh, Mona—' "

"Mona Low?" Chirp inquired blandly.

"What do you mean—Mona Low?" Kelsey demanded.

"Oh, you know," Chirp said airily. "Mona Low, my sweet man is gonna go!"

Mears spoke: "Say, youngster, in case you're interested, Kelsey is quite a scrapper. He was heavyweight champ at Tri-State Tech and—"

"What are *you?*" Chirp interrupted. "The champ crooner on the banana plantation?"

Both men arose. The Runt spoke in an alarmed voice.

"Now, just a minute," she protested. "I'll ask you all to remember, please, that you're guests here. Sit down! Chirp, I think you're both rude and horrid."

"Probably," Chirp agreed; then, seeing that the others were resuming their seats, he subsided.

"Go on, Mr. Kelsey," said The Runt.

Mears resumed his playing.

"As I was saying," Kelsey resumed, eying Chirp with truculence, "the . . . uh . . ."

"Near-by banana plants," Chirp prompted innocently.

". . . Oh, yes. So I said: 'Oh, Mona, sometimes, on a night like this, I forget that I am your White God; I forget everything!' Then I took her in my arms and kissed her. Far off in the brake a cougar screamed."

"Who wouldn't?" Chirp asked.

Kelsey jumped to his feet.

"Kid," he said, "you're altogether too fresh! Here's where you get taken down a peg."

The Runt interposed herself between them.

"No, he doesn't," she announced. "This is my house and Chirp is my friend. I'll admit he's rude, but no one is going to fight about it."

Chirp flicked his cigarette over the railing.

"Don't let it annoy you," he said. "I'm leaving."

"Oh, Chirp!" The Runt was conciliatory. "Don't! We're going over to Fields Duck Inn, later, to dance. I want you to come along."

"Not tonight, Runt." Chirp was halfway down the steps. "But come out to my car a minute. I want to speak to you. Good night, Evelyn; and you, Pedro; and . . . er . . . José, or something."

"Good night, punk," they chorused. Evelyn smiled abstractedly.

"See here," Chirp said when they were out of earshot. "Does your mother know about this?"

"About what?" The Runt's glance was arch.

"About the Frijole Brothers taking you and your cousin out tonight?"

The Runt became facetiously coy.

"Oh, Chirp," she giggled, "I believe you're jealous."

"Of whom?" He was genuinely puzzled.

"Of me. You're sore because I'm making a hit with the big engineer."

"Bananas!" Chirp said in disgust. "I'm just trying to keep you out of trouble. Those guys are too old for you. But if that's the way you feel about it go on back and listen to Solomon sing his song. Take a tip from me, though: Get home before your mother does. She won't like it."

The Runt giggled again.

"Isn't it funny?" she said reflectively. "Last night I was warning you; tonight you're warning me."

She turned to go back to the house; then paused and looked at Chirp obliquely.

"My warning came true, didn't it?" she chided.

Chirp reddened.

"What of it?" he said disdainfully, and vaulted into his roadster.

He saw her once more in his rear-view mirror as he turned into the highway. For just a minute he hesitated and nearly turned back. She made an appealing little figure crossing the broad lawn toward the house: much too young and sweet to be going out with those two; but, still, she refused to be told anything, and would have to find out for herself, he presumed, what it was all about. He stepped on the accelerator and pulled his wheel toward home.

HE WAS awakened at half past twelve that night by his mother, who stood by his bed shaking him.

"Charles," she said, "Mrs. Bloodgood is on the phone. She wants to speak to you."

Chirp stretched for a moment; then swung his legs out over the edge.

"What about?" he asked sleepily.

"Something about Marion. Hurry, dear."

He stood up and walked out into the hall to pick up the receiver.

"'Lo, Mrs. Bloodgood."

"Oh, Chirp," the voice on the other end of the wire was anxious, "do you know where Marion is?"

"Why, I think she's out riding with some friends of your niece."

"But where?"

"Oh . . . I don't know . . . just around . . . places."

"Oh, dear. . . ."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"I wouldn't worry, Mrs. Bloodgood. They probably had a flat tire or something. I'll get dressed and have a look-see. More than likely I'll find them out of gas somewhere."

"Oh, will you go, Chirp?"

"Sure I will, Mrs. Bloodgood. Now, don't worry. I'll have them home in no time."

At ten minutes after one he swung into the yard at Fields Duck Inn, parked his car and went inside. Those he sought were not among the couples on the floor; but as he was about to begin a tour of the dining-room he heard a soft voice saying from a near-by booth:

"Oh, Mr. Mears!"

HE REACHED the little enclosure in rapid strides. Within, leaning against a flushed and enthusiastic escort, sat The Runt's cousin.

"Where's The Runt?" Chirp demanded.

"Oh," said Mears a little thickly, "issa li'l boy from Hahvud. Mamma let cha out, sonny?"

"Listen, Evelyn," Chirp said, ignoring her companion, "you ought to know better than this: letting The Runt stay out so late. You shouldn't have let her come at all with a mug like Kelsey. I suppose you let him feed her some of that giggle-water you've been drinking. Where is she?"

"Why, Mr. Dennis!" Evelyn spoke in an aggrieved tone of voice. "I'm hurt! Indeed I am! Why, I was the one who was taken out on—"

Chirp dropped his hand on her shoulder and shook it peremptorily.

"Listen!" he said. "Where is The Runt?"

Something in his voice must have sobered her for she answered promptly and nervously: "Out in the car with Mr. Kelsey. It's parked down by the pines."

"Sure!" Mears chimed in. "Right where you'd wanna be if you was a girl. With good ol' Kelsey unner a moon 'n' pines."

Chirp placed his hand on the back of Mears' head and shoved adroitly. The face of the other man went into a plate of chicken à la king. He came up sputtering.

"Say!" he shouted. "Who you think you are? Com'n' in manhan'lin' ever'body?"

Chirp didn't hear. He was out of the door before Mears had finished and was lacing out for the pine grove. He found the car he sought parked in the shadows and, without pausing to make sure of its identity, ripped the rear door open. There was a low curse from within; then The Runt's white face came out of the darkness.

"Oh, Chirp!" she said when she saw him. "Oh, Chirp!"

"Get out!" he snapped, taking her hand and drawing her toward the door. Kelsey's heavy face loomed forward.

"Oh," he said, grasping The Runt's other arm, "It's li'l Johnny Hahvud! 'Lo, Johnny. T'night's night to laugh 'n' play. Wanna play, Johnny?"

Chirp gave a yank.

"Ouch!" The Runt cried and came out flying.

Kelsey clambered out after her.

"Wait a minute!" he said. "You can't get away with that! No one can tell my girl what to do except me."

"Oh!" The Runt gasped indignantly. "*His* girl indeed!" she thought.

"Go get in my car," Chirp said to her.

"Jussa minute," Kelsey protested.

Chirp turned to follow The Runt.

"Jussa minute, Dennis. You an' I gonna settle matters."

Chirp turned back and as he did so his arm rose with a doubling fist at its end. His shoulder bunched behind the blow, and Kelsey walked straight into it. It landed hard and sharp with the subdued crack of knuckle on bone. Kelsey's expression became slightly vacuous. He raised his arms a little and moved them uncertainly. Chirp swung back the other way with a swift coup de grâce and stepped back as the older man came down heavily at his feet. Kelsey lay there—out.

"Gee!" said a voice behind Chirp.

He turned: it was Mears.

"He didn't have so much as a chance to get his hands up," Mears protested.

"Well," Chirp said, "*you* have! Want to step up on the line?"

The other seemed not to have heard. He stepped around Chirp to kneel at his friend's side.

"Gee!" he said again. "And he was a champ at Tech!"

"Where?" asked Chirp.

"Tri-State Tech," Mears obliged, sliding his arm under Kelsey's head.

"Oh, yes!" said Chirp. "I believe I've heard of it. They play 'Yes, We Have No Bananas' once in a while, don't they? Well, come on, Runt. We'll leave the Frijole Brothers to their sorrows."

The Runt, mute, fell in willingly at his side. They had not gone far when light, hurrying footsteps sounded behind them.

"But, Mr. Dennis!" a perturbed voice cried. "What about me?"

"Well, personally," said Chirp over his shoulder, "I don't give a hoot. But I suppose you'd better get in the rumble seat."

They were racing over the little hills toward home—The Runt at his side, with Miss Haskell, very meek, out back in the rumble. From time to time The Runt looked up at him.

"Chirp," she said at last, leaning close.

"Yeah?"

"Oh, Chirp!" He could feel the pressure of her little golden head on his shoulder. "It was incredibly romantic—I mean your coming out of the night to rescue me that way."

"I didn't rescue you," Chirp snorted. "Your mother wants you, that's all. Besides, weren't you his li'l white blossom or something?"

"Don't, Chirp! It was awful! The others laughed me into going out there with him. Ugh!"

She burrowed around on his shoulder seeking a soft spot.

"You know," she said after a while, "I had no idea that you could hit like that!"

"He was drunk and I was lucky. If he hadn't been—I couldn't have handled him."

"You were wonderful," she whispered.

THEY rode on for a while in silence. Suddenly he sensed that she was looking up at him again. He glanced down at her. She was smiling. She had a swell smile: prettier than her sister Marge's, almost. Her eyes were pretty, too. This smile was a little wistful, though, and it trembled slightly at the corners.

"Chirp," she asked, "when are you gonna stop buying me lollypops? Huh?"

Chirp grinned. What was there about this kid? Something funny all right. Once in a while she could almost weave magic about him. He guessed it must be the reaction from the strenuous moments he'd just been through that made him feel like this. He started to speak; then discovered he had to cough first to get a burr out of his throat.

"You're nuts, Runt!" he said at last.

"Maybe I am," she admitted and put her head back on his shoulder; then added: "About you, I guess."

He slipped down behind the wheel a bit to lower his shoulder for her.

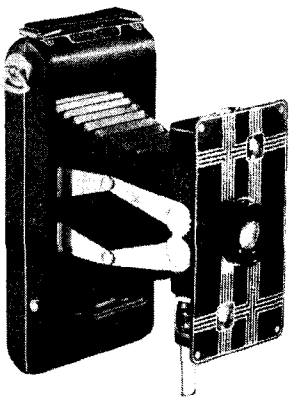
"Well," he informed her, "you could be nuts worse ways."

"Grace sent some Pictures of the Children"

And what real pictures they are! Jimmy making a road for his truck. "How he has grown!" Peggy with her dolls under the apple tree. "She has her mother's smile—exactly."

It's so easy to make snapshots, and they bring so much joy. Almost as good as a visit.

If making fine snapshots was ever a problem, that's all in the past. Just use Kodak VERICHROME Film. It cuts through shadows—lets you take good pictures on dull days as well as bright. People needn't pose, or squint at the sun. Snap them as you want them—gay, careless, and free. Your pictures will "turn out." Try a roll of Verichrome today—you've no idea how expert you really are. Verichrome—in the yellow box with checkered stripes. Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, New York.



Jiffy KODAK

SIMPLEST FOLDING CAMERA EVER DEVISED

Eastman's latest: a folding camera as easy to use as a Brownie. Touch a button—"pop"—it opens. Touch another—"click"—it snaps the picture. Makes fine, clear snapshots the easiest possible way. No fuss, no fiddling . . . nothing but simplicity. *Jiffy* Kodak Six-16 (2½ x 4¼ pictures), $7.50. *Jiffy* Kodak Six-20 (2¼ x 3¼ pictures), $6.75. See this new, unusual camera—at your dealer's.

IF IT ISN'T AN EASTMAN, IT ISN'T A KODAK

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

It's a Good Time for Property Owners . . .

. . . to consider the Soundness and Economy of Mutual Insurance

THERE never was a time when the saving offered by *mutual* fire insurance was of greater benefit to property owners than right now, with income curtailed and taxes higher.

Mutual insurance, with a stability based on 180 years of operation has demonstrated its strength during the depression years by paying all just claims promptly, by maintaining reserves and by returning dividends to policyholders.

These dividends, representing a very substantial reduction in net cost of insurance, are made possible not by higher premium rates but by care in selecting risks and the traditional mutual practice of reducing the cost of the insurance by reducing losses.

Mutual companies have helped hundreds of thousands of property owners avoid the hazards of fire by inspecting properties and suggesting practical methods of fire prevention.

Over 37 billion dollars worth of American property is insured against fire under *mutual* policies.

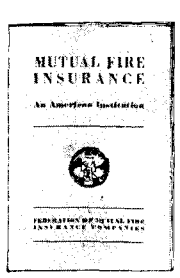
Out of the many hundred *mutual* fire companies 75 selected leaders are joined together in the Federation of Mutual Fire Insurance Companies. These organizations offer sound protection; complete and capable service and have returned to policyholders in dividends over $43,000,000 in the past three years.

A list of Federation Companies and an outline of the advantages they offer, will be sent on request to any property owner interested in sound protection at the lowest cost. Mail the coupon below.

This Seal identifies a member company of The Federation of Mutual Fire Insurance Companies and the American Mutual Alliance.

MUTUAL FIRE INSURANCE

An American Institution



WRITE FOR THIS BOOKLET---------- CM-2

Federation of Mutual Fire Insurance Companies,
230 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois.

Gentlemen: Kindly send me a list of Federation companies—also a full explanation of the operation and benefits of *mutual* fire insurance.

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

THE MUTUAL PLAN HAS OPERATED SUCCESSFULLY FOR 180 YEARS

Slander

Continued from page 23

No one in the world, hearing her, could have told that she had been aware, an hour ago, of the circumstance she now related. Cranston played up.

"Good Lord!" he exclaimed. "What on earth—"

Trudie handed him the receiver and he spoke to Baxter.

"What's this, Pete?" he asked.

"Gerrish came into my office suffering from alcoholism and died before I could do anything. So I couldn't make it for luncheon. Sorry to miss you. I hope I'll see you again soon."

"I certainly hope so," said Cranston. "I'm coming to town shortly. Perhaps you could dine with me at my house."

"I'd like that," said Baxter. "About eight?"

"Right," said Cranston.

HE HUNG up just as Martha entered the room. He walked swiftly toward her.

"I thought you were taking a nap," he scolded.

"I tried to. I think I did fall asleep for a few minutes. But I just can't stay up there alone. Have you heard from Pete?"

"Just this minute finished talking with him. He's dining with me at my house tonight."

Fright showed in her eyes.

"You mean that—"

He laughed and hoped his mirth was not too hollow.

"Everything is okay."

"Did he say that?" she asked.

"He didn't say anything to the contrary, and if it weren't all right he certainly would have mentioned it."

"Perhaps he'd have been afraid of being overheard," she suggested.

"You take that imagination of yours and do something to it," he said. "If he'd wanted to say anything private he could easily have gone to a telephone booth where no one could overhear. He simply wants to go over our stories again, just in case."

Slowly the fright left her eyes.

"I hope you're right."

"Of course he's right," said Letty.

"When are you going into town?" asked Martha.

Cranston looked at his watch. It was five o'clock. It seemed incredible that so much could have happened in so few hours.

"Pretty soon," he answered.

"Will you take me in with you?"

"Now, Martha, you can't go back to New York today," said Trudie. "You're going to stay right out here. Why, you'll be all alone in New York, fretting and worrying. You're to stay here."

"Absolutely," said Cranston.

But the girl shook her head.

"You're sweet, Trudie. But I think I'll go to town. I have to go back there sometime and it might as well be now."

There was decision in her voice and Trudie looked helplessly at Letty and Cranston. But despite the futility of protest, her lips started to frame one when the telephone rang. She picked the receiver off the hook.

"The New York Blade wishes to speak with Miss Blaisdell," said a servant.

Trudie put her hand over the mouthpiece. She whispered what the servant had just told her. Martha's face went white. Then, before Cranston could stop her, she seized the telephone.

"I'll speak to the Blade," she said.

"This is Miss Blaisdell speaking," she said.

"This is a reporter from the New York Blade," said a voice. "Did you know that Mr. Gerald Gerrish died this morning?"

"I just learned it a few minutes ago," she replied.

"He was your man of business—handled your financial affairs, didn't he?"

"He had done so," she admitted.

"There was some difficulty, wasn't there? The Blade is informed that he brought suit against you, claiming that he had advanced money on your promise to marry."

"His claim was false," she replied.

"But he had made the claim, hadn't he?" insisted the reporter.

"He had," she said.

"Have you anything further to add?"

"No, except that I see no reason for a newspaper printing so trivial a matter," she said.

"Nothing's trivial when it involves a name as well-known as yours, Miss Blaisdell. The Blade hears that Dr. Baxter, in whose office Mr. Gerrish died, had quarreled with your business man."

"I know nothing of that," she replied.

"Then you've nothing else to say?"

"Nothing," she said with finality, hanging up the receiver.

Cranston stared at her.

"You did exactly the right thing, Martha," he declared. "I would have had you refuse to speak to him, and that would have made his story seem more important."

"I'll speak to every newspaper man who questions me," she stated.

"In which you're wise, although I wouldn't have said so a moment ago. Inasmuch as you admit the suit, that ends all speculation. You deny its justice and let it go at that." His arm went about her. "You've not only courage; you have sense."

She smiled up at him. The thing she had dreaded, newspaper publication of scandal, had arrived at last and, oddly, it was not as terrifying as in the distance it had seemed.

"If it stops there—if they don't find out the other matters of today—"

"Don't even carry them in your mind," counseled Trudie. "Of course they won't find out."

MARTHA smiled, and only the two women knew the courage it took for her lips to frame that smile. Then she sighed.

"The worst—at least I hope it's the worst—has happened. There's nothing to be afraid of, nothing to run away from any more. You see," she looked at Cranston, "I'm being brave and taking your word for it that no one will discover where Gerry died. So all I'm expecting to face is questioning about his suit against me. And I'd rather be in town, so that other newspapers won't say that I was visiting Trudie. Will you take me in now?"

"As if I minded what the papers say," protested Trudie.

But Martha shook her head.

"You've been kind; I won't repay your kindness by dragging you into this. Shall we go?" She turned to Cranston.

As she left the room to prepare for the trip into town, Trudie followed her, but Letty stayed behind.

"Bert Cranston, if you fail that girl in any slightest way—"

"What makes you think I might?" he demanded.

"I don't think you will. But scandal—only, remember this, Bert: The mere fact that you marry her will make people discredit rumor about her. And the sooner you marry her the sooner rumor will die."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

He smiled whimsically.

"I'd marry her tomorrow if she'd have me."

"Good man," said Letty.

"It's funny," said Martha as they started off, "how a present danger is less terrifying than a future one."

"Shakespeare said something along those lines a long time ago," he smiled.

"Now that I know the newspapers will print something about myself and Gerry I really don't care much," she went on. "I know it isn't true, my friends know it isn't true, and what do I care about the opinion of strangers? If only," and her eyes darkened, "the other matter—"

"That's the one you're not to think of, much less mention," interrupted Cranston.

SHE wouldn't permit him to come to her apartment when they arrived in New York, so he left her at the street door.

"If reporters come I'll receive them. If you're there, they'll enlarge on their stories because you're so well-known. I'll be brave and I'll be calm. Trust me."

"I will," he said. "But may I phone you tonight?"

"I'd be unhappy if you didn't," she assured him.

With that he left her and drove to his house on Murray Hill. As he rode along he pondered on the futility of plans. We run away from something and when it catches up with us are amazed that we bothered to flee from it. The whole trip to Long Island had been unnecessary today. No, it hadn't. They'd got rid of Gerrish's bag; also, they had arranged with Trudie and Letty that Martha's flight from the Lemming house would seem to be a simple lovers' quarrel. But even that seemed unimportant now. Its purpose had been to minimize any relation between Gerrish and Martha, but that relation, or Gerrish's lying version of it, would be in the newspapers tomorrow. So the trip had been futile.

He hoped that all their other fears might have been unnecessary too. And contemplation of them made him wonder how the facts of Gerrish's suit had become known to the Blade.

Gerrish could hardly have notified the newspaper; his office would be closed on Sunday. Of course the process servers might have tipped off the paper. For that matter, newspapers have a thousand ways of acquiring information. A great many people had witnessed the scene between the process servers and Baxter; hundreds of others had heard about it. It would be surprising if one of those people hadn't had some newspaper connection. Anyway, it had happened and there was no use fretting about it.

He parked his car before his house and let himself in the front door. That old servitor who had waited upon his father greeted him warmly.

"Wish you'd eat dinner at home for a change, Mr. Herbert," he said.

Cranston laughed; he had forgotten the difficulties of housekeeping.

"I intend to, if you can whip up something for a guest also."

Cregan, the butler, beamed on him.

"Mary and I were having a roast of beef and if that suits you—"

"Perfect," said Cranston. "Eight o'clock."

And punctually at that hour Cregan announced Dr. Baxter. At almost precisely the same moment Martha received a visitor.

Upon arrival in her apartment Martha had taken off her clothes and attempted to sleep. She had in her bathroom some mild sleeping tablets which she used rarely; this evening she dared not try one, fearful lest it conflict with the tablet already taken at Trudie's. Furthermore, as she told herself, she was a perfectly normal and healthy girl, and it was ridiculous that worry, even as great as that which she had undergone, should prevent her from sleeping. So she closed her eyes, deliberately sent her mind far afield in search of pleasant memories, counted sheep, and did all the other things by which reluctant slumber may sometimes be wooed.

BUT she was awake when her maid entered her room. Seena started.

"I didn't expect you, ma'am."

"Did you have a nice time?" Martha inquired.

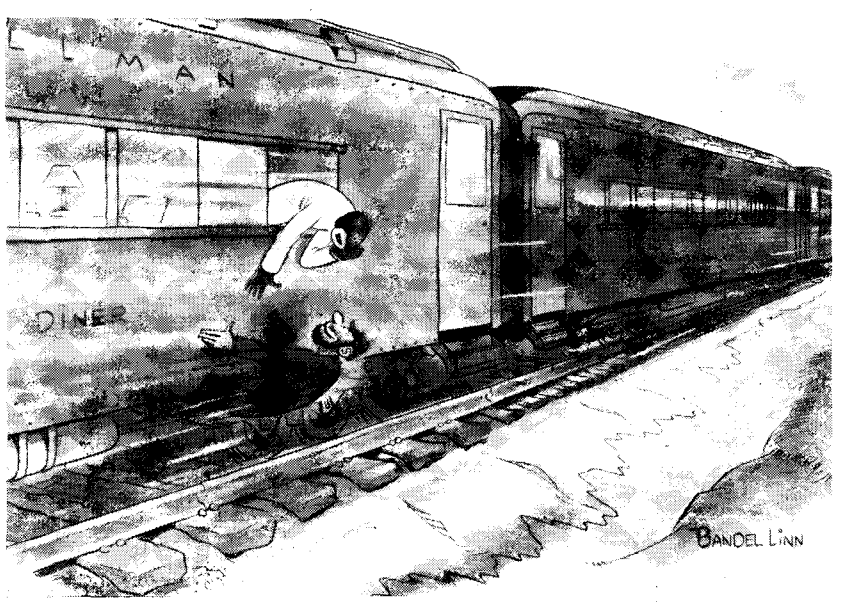
The maid blushed. There was a beau somewhere in the offing, Martha had long suspected.

"It couldn't have been nicer," said Seena self-consciously. "Cook has come back, too. Would you like a tray in bed?"

"I didn't intend to eat anything, but I suddenly seem hungry. No, I'll have it in the living-room. Set something on a card table there."

Neither Seena nor Olga had expected to prepare a supper for their mistress, and a motion-picture theater awaited them. Martha, sensing from Seena's attitude something of this, asked a question and received a reply to the effect that they had hoped to go out again. So she said that she would put away the remains of the meal and ordered them to run along. So it was that she

(Continued on page 40)



"Did you say ham or cheese on rye?" *Bandel Linn*

LATHER OR BRUSHLESS

which should you use?

LET ME ADVISE YOU . . . I MAKE BOTH

W. G. Mennen

W. G. Mennen has studied the science of shaving for 25 years. He has analyzed all types of beards, skin, soaps and creams. . . . Now he gives you the first frank, scientific answer to the question that is puzzling most shavers . . .

"AFTER ALL the ballyhoo you've heard maybe you are wondering what *does* give the best shave—Lather or Brushless?

"I don't have to take sides. I make both. But if you want my impartial advice—I'll tell you in five words:

Only your skin can decide

"I've studied shaving for twenty-five years and I am convinced that no *one* type of shaving preparation suits all faces.

"That's why I make both. Both Mennen Brushless Shave and Mennen Lather Shave are alike in this:—they do a complete job of *wilting your whiskers*. That means a relaxed shave—easy—comfortable—free from the mean little nerve shocks that are so often a part of shaving. There's no pull, no yank, no scratch—you go from grouch to grin.

"But only your skin can decide which is best for YOU—Lather or Brushless.

"If you have an *oily* skin—I recommend Mennen Lather Shave. You need that lather—to flush out your over-active pores. Mennen Lather penetrates into the pores. Loosens deeply-imbedded oil and grease deposits. Cleanses the skin. Leaves your face fresher, *healthier!*

"If you have a *dry* skin—I recommend Mennen Brushless Shave. It's a cream (*not a grease!*) containing special ingredients good for thin, easily-irritated skins.

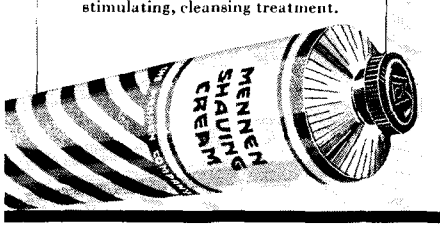
"If you have a *normal* skin then take your choice! Then it's a question of convenience—do you *like* to use a brush or don't you? Either Mennen Lather Shave or Mennen Brushless gives you that wonderful comfort that comes only when you thoroughly *wilt your whiskers!*"

MENNEN

LATHER SHAVE

Two kinds: Plain or Menthol-iced

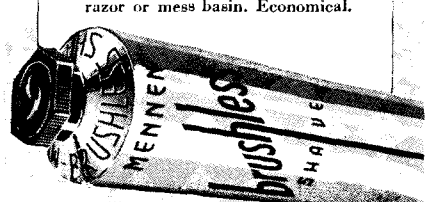
Wilts whiskers. Eliminates all razor pull and yank. Gives skin a stimulating, cleansing treatment.



brushless SHAVE

It's a cream—not a grease!

Wilts whiskers. Washes off the face and hands *easily*. Doesn't clog razor or mess basin. Economical.



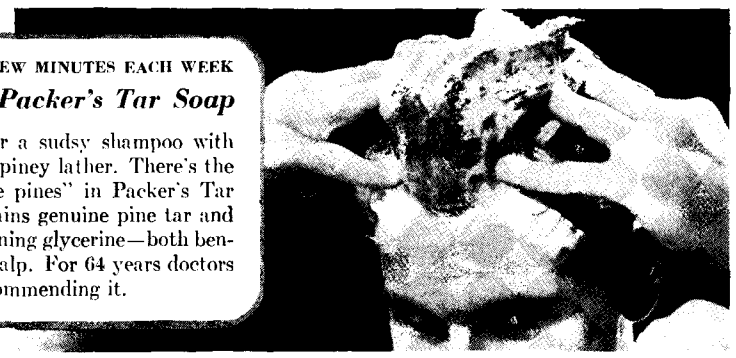
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

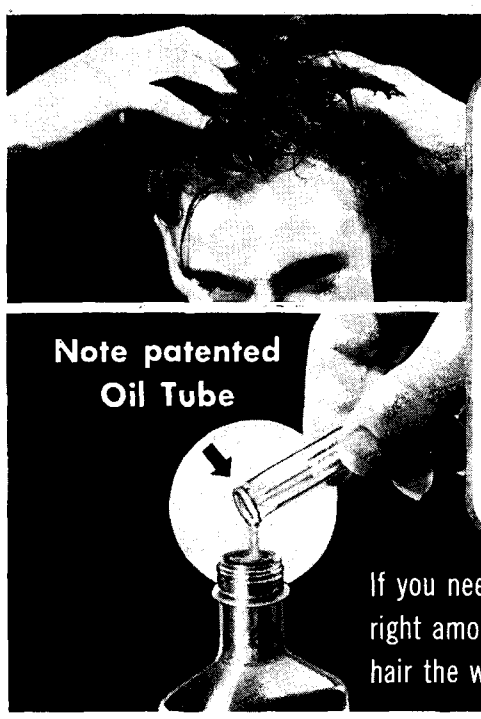
STOP DANDRUFF *with this* COMMON-SENSE *treatment*

NOTE: When people say they can cure dandruff almost overnight—don't believe them! Dandruff is a *germ* disease. The simple, commonsense treatment below is the quickest way we know of to check it. This is the sort of treatment your doctor would advise. There are two important steps:

1 A FEW MINUTES EACH WEEK
with Packer's Tar Soap

Give your hair a sudsy shampoo with Packer's rich, piney lather. There's the "health of the pines" in Packer's Tar Soap. It contains genuine pine tar and soothing, softening glycerine—both beneficial to the scalp. For 64 years doctors have been recommending it.





2 ONE MINUTE EVERY DAY
with Packer's Scalptone

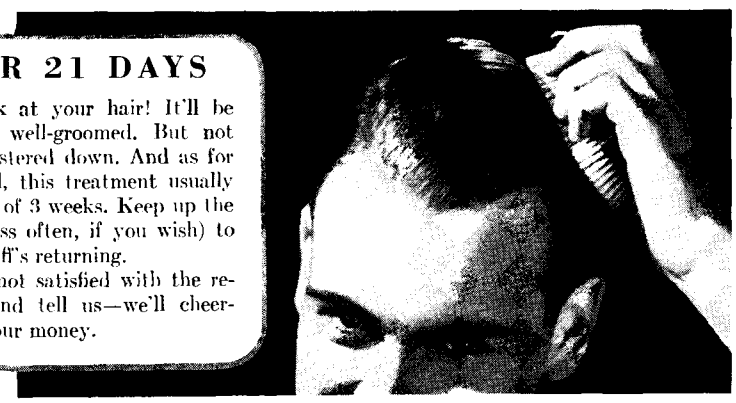
Massage the tingling goodness of Scalptone into your scalp. Rub your Scalptone mixture in deep—give dandruff the works! Feel it tone up your scalp—tone up the nerves—remove the dandruff scales—make your head healthy—and happy, too! Do this for just a minute, once a day.

And expect to be surprised when you first see Scalptone! It's *adjustable*. In the neck of every bottle there's a separate tube of oil. You make your own prescription for your own hair. Scalptone is the only tonic that has this feature.

AFTER 21 DAYS

—have a look at your hair! It'll be healthy. And well-groomed. But not greasy, or plastered down. And as for dandruff—well, this treatment usually stops it inside of 3 weeks. Keep up the treatments (less often, if you wish) to *prevent* dandruff's returning.

If you are not satisfied with the results, write and tell us—we'll cheerfully return your money.



PACKER'S DANDRUFF TREATMENT

1 *Shampoo with* **PACKER'S TAR SOAP** *once a week*

2 *Massage with* **PACKER'S SCALPTONE** *every day*

(Continued from page 39)

was alone in the apartment when the front door opened.

For a moment she was not alarmed, thinking that perhaps the maid had returned or that one of the apartment house employees was making some not too unusual routine inspection. Then, as her visitor closed the door swiftly behind him and she saw his shifty eyes and sallow face, fear came to her.

The man sensed it and raised a hand.

"Don't scream, lady. I won't come a step nearer and you've got a telephone at your hand. I just want to ask you some questions."

The telephone was by her, Martha realized. Also, unless he used a gun or some other weapon, she would be more than a match for this furtive, sly-looking visitor.

"What do you want? Who are you?" she demanded.

"I'm Fred Ansted, Mr. Gerrish's valet," he replied.

HER hand dropped on the telephone. "And why do you come in here? How did you get in?" she asked.

"I used the key that he used," the man replied.

"The key that he used?" she echoed. "I don't understand you. He used no key to this apartment; he had none."

"It was in his pocket when he died," said the man. "I found it when I went through his things at the undertaker's. I telephoned you this morning and you said he hadn't been here."

"Of course he hadn't. How dare you intimate that he had? Except when he came to call upon me, of course he was never here."

The man's lips curled.

"Naturally if he was here, he was calling on you. And if he called late at night or early in the morning he'd use his key, wouldn't he?"

"Get out before I call the police," she said.

"Don't be in such a hurry to call them," he advised. "Maybe after you've listened to me, you won't feel so eager to get them in. I know. You've all been smart as can be, but you haven't outsmarted me. My master came here last night, or early this morning."

"What makes you think he did?" she asked.

"Because he told me where he was going when he left his apartment and I've checked up on him. I've been working like any detective for the last six hours. Want to know what I found out? I'll tell you, whether you want to know or not. He took a taxi from the corner of Fifty-third Street and Park Avenue, half a block from where we live, right down to this address. He paid off the taximan and entered this building carrying a hand bag. And if you don't think I can prove that—well, I can."

"Perhaps you can. Does that prove he was in this apartment?"

"Where else would he be? He didn't know anyone else in this building."

"Are you sure he didn't?" she inquired.

"He didn't have the key to any other apartment on him," said the valet. "I guess that would convince anybody where he went."

"I'm quite sure I don't care whom it convinces," said Martha. "Perhaps, after all, he was here."

"Beginning to think the truth is better, eh?" he sneered.

"I don't know what the truth is. You say he came to this building in a taxi. You say that you found the key with which you've just unlocked the door in his pocket. I can't understand it. I don't know what he could have come down here for. I haven't missed anything."

"You know he didn't come down here to take anything. If he came down here—and he did—it was to spend the night with you."

"That would be difficult, considering that I was on Long Island," said Martha.

"You could come in from Long Island pretty early in the morning."

Martha smiled frostily.

"I've listened to so much that I might just as well hear you out before I telephone to have you ejected. Go on. What's in your mind? I suppose it's the same filthy thing that your master tried to put in the minds of other people. But go ahead—out with it."

"I don't know what he tried to put in the minds of other people. I only know that he came down here to spend the rest of the night and that wasn't anything unusual." Martha's eyes blazed at the insult, but her lips remained tightly closed. "The only thing unusual was that Mr. Gerrish asked me to phone him during the forenoon. He said he didn't want to sleep too late."

"I not only don't understand you, but I don't think you understand yourself," said Martha. "And now I'll give you two seconds to leave here. You came in with a key not given to you; you're a burglar. I see no reason why, if you annoy me longer, I shouldn't turn you over to the police."

"You've mentioned them before," he jeered. "You'll tell them that I'm a burglar, eh? Well, listen to what I'll tell them. I'll tell them that Mr. Gerrish came to this apartment, that he died here. I don't know whether he was murdered or not. That will be up to the police. But if he wasn't murdered, why was he carried, dead, out of this apartment and over to Dr. Baxter's office? Why does Baxter pretend that he died there? He tried to tell me a silly yarn about a drunken man's mind acting strangely. Well, Dr. Baxter's mind must act strangely if he expects me to believe that story. I've been to every house on St. John's Square. And I've found two people who say that they saw two men carry another man into the doctor's office. Three men entered the office and only one of them came out."

HE DREW a long breath and stared at her. His cunning eyes were triumphant.

"Yet Dr. Baxter tries to tell me that he doesn't know how Mr. Gerrish came to his office, whether he rode or walked. Now, where did they bring Mr. Gerrish from? Cranston had threatened my master last week. Baxter had denounced him last night. They both hated him, would have done anything to him, I guess. But where did they find him? My master wasn't in condition to walk very far last night, or this morning. It's just possible that he might have gone to some hotel in this neighborhood. But I've been to all of them and he didn't get a room at any one of them. And there's an all-night taxi stand just down the street from here. And I've routed out of bed the man who was on duty there last night. And he remembers that very early this morning a man got out of a taxi, carrying a bag, and entered this building. He didn't come out any time in the next hour. I've got a man that'll swear to that. So he was here. What have you to say to that?"

"He might, conceivably, have been here. But I wasn't; I was on Long Island."

"But when you came back from Long Island!" Ansted's voice rose shrilly. "What did you do to him then?"

"Had he been here I would have done what I'm going to do now," she replied.

"And what's that?" he demanded.

She picked up the telephone.

"Get me police headquarters, Central," she said.

(To be continued next week)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Sweetheart of Gun Crew Three

Continued from page 9

saddened. He had never been able to understand why men who had the precious privilege of serving a four-inch gun, who knew its poetry and beauty, should waste their zest for life in stupid civilian recreations ashore.

"A bit pale and wan this morning, eh?" he chided, with gentle, delicate humor. "Just a little languid, eh? I don't suppose one of you stopped to think of what . . . er . . . the pursuit of pleasure does to muscular coördination?"

Six sailors avoided his gaze with sullen, averted faces. Pointer Bohnen looked hurt.

"Me and the old lady turned in at nine o'clock both nights, sir," he said.

"Thank you, Bohnen. You showed commendable loyalty to the crew." Then: "All right . . . let's get started, men!"

"Load!" said Gun Captain Schramm, in surly tone.

Second Loader Brown picked up a dummy shell. He shoved it hard at First Loader Weltesmeyer, as if to say: "So I'm a dumb cluck, am I?" Trayman Monaghan shoved his tray in the breech with an exaggerated motion which barked the skin off Gun Captain Schramm's left-hand knuckles. First Loader Weltesmeyer narrowly missed jamming Trayman Monaghan's hand with the shell. Trayman Monaghan leaped back, his face livid with rage. Gun Captain Schramm closed the breech.

"Ready one!"

Lieutenant Dunn looked up from his stop watch.

"Terrible. Ghastly." Still unsuspecting, he added, "We won't count that. Let's load a gun this time."

This time First Loader Weltesmeyer was too quick for Trayman Monaghan.

"Ow! You done that a-purpose."

Shell and tray clattered to the deck.

"You're a liar."

Smack!

"Attention!"

LIEUTENANT JOHN DUNN sat in his room, a broken man. He had just finished interviewing, one by one, the members of Gun Crew 3. Before him on the desk lay a pile of frantically scribbled notes—the entire story.

It was incredible, nightmarish. Life, Lieutenant Dunn reflected, had got to a pretty pass when a girl named Jolie could disrupt the serious, magnificent work of the world. It was unconscionable, outrageous.

At first, Lieutenant Dunn felt absolutely swabo. No ordnance book or O. G. E. instructions had ever mentioned a woman as a factor of error in gunnery. Burrs on the roller path track, yes. Vibrational disturbances, yes. But girls, no.

Lieutenant Dunn faced a crisis in his career. Just one short week away the Dedrick was to fire short-range battle practice. And his crack gun crew had become utterly demoralized.

There were brother officers who, thinking they knew John Dunn, had described him as nothing but a hole in a target. And it is true that for the first anguished hour he felt just like a hole in a target. Any man who has consecrated his life to a battery of four-inch guns and who sees his best crew disintegrate in one week-end would feel the same way.

But there was good stuff in John Dunn. Gradually he got a grip on himself and began to analyze his notes. First he wrote: "Jolie . . . all quarrels center . . . can't order men to drop . . . against regs . . . interference with prvt. lives enlist. men . . . Jolie . . . 22 yrs. old . . . abt. 114 lbs. . . . Jolie. . . ." After two hours of this, Lieutenant Dunn's red pencil traveled on to: ". . . Jolie . . . maid . . . employed by Miss Vivian Hallowell . . . Vivian . . . Hotel Del . . . must concentrate. . . ."

MISS VIVIAN HALLOWELL looked across the living-room of her mother's hotel suite at the young naval officer who sat gingerly on the extreme edge of a divan. He was a very handsome young man, she decided, but he was obviously under a severe mental strain.

"It can't be as serious as all that," she said, smiling. "Jolie is young and full of life and quite crazy about sailors. But I can hardly believe—"

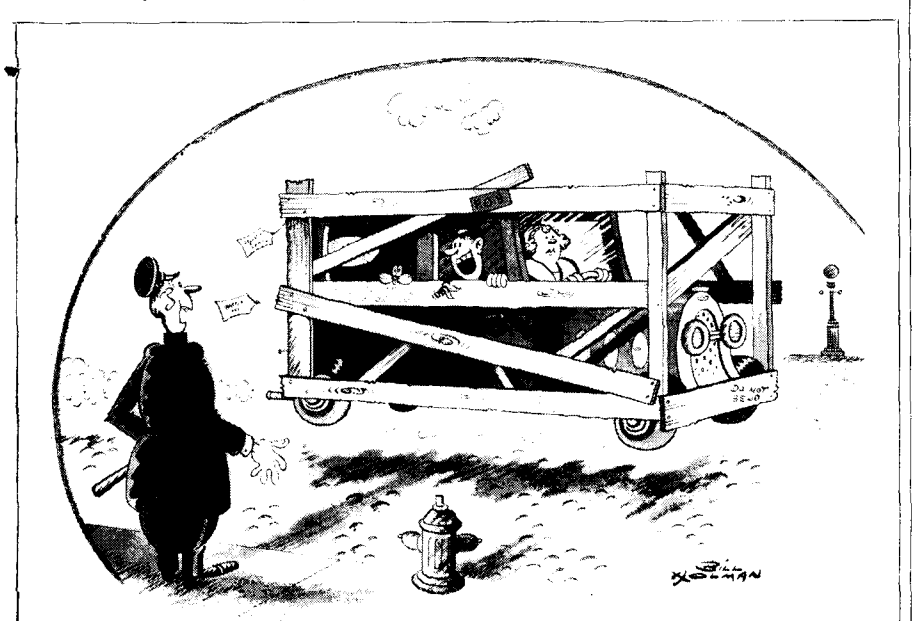
"I have not exaggerated the situation, Miss Hallowell. Your maid has demoralized my gun crew."

The young woman laughed.

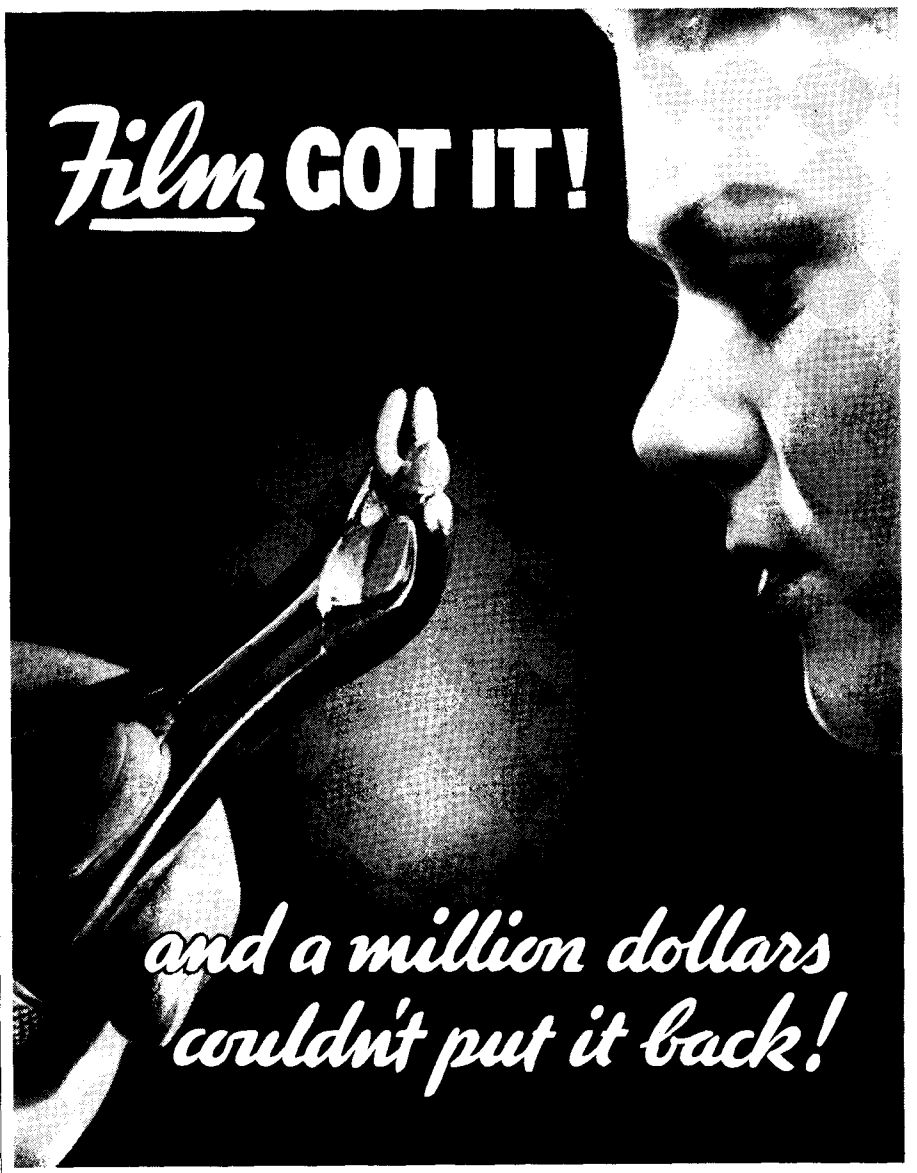
"Oh, I'm sure they'll get over it. I had a few complaints last summer at Newport—"

"But, Miss Hallowell . . . our next practice is fired in a week. This is an emergency matter of great, very great, importance. Otherwise I should never have bothered you."

(Continued on page 42*)*



"I had 'em leave it in the crate till the wife learns to drive!" *Bill Holman*



Caution: To save lovely teeth—fight film

ONCE this tooth sparkled in a fascinating smile. Today its place is vacant. Film attacked it . . . covered it with germs which slowly, steadily destroyed it. Poor neglected molar! No use to resist against such odds. At last it had to be taken out.

What is film?

Film is ever present—in every mouth—on every tooth—constantly accumulating. Sometimes it is invisible—more often it forms a yellow, ugly mask.

Film is soft and sticky. Food particles cling to it. The mineral salts in saliva combine with film to form hard, irritating tartar. This makes gums sore and causes them to bleed.

But film's greatest damage is done through tooth decay. In film are tiny, rod-shaped germs . . . *Lactobacilli.* This germ throws off *enzymes* which, in turn, produce strong acid. This acid eats away tooth enamel just as other acids burn holes in cloth or wood. Deeper and deeper goes the acid. Bigger and bigger grows the cavity. Finally the nerve is reached . . . the root canal infected . . . and unless repaired in time, results may well prove tragic.

"What can I do to fight decay?"

Remember this: *a clean tooth never decays.* To keep teeth clean and free from film use Pepsodent instead of ordinary tooth pastes. Why? Because Pepsodent contains a special film-removing substance.

This film-removing material in Pepsodent is one of the great discoveries of the day. Its power to remove every trace of film-stain is revolutionary! Its notable distinction of being twice as soft as other materials in common use has gained wide recognition.

And so, when tempted to try cheap and ineffective tooth pastes, remember the one safe way to fight film is to use the special film-removing tooth paste—Pepsodent. Use it twice a day. See your dentist twice a year.

See how rapidly film forms on teeth

These teeth were absolutely free of film at 8 a. m. **At noon**—the film detector* solution was applied and this is how they looked.

At 8 p.m.—the film detector* shows still heavier deposits of film. Two-thirds of the tooth's surface is covered.

At 10 p.m.—these same teeth were brushed with Pepsodent. Note how thoroughly film has been removed.

*A harmless fluid, used by dentists, which stains film so that the naked eye can see it.

Pepsodent—is the special film-removing tooth paste

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NEW Beauty Treatment FOR YOUR CAR!

1. First, you apply the new cleaner, after car is washed and dry. Cleaner dries to a white powder, easily removed with a cloth. What a wonderful transformation! And so easy to use!

2. Next, you apply protective coat of the new wax. Takes about one-half former waxing time. Shields the finish against wear and weather—gives a lasting, rich, beautiful polish.

AMAZING NEW WAX METHOD!

Restores lost beauty! Do the job yourself—in half the usual time—very little cost! Send coupon.

From carowners everywhere come glowing letters of praise for this new beauty treatment for automobiles. "We've used every kind of cleaner and polish on the market, but this beats them all!"—so letters read. • You can try this method on your own car so easily! Your dealer has a special combination offer (free polishing cloth) ready for you. Or send in coupon below and test these products at practically no expense.

This amazing wax method, developed in the famous Johnson Wax Laboratories, actually restores the lost beauty of your car—and gives you an easy method for maintaining and protecting that beauty—whether your car is new or old • You can do the work yourself—with half the usual time and effort—and at very little cost. Reduces car washings greatly, and adds $50 to $200 to trade-in value.

The method employs two new products. The *first* is **Johnson's Auto Cleaner**—an entirely new kind of cleaner. Easily applied, dries to a white powder that is quickly wiped off with a cloth, taking dirt, scum, road film and dullness with it—*without marring the surface.* • The *second is* **Johnson's New Auto Wax**—that maintains and protects the finish against sun, weather, road dirt. Takes one half the usual time and effort—and the cost is negligible. One waxing costs 7 cents.

Dust slides off the wax. Rain doesn't get through. Occasional waxing maintains the beauty—and between times rubbing with a cloth keeps the car gleaming.

FREE
POLISHING CLOTH

For limited time, a bolt of polishing cloth is being given free with every purchase of both products. Cleaner sells for 75c, pint size. Wax is 35c, enough for 5 waxings. Combination price $1.10, polishing cloth free. At hardware, drug, grocery and department stores—auto supply stores and service stations.

JOHNSON'S ① AUTO CLEANER ② AUTO WAX

Get a trial can of each at the nearest ten cent store. If not in stock, mail this coupon.
S. C. Johnson & Son, Inc., Dept. C-5, Racine, Wis. Please send me a generous trial can of both the new Johnson's Auto Cleaner and Johnson's Auto Wax. I enclose 20c to cover postage for both.

Name _____

Address in full _____

(Continued from page 41)

Miss Hallowell rang for Jolie. The sweetheart of Gun Crew 3 entered.

"Jolie, I understand you've been flirting with . . . er . . . various members of Lieutenant Dunn's . . . er . . ."

"Gun crew," said John Dunn firmly.

Jolie giggled.

"Oui, yes. And soch presents they giff me, Mees 'Allowell. I show you, yes?"

"Thanks, no. Not just now." Miss Hallowell turned amused eyes on Lieutenant Dunn. "Now, what was it you suggested?"

"She must drop them . . . all of them." Then, to Jolie: "The harbor is full of sailors. I'll arrange to have you meet a dozen others, if you like."

Jolie shook her head.

"Non, non. Meester Wel'meyer and Meester Monaghan and Meester Brown—they are soch sweet boys. And they half giff me presents."

"Give their presents back and I'll replace them."

"Non."

Jolie looked threateningly at her mistress. Miss Hallowell said quickly: "It's all right, Jolie. If you can't see your way to it, why—"

"Non, non, non!" said Jolie. She stamped her foot and left the room.

Lieutenant John Dunn could scarcely believe his ears. He gasped.

"Jolie is the best maid I ever had," said Miss Hallowell apologetically, "and I can't afford to antagonize her. She's had an offer from Gloria Paykynham . . . the movie star, you know. I've had to give her two raises."

It seemed to John Dunn that this beautiful creature before him was devoid of all the nobler sentiments which are said to actuate the motives of right-thinking American citizens.

"I am very much afraid," he said solemnly, "that you have failed to appreciate the part that gunnery plays in the life of this nation."

Now, it so happened that Miss Vivian Hallowell, while wont to look at life from the brighter and more frivolous angles, had long yearned to know some chap who could be serious. She wanted to know a man who possessed the graver viewpoint, the deeper insight.

"I'm very much afraid that I have," she agreed sweetly. "Won't you tell me all about gunnery?"

John Dunn told her. His heart was very full and he talked for a long time. The lady seemed deeply stirred.

"I had no idea it was like that," she said, when John Dunn finished. "I feel that we've only scratched the surface, Mr. Dunn. I think your suggestion that I have dinner with you on your ship and study the situation first-hand is excellent. Shall we say . . . tomorrow evening?"

She did not promise to take a firm stand with Jolie in the matter of Gun Crew 3, but Lieutenant Dunn found himself well satisfied with the interview. He believed that when she saw his beloved battery of four-inch guns she would catch the vision.

POINTER BOHNEN and Trainer McDonigle were lying in the shade of the charthouse bulkhead, lugubriously taking stock of the situation.

"What a drill we had today, *what* a drill!"

"Yerse."

"It's breaking the lieutenant's heart, that's what. We oughta get them guys together, Tim. It's only two days to short-range battle."

"Not a chanst. I ast Monaghan would he apologize to Schramm if Schramm said he was sorry for socking him? Monaghan said he'd make it up wit' Schramm, but not wit' Gerge Weltesmeyer. And that cluck Brown, he hates 'em all on account of the way they been ribbing him. He's bad in love wit' Jerlie."

"Couldn't we run that French dame outa town?"

"Yerse. And do ten at Portsmerth."

"Yeah, I guess that's right. But what monkeys them One and Two and Four gangs is gonna make outa us . . . hully gee!"

LIEUTENANT JOHN DUNN and Miss Vivian Hallowell sat on the terrace of the Hotel Del Mar and watched a movie-set moon roll along the Pacific surf.

"I'm so glad I got you away from that ship," she sighed. "Gunnery is dreadfully important, I know, but there *are* other things in life, John."

John Dunn shuddered. This was heresy, he knew, and yet he could not protest. His heart was making twenty-seven knots through a sweet, warm fog. And visibility was very poor—the horizon seemed bounded by a mass of blond hair near his shoulder.

"I . . . uh . . . think I ought to explain a little about our fire-control system," he uttered thickly.

"Not now, John."

"No? Not now?"

"No. Not now."

Suddenly John Dunn realized that his heart was in a head-on collision; that his lips had made contact with the enemy; that he was sinking with all hands.

"Does that mean you love me, John?"

"Yes . . . no . . . yes . . . I guess. . . ."

Then he remembered that on the day after tomorrow the U. S. S. Dedrick was to fire short-range battle practice. He remembered that Gun Crew 3, his pride and joy, had run its loading time to the appalling figure of three and two-fifths seconds. John Dunn was once more a gunnery officer.

"Darling?" he said, with gentle guile.

"Yes, dear?"

"You *will* make Jolie drop Schramm and Monaghan and Weltesmeyer and Brown, won't you?"

Vivian stiffened. She freed herself from his embrace.

"So that's all you wanted, is it?"

"Of course it isn't, dear. I love you. Of course I do. Only—"

"Jolie's a jewel, a treasure. Besides, it's the principle of the thing. Gloria Paykynham is a mean, scheming hussy. And she shan't have Jolie."

John Dunn looked at her bitterly and sadly.

"Ha!" he said. "So that's what you call love, is it? No, no, Vivian. Love is tender, generous, self-sacrificing—"

"Love?" her voice broke hysterically. "Who are you to talk of love? You don't love me. I see that now. You love—you love"—it came like a gasp—"four-inch guns!"

Lieutenant John Dunn disconsolately paced the deck of the U. S. S. Dedrick. He tried to fill his mind with details of the battle practice to be fired on the morrow. But he no longer felt the old thrill of anticipation.

Next, he endeavored to assure himself that even with Vivian lost and Gun Crew 3 gone to pot, life was still worth living. Had he not good crews at the other three guns? At least two of them might crash through with an "E" gun. And there was yet time to develop a crack outfit before long-range and force battle practices. He would have Bohnen, McDonigle and Johnson as a nucleus. They, at least, had not succumbed to Jolie's wiles. Yes, he could piece together the fragments of his shattered life and, living solely for gunnery, rededicate himself to his goal. He would rebuild Gun Crew 3 and it would yet win the fleet record.

But even as he so highly resolved, Lieutenant Dunn knew in his heart

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

that there was something missing. Vivian would not be by his side. He looked toward Coronado and was assailed by sudden weakness. Why not go to Vivian and admit he was wrong? Why not confess to her that there *was* something in life besides gunnery? Why not tell this dear, darling girl that she might keep Jolie? No matter how many gun crews Jolie wrecked, still, if Vivian needed her, it was all right.

And yet—and John Dunn clutched at the strengthening thought—if Vivian really loved him she would have sent Jolie packing off to Gloria Paykynham in Hollywood. No, he must stand firm. He must forget.

Hurriedly Lieutenant Dunn went below to the deserted wardroom. He must get his mind on his work. He rang for Felipe, one of the room boys.

"Find Gunner's Mate Boland and ask him to send these men to me." He scribbled the names of Bohnen, McDonigle and Johnson on a slip of paper.

They were all that was left of Gun Crew 3. But with them as a foundation he could—

Gunner's Mate Boland appeared in person.

"Bohnen, McDonigle and Johnson are ashore, sir."

Lieutenant Dunn frowned. There was something in Boland's tone which alarmed him.

"Was there any particular reason for their asking liberty?"

Gunner's Mate Boland coughed behind his hand.

"Why . . . uh . . . a little party, I believe, sir. Sort of—"

"Proceed."

"Well, beg pardon, sir, I heard them mentioning a girl named Jolie—"

John Dunn struggled to his feet.

"I shall be needing a boat immediately," he said, his voice shaking with homicidal rage.

THERE were sounds of social intercourse, or perhaps mild revelry, emanating from Miss Vivian Hallowell's apartment as a wild-eyed naval officer strode down the corridor. He rang the bell viciously.

A Negro girl opened the door.

Without a word, he brushed past her and stamped toward the living-room. The sight that met his eyes halted him on the threshold.

"—gunnery is really the most vital factor in the fighting power of a fleet," a girl's voice was saying, earnestly. "Superior marksmanship has been a tradition of our Navy since the first privateer carrying the Stars and Stripes fired her . . . er . . . ninety-four-pound . . ."

"That's a little heavy, miss. Say, about a twenty-four-pounder."

Lieutenant John Dunn blinked. Seated in a group about Miss Vivian Hallowell were the seven members of Gun Crew 3. Sightsetter Johnson munched on a caviar sandwich. Trayman Monaghan balanced a cup of tea on his right knee. First Loader Weltesmeyer, Gun Captain Schramm and Pointer Bohnen sat together on the divan, passing a tray of cakes to each other with lovely rhythm.

Trainer McDonigle was on his knees on the floor sorting out a pile of knick-knacks . . . bracelets, rings, vanity cases, sofa cushions, perfume bottles and beads. He was the first to see Lieutenant Dunn. He scrambled to his feet saying, "Gosh!"

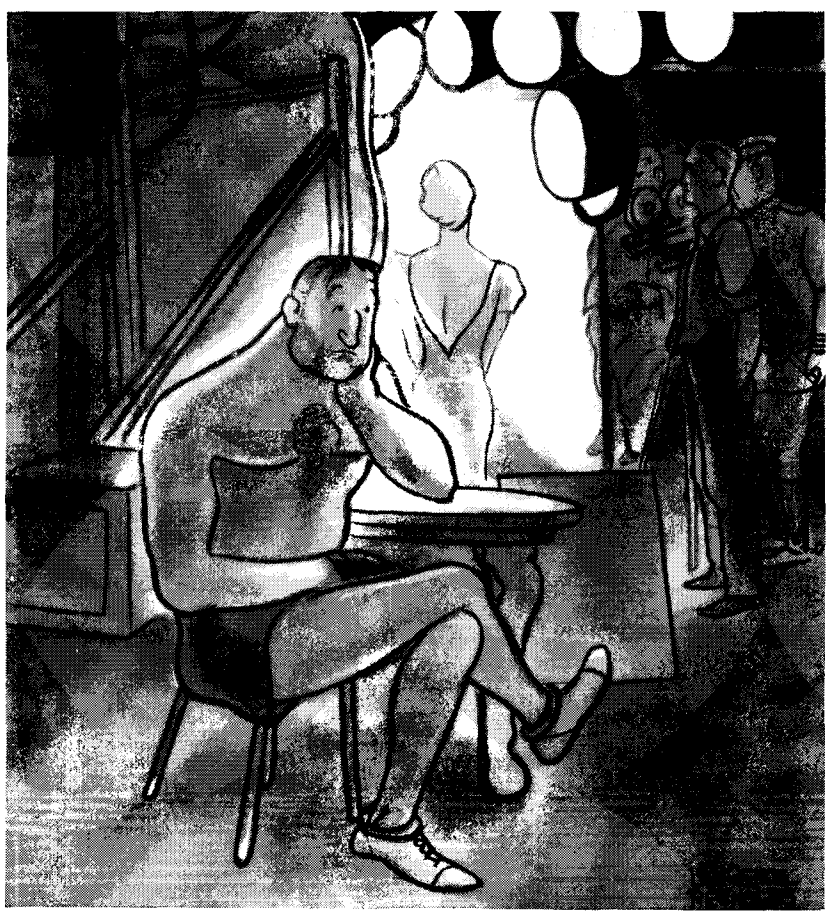
MISS HALLOWELL turned. Slowly she arose.

"It's quite all right, boys," she said sweetly. "I'll talk to Lieutenant Dunn in the sun parlor." . . . And in the sun parlor:

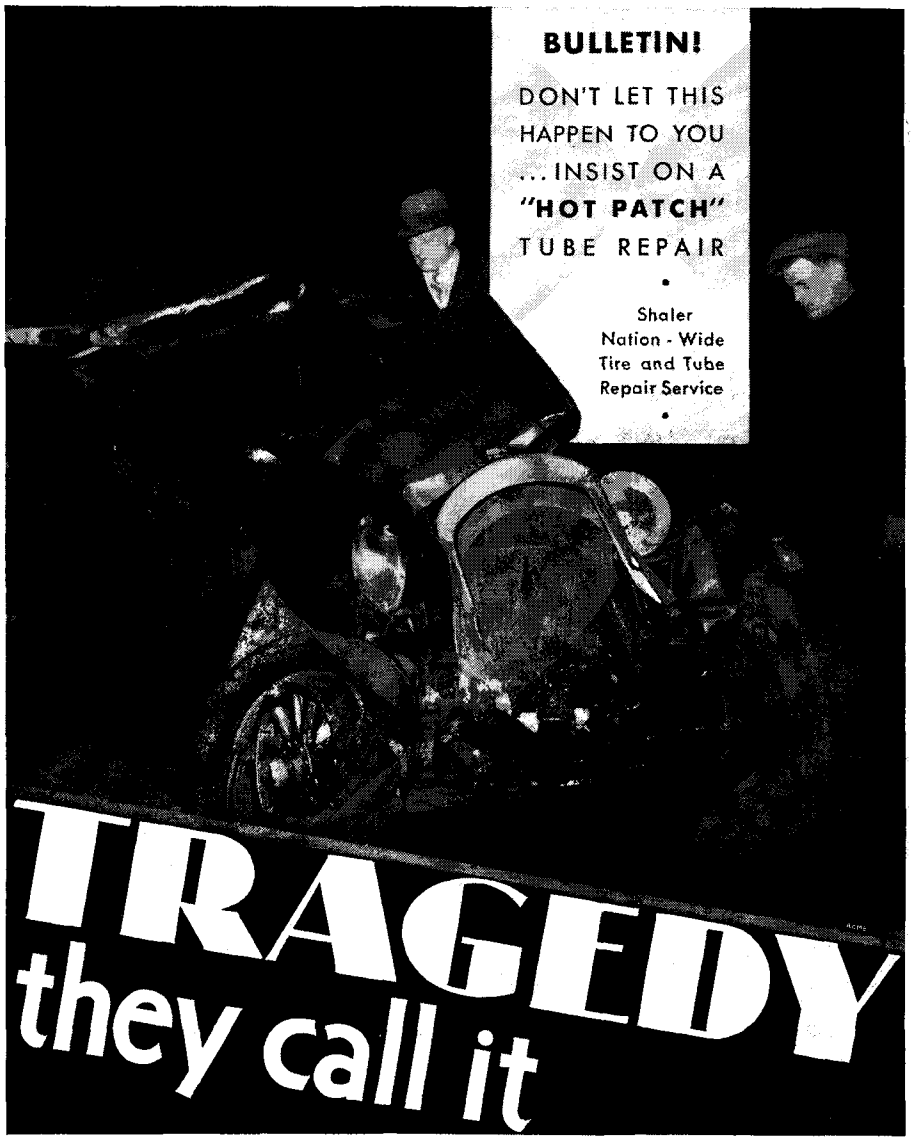
"B-but what about J-Jolie . . . I thought . . ."

"Jolie left for Hollywood last night. I . . . I . . . sent her away forever. I thought it over and I decided that, after all, you were right. Gunnery is terribly important." Then, with a breathless laugh, "I got your boys together and they all made up— Don't, John. That Brown boy will see us. He's mourning for Jolie on the balcony. Let me tell you what I told them about gunnery—"

"Gunnery. Ha! This is more important. This is the most important thing in the world!"



"Always it is my body they want" *Laurence Reynolds*


BULLETIN!
DON'T LET THIS HAPPEN TO YOU ... INSIST ON A "HOT PATCH" TUBE REPAIR
Shaler Nation - Wide Tire and Tube Repair Service
TRAGEDY they call it

but we wonder if it isn't CARELESSNESS!

Almost every day you read it in the papers "Five people injured in a triple collision" . . or something similar . . . Tragedy? . . . Perhaps . . but we wonder if it isn't carelessness. Accidents due in part or in whole to faulty tube repairs are "preventable".

Don't let carelessness turn your motoring into tragedy. Insist on a "Hot Patch" tube repair . . *the repair that becomes part of the tube* . . Safe . . dependable . . unconditionally guaranteed . . From coast to coast this famous "Hot Patch" method is used by all "Authorized Members" of the Shaler Nation-Wide Tire and Tube Repair Service. Let a man who knows how repair your tubes. Look for the identification sign in your neighborhood. Play Safe! Hot Patches cost no more than ordinary repairs.

Sponsored by

THE SHALER COMPANY

Milwaukee and Waupun, Wisconsin

Let a man who **KNOWS HOW** repair your tubes

85,000 Stations are ready to serve you from Coast to Coast. Also available in Associated, Barnsdall, Magnolia, Phillips, Shell and stations operated by many other nationally known Oil Companies. Look for the Authorized Membership Sign!

SHALER
NATION-WIDE REPAIR SERVICE

THE SHALER CO., Milwaukee, Wis.
Please send booklet checked below
☐ 958 For Car Owners
☐ 551 For Dealers
C.N.W.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ONLY $34.95

Slightly higher in Canada and west of Rockies.

FOR

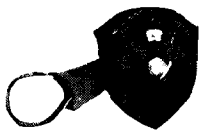
RCA VICTOR AUTO RADIO

Magnificent tone . . . 30-minute easy installation . . . single unit . . . lowest price known for a *quality* radio

EVERYONE has been waiting for *this* automobile radio. Now RCA Victor produces it! It has quality . . . and tone . . . and performance. *And price!* The first high-quality single-unit automobile radio at this low price. You can add this to your car for only $34.95.

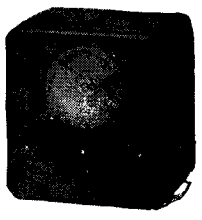
Easily installed? Yes! Only two electrical connections. No soldering necessary. Only one hole to drill. And a simple metal bracket to attach to the steering post or dashboard.

See . . . hear . . . *compare* this great automobile radio.



It's at all RCA Victor dealers and many auto accessory shops.

Model M-34. Price complete $34.95 (slightly higher in Canada and west of Rockies).



"HIS MASTER'S VOICE"
—On the Road

RCA Victor Company, Inc.
A Radio Corporation of America Subsidiary
Camden, N. J.

You couldn't blame Eddie

Continued from page 15

"Gee—and I thought he was your baby." After a moment he said, "I suppose you have it very easy at the store now, until fall?"

"You suppose very wrongly, Mr. Fielding. Every day while you are in the nice, cool music store this summer, think of me—parading in my stately fashion in the finest and warmest of mink and sable coats, for the edification of hard-boiled buyers. This is the time they have to begin to stock for next season."

"Gosh," said Eddie, and then: "There's Bobbie Burns again—no, this time it's Byron, or somebody, with two pigeons on his head! I'm having a swell time. Are you? Say—how about you? Had dinner? Oh—one of those heavy, New England, middle-of-the-day ones? Well, we'll grab a bite later."

PRESENTLY they went to the concert, still with many things to talk about. It took them all of forty-seven minutes to say good night at Carol's vestibule.

That is why Eddie, in a fearful glow, penned a note, and mailed it:

Dear Carol:

Being a polite young man I have to thank you for the happiest evening I've ever known, and when I call you up, please don't suspect I'm just commercial, for I'm no more anxious to sell you a 17-key, silver-plated clarinet with B-flat fork mechanism than you are to sell me a sable coat lined with burlap or satin or something. To be frank, I am a young burglar who has come to this neighborhood to practice. Expect a phone call from me about noon, but don't stand on your hands until then, because that's what I'm going to do.

EDDIE.

Carol must have been glowing, too, for she read the note seven times, and long before noon she could recite it. So Eddie phoned at noon. And then the trouble began. Paul. She couldn't go out with Eddie that evening. She had to stay in with the baby. She invited Eddie to call. He wouldn't. He was gloomy when he hung up.

Gloomy, and jealous of Paul. It is doubtful if a baby, other than a royal one, ever had so many harsh things thought and said about it. Eddie didn't have anything against Paul personally, you understand. It was just the principle of the thing.

And so it went through the week. Every morning a note, every noon a telephone call—and a disappointment. He kept up the notes and the calls, but he kept away from his window, and she kept away from her roof, for now they felt self-conscious about it.

To make things tougher, Mr. Pflueger decided it would be a fine thing to keep the store open on Saturday afternoons. Eddie by acclamation, was elected—he was the only responsible unmarried man on the staff.

That first Saturday on duty, Eddie was leaning on a counter, playing Home, Sweet Home on an ocarina, or "sweet-pertater," playing so softly, sweetly, sadly, that he almost had to stop, every few bars, to cry. And then into the great store, with its grand pianos with upheaved covers, its ranks of radios, and its cases of instruments, came a splendid light, and Carol.

He put down the fragile clay instrument, and rushed to her. He took her by the arms and shook her, and noticed she had freckles across her nose, and that the color of her merry eyes was a very special blue. He said huskily: "How does it feel to be alone in a great music store with a desperate young man?"

"Very nice."

He kissed her. She knew it was coming, but she didn't avoid it—only when he sought to repeat, she thrust him away with the flats of her hands. "Now, now. Behave, or I'll rush right away and leave you to your fiddlesticks and strings."

He led her to a big leather seat, and sat down with her. Then the door opened and in came a fussy little man in a flat-topped derby.

Eddie was furious. He got up and advanced to meet the man, who was hollow-cheeked and had his lower lip shoved up into his gray mustache as though he was either swallowing with effort or was expressing disapproval of everything and everybody.

He didn't speak very distinctly, and his manner was truculent. Eddie gathered from him that he was used to playing, for his own amusement, the flute. Now he wished to buy some other, not too complicated, instrument.

Eddie told him to make himself comfortable, and he'd see what he could do. He walked back into the store. Carol followed him. "Some old nut," Eddie mumbled. "Wants an instrument. I'll try him out with a jew's-harp or a harmonica."

Carol clutched his arm. "Don't be a fool. He'll be insulted if you bring him anything he has to blow. And if you asked me, he could buy the store, if he wanted to."

Eddie stared at her. Gosh, she was smart and observing. He went to a rear counter and came back, playing Home, Sweet Home on a small accordion.

The man with the flat-topped derby seemed interested. Eddie finished and said to him: "Here's something you can have a lot of fun with. We have them in all sizes and prices."

"Let's see it," said the man. He took the accordion, slipped his hands through the straps and, with a crafty look at Eddie, rendered Home, Sweet Home—and with flourishes! Then he sat down and, tapping with one foot like a country fiddler, he played The Old Irish Washwoman, very loudly and gayly.

"Wrap it up, young man. Don't try to sell me a more expensive one. This is just the one I want."

HE TOOK his cased instrument under his arm and started away, then came back. "Much obliged for suggesting this. Clean forgot accordions. Doctor just made me have all my teeth out. Can't make a lip for a flute or anything for a long time."

"Look," said Eddie, "won't you take some of our literature? Here's our big catalogue, and here are a couple of specials." He said ingenuously: "When I was a kid I was a nut about collecting catalogues. Guess I never got over it. Here—you're welcome to these—and here's my card in case you have any trouble with the instrument, or wish to exchange it."

The man stuck the lot into his pocket and went away without a word. "Gosh," said Eddie, "not that I'd have been fresh with him, Carol, but I'll say you're the smart one. A minute more and I'd have insulted him with a cornet or something."

Carol said she had to go—but before she went they planned an excursion for the morrow—and he kissed her again.

Sunday he plunged for a rented car and drove to the beach with her for the day. They swam and drowsed and strolled and ate hamburgers and got into a joyously rowdy ball game with a lot of healthy young strangers. Around four, when they were lying in the sand, Carol asked quite innocently, "What is your ambition, Eddie?"

"Huh? Whuh?" he said, like a man coming out of a dream.

So far as he or anybody else knew, until recently at least, he had had no ambition. Of course he had flights of fancy—such as making transoceanic flights, saving boatloads of people on the high seas, rescuing the pampered offspring of somebody highly placed, or snatching some rich old boy from in front of a truck, to the ultimate, say, that he'd be given charge of Pfister & Pflueger's Boston branch. But that was as far as he had gone at charting a career for himself.

He explained some of his views. He said he wished he were a college man, that the football guys got somewhere, and the crew boys at least had a sweep, or oar, to hang over the fireplace and point to with pride. But he—he was only a pole vaulter, and you couldn't even get a pole into the house, if you wanted to save it for a souvenir. And anyway, he guessed he should get into some more exciting business.

"IT'S like this," he said: "I'm down in the basement now, with the tin whistles—and by the time I get to the top, where the French horns are—they being the hardest to play—I'll be too old to blow a French horn. See what I mean, Carol? I mean progress in our store is like the progress of molasses across a cold marble counter."

"Frankly, I don't see," said the young lady in the blue bathing suit, burrowing in the sand beside him. "I mean—you've mentioned everything except work. I think you have a distinct talent for the very business you are in, even if it doesn't seem exciting."

Eddie didn't like the discussion. He let himself be suddenly aware of the hour. He announced they had just time for one more dip. She raced in with him. The heavy breakers exacted their full attention. They didn't talk any more until they were in the car going home. Then Eddie said, throatily, "Like me, Carol?"

"Yes, Eddie."

"A little?"

"A lot."

"Ever go as far as to think of—well, darn it, marrying the young man?"

"Yes, Eddie."

He looked quickly at her, then returned his gaze to the car ahead. He said, "I love you, Carol. Will you marry me?"

"Yes, Eddie."

"Oh, gosh!" he said, and gripping the wheel with one hand, he put the other around her, and she met him halfway. There was no time for a second or for a longer kiss. They bumped into the car ahead, the car behind bumped into them. Their foreheads bumped. Horns, shouts, swear-words, and fenders.

But no damage. Eddie turned off into the first side street, and parked. After a while he murmured, "You are taking an awful chance, sweetheart."

"My chance is no greater than yours, darling."

"You don't think it's kind of wrong or cheap—the way we first met?"

She looked at him, wide-eyed, and then she smiled. "Eddie Fielding! Who's supposed to have a New Eng-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

land conscience—you or me? You are funny! And as for that, every day in the year well-intentioned friends give perfect rotters formal introductions to nice people."

"I'm going to sit up nights, thinking of new ways to be nice to you."

"If you sit up nights, I want you to be thinking—but never mind. Look, darling, I hate to have to be the one to say it—but it's time I got back."

He sent the car back into the parade. He said, "I'm trying to think how to celebrate. After I get rid of this car, we'll have dinner at the Glorioso—"

"But, Eddie, I can't. I have to stay in. The Butlers are going out, and I promised—"

"Darn it!"

"Naturally I want you to come along and have dinner with us, and we'll have the whole evening together. Paul goes right to bed—"

"No, sir! Sounds to me too backstairsy. Like having in the cop on the beat, or the iceman. Gee, I have some pride."

Terribly hurt, she just looked at him. Eddie blundered on, "The idea of tying you up with that baby! Darling Paul! Huh. Public Enemy Number Ten, I call him!"

White-faced, Carol said, "Stop the car. This instant. I won't ride with you—of all things, a man who hates children!"

He did manage to persuade her to let him take her into the city, but they had no more conversation, and unexpectedly, when he made a traffic stop, she opened the door and rushed away. Unhappily, he delivered the car, and went to his apartment.

He couldn't resist going to the window. He saw that Mr. Butler had rigged a swing for baby Paul. It was hung from a pole fastened to the roof. The ropes were perhaps twelve feet long, and the seat of the swing was suspended about three feet from the floor of their little roof garden. There was a front and a back strap to hold the baby in place and there was no way it could swing itself dangerously. Butler and his wife and the baby thought it a fine swing, and so did Carol. But she made her comments from the window. She wouldn't come out on the roof.

Back into the old welter of misery went Mr. Fielding, now with new bitterness to salt his wounds. "I don't hate children," he told himself in the glass. "What did I have to go and say that for?"

ANOTHER week of gloom, but this time no notes and no telephone messages.

Late Saturday afternoon, Eddie came home. He went to the window.

He saw Mr. Butler put the baby in the swing and fasten the front and back straps. As he learned later, Mr. Butler then went back to turn on his radio. Anyhow, the next time Eddie looked, his hair stood on end.

The baby had fallen forward in his swing. The front strap caught him at the waist, and there the poor little fellow hung, head downward, baby fingers a foot from the floor, his little face getting dark. Eddie shouted. Heads appeared at near-by windows. The Fogarty girl looked, and called her father. Mr. Fogarty, who had just hung up his shovel, promptly clambered out on the fire escape and tried to work his way over to the roof garden—but there were too many gaps.

Eddie got out on his window sill and hung onto the sash. Several feet away reared the upper part of a clothespole. If he could get to it, the pole should bend, and he should be able to swing over to the other roof. He leaped. He caught the pole. It didn't bend. It broke. Eddie described an arc and came down across the firewall lined with flower boxes, ruined one of them, and broke his right leg. But he crawled over to the baby, and up-ended him.

Mr. Butler came then, and his wife, and then Carol, and when she got there Eddie was lying on the roof, asking Mr. Butler what kind of a father he was, to neglect a fine baby that way and almost let him get killed.

Now Eddie's little apartment was no place for a lad with a broken leg, neither was the Butler home. So he went to a hospital. Since it was an accident case, reporters looked into it. Eddie shuddered at the thought of publicity. He told them his name really was Sweeney, and that he had tripped over his own feet and had a dumb accident.

But every day the prettiest girl he had ever seen came to the ward and sat beside his bed and helped him eat the nice things she brought. The Butlers came, and one day at his suggestion they brought Paul, and Eddie got a pencil and drew funny faces on his plaster cast, to amuse the boy.

CAROL went herself to Pfister & Pflueger's to explain, and his bosses sent flowers and fruit, and came themselves, and told him not to worry about his job, because not only was his pay going right on, but more pay than he had been receiving. And they winked at him and were very mysterious.

The day he left the hospital, while he and Carol were waiting for a cab, a man came from the store, with a car. "I don't know what this is all about, Eddie, but this bird sure is impatient. He even sent his car for you."

So Eddie and Carol went in the car, way out in the country, and the last mile of the ride was done on the private driveway of the man with the flat-topped derby. He made Eddie comfortable on a cool terrace. Then he said, "Listen, Fielding. You are a bright boy, and I like to see bright, tactful boys get along. I'm going to watch you—but if you want my opinion, you have a splendid future, right where you are, with Pfister & Pflueger."

"Yes, sir," said Eddie, wondering what it was all about.

"The day I bought that accordion from you, I'd been to two other stores and had rows with smart-aleck clerks. Now, here is what I have in mind: I've been going through your catalogues, and I'm in the market for something, and I want you to get the full credit, and all the commission."

"Yes, sir. Thanks very much. What would you like to have from us?"

"A pipe organ," said the man. "For my home, here. The finest electric pipe organ you folks can put together!"

"Oh!" said Eddie, and almost fainted. A pipe organ! The store hadn't had an order for one in two years!

The toothless old chap grinned. "What's more, when she's in, we'll get the finest organist in New York here for a grand opening. You'll be here, for I've got at least two friends whose wives ape everything we do—so, if you're interested, I'll guarantee my sale and, by Godfrey, if I can't get you two more sales at least, I'll pay you the commissions myself!"

"Carol!" Eddie shouted, and Carol came running from the car.

"Sit down, Fielding. Get off that leg. I know all about you, jumping around on roofs to save babies. Reckless young fool!"

"I'm not a fool at all, sir—I mean, I'm not any more." He put his arm around Carol. "If I was I wouldn't have stopped on the way up here, in your car, and got married! Look, darling—Home, Sweet Home—and all the variations! All of them! Including some in rompers."

"But I tell you I didn't swear at you!"

"Oh—that! Sure I said that. But I was talking to this midget-size shirt. Look at this collar. I can't fasten it. I bet Hercules couldn't fasten it. I bet Samson couldn't fasten it. Maybe it WAS *all right* BEFORE *it was washed. But why in heaven's name do you buy me shirts that* SHRINK?"

• • •

The answer to all that is, "Calm down, my love. I'll get you shirts *that will never shrink.*" And then go out and get him Arrows. Arrow Collar-Attached Shirts are better-looking to begin with. And their collars never tighten—their sleeves never shorten—because they are *Sanforized-Shrunk!*

Don't confuse "Sanforized-Shrunk" with "Pre-shrunk." "Pre-shrunk" is often only a claim—and how well you know it! But "Sanforized-Shrunk" is an absolute guarantee. A guarantee that no matter how many times an Arrow Shirt is laundered it will remain EXACTLY the SAME SIZE.

This means that Arrow Shirts — the smartest-tailored, best-looking shirts you can buy—will *stay* good-looking. And in the two most difficult steps in shirt-making (making the collar and attaching it to the shirt) Arrow has no equal anywhere.

See the new Arrow Shirts. *TRUMP,* of specially woven cloth, is the most famous and is a shrewd buy at $1.95. Others go to $3.50. All sizes and sleeve lengths. Be sure to look for the Arrow label. Arrow Shirts are sold under no other. © 1933, Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc., Troy, N. Y.

ARROW SHIRTS SANFORIZED SHRUNK

A new shirt if one ever shrinks

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

EVERYONE CAN NOW TAKE MOVIES

It's actually easier than taking snap shots with this new type, 4-speed movie camera. No tedious preparations nor puzzling directions. Just look through the full vision view finder, press the button, that's all. And the cost puts this remarkable pocket-size camera within reach of millions.

Take movies of everything in life that interests you—children—the old folks—yourself and friends. Make a movie picture record of your life and time: Birthdays, anniversaries, vacations, travels, sports, fishing and hunting. It's easy, fascinating and economical to do it with the new

STEWART-WARNER MOVIE CAMERA

designed by Hollywood Cameramen, simplified for amateur use by Stewart-Warner, used and endorsed by leading movie stars. You can take pictures of theatre-like brilliance the very first time—even if you never before had a camera in your hand. The New Way to Take Movies is described in the fascinating illustrated booklet, "Home Movie Taking Made Easy." Your copy is ready.

FREE SEND COUPON TODAY

Stewart-Warner Corporation
1826 Diversey Parkway, Chicago C-5

Please send me without obligation your new booklet, "Home Movie Taking Made Easy."

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

GO Santa Fe and you SEE IT ALL

WORLD'S FAIR Chicago

CALIFORNIA

COLORADO ROCKIES

GRAND CANYON
NATIONAL PARK
Santa Fe Pullmans to the rim

INDIAN-DETOURS
by motor in New Mexico

NATIONAL PARKS

New and Lower Vacation Fares
via the Santa Fe

You will be surprised how much you can see in so short a time for so little money.

clip coupon—paste on postcard

W. J. Black, P. T. M., Santa Fe System Lines
1152 Railway Exchange, Chicago

Send picture folders and NEW VACATION FARES Leaflet.

Name.....

Address.....

Help Cuba Quickly

Continued from page 13

while he sleepily tried to shake off their blows. Then they carried him away in a taxi.

The body of this youth, if he was murdered (and he has not been traced by relatives to any prison), unlike the bodies of other murdered students, was never found.

University students say that the stigma of having killed a bandaged, stupefied and perhaps already half-dead young man would have been too black for Machado and Machado's staff of killers, known to Cubans as *expertos*, to endure. They didn't dare permit that body to be found. But whether that body is ever found does not matter. There isn't a Cuban boy or girl, man or woman, rich or poor, city folks or *guajiros*, who doesn't know and believe the story of how Felix E. Alpizar, medical student at Havana University, class of '32, and a brave leader of the students against Machado, was slapped while under opiates and then disappeared while in the hands of the military police without trace or record.

The Professor Martyr

The first university student killed in Havana was Rafael Trejo, attending the medical department. The day was September 30, 1930. A large group of students left the university to march to the home of the aged Enrique José Varona, who was the first vice president of Cuba after it attained independence. He is known throughout the Latin world as an outstanding intellectual figure. The police of Machado broke up the march. They used guns and killed young Trejo in the street.

That was the beginning of the fight of the university students, professors and graduates against Gerardo Machado's government. Later on the students of the high schools entered the struggle.

The university students have what is called a directory. It is a committee of thirty-six students and professors. It directs revolutionary activities of the Cuban intellectuals. The high school in Havana, like several other high schools in the nation, also has a directing committee of twenty-eight members. Eight of these are girls. This high-school directory is only a boy-and-girl imitation of the university organization. But one of its members, too—only seventeen years old—was beaten and shot to death.

The high-school directory of Havana, consisting of children not over sixteen years of age, was meeting secretly in the home of one of its members in February two years ago when the house was surrounded by police squads. All of the children, boys and girls, were taken just at twilight, when they were expected at their homes, to the Principe fortress. The police were easier on the sixteen-year-old girls (and several were younger than this) and permitted them to go to their homes after four days of imprisonment. Some of the boys were kept for several months in the prison.

One of these boys, only fifteen at the time, was Juanito González Rubiera. With this article is shown his photograph taken two years later, when he was seventeen, a pounded, battered corpse, bullet riddled, with feet tied, just as it was discovered on a highway outside Havana. First arrested at fifteen, the police had later on rearrested him for revolutionary activity, and had actually kept him in the Isle of Pines penitentiary from his sixteenth to his seventeenth year. Two weeks after they had turned him loose, they arrested Juanito a third time.

No one knows who battered him while he was in police hands, nor where he was finally killed. But when it was reported that his body had been found the police announced that, as a prisoner, he had attempted to escape and that he had been shot in flight. But there had been a slip-up somewhere in police circles. Whoever threw Juanito's body into the roadway neglected first to remove the ropes from his feet. When the editor of a Havana newspaper printed a photograph of the trussed-up body to prove the police falsehood, he was arrested and held in Principe fortress for several days under military detention.

Amid the Cuban horrors, the bravest figure that has affected the high-school and university life of Cuba was that of Freyre de Andrade (pronounced Ahn-drah-day). He was professor of the philosophy of law in the University of Havana. He was so beloved and trusted by the students that every one of them that got into trouble with the government called upon him to help them before the cruel military courts-martial. Taking his life in his hands, Andrade never refused to go to the assistance of the students, no matter how desperate their plight.

Some day, surely, on the walls of that ancient Havana University, there will be a tablet to this young professor who gave his life for liberty and a reign of law in Cuba, at a time when lawlessness sat in the seats of power. Andrade was butchered in his studio while he was working on his defense of three young men who were facing a death charge. In the same room with him at the time was his brother Guillermo, a chemical engineer. Across the hall in another room was another brother, Leopoldo, a graduate of Cornell University and an expert on economic questions. Machado's men forced their way past servants into these rooms—there were seven or eight of the killers—fired fusillade after fusillade of shots and when they dashed out and disappeared in a car left the three men dead. That was the physical end of Andrade, but spiritually Andrade today is the John Brown not only of university students and of high-school students, but of all the thousands of Cubans who are graduates of these institutions.

Military Vengeance

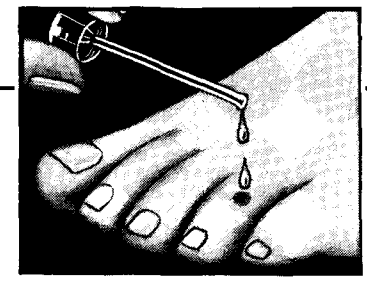
Here is one of the things that Andrade did:

Someone killed Lieutenant Diez Diaz, head of the regular army forces stationed in a little village near Havana, called Artemisa. Diaz received a bomb by parcel post and was blown to pieces when he opened the package. Why was Diaz killed? Well, in August of 1931, when small bands of revolutionists, usually led by students or by professional men who had graduated from the university, were trying to upset Machado, eleven young men, mostly students, were passing the night in an improvised camp. Their sentry went to sleep. Lieutenant Diaz's men found them. It would have been easy to take them prisoners, as all were asleep. The story of what Diaz did was told by a *guajiro*, or farmer, who lived in a hut near by. He was ordered to bury the bodies. His story was that the eleven youths were shot in their sleep by Diaz's men. And that's why, some of the students told me, Diaz was blown up.

Ignacio Mendoza, son of a wealthy

QUICKEST WAY TO GET RID OF CORNS

no cutting . . . no pads



ONE DROP STOPS PAIN INSTANTLY

If you want to keep your feet free from aching corns just get a bottle of FREEZONE from any druggist. Put a drop or two on the corn. Pain stops instantly, and for good! Then before you know it the corn gets so loose you can lift it right off with your fingers, easily and painlessly. It's the safe way that millions use to get rid of hard and soft corns and calluses. Works like a charm! Try it.

FREEZONE

NO RISKS

There is no chance of your vacation, motor trip or journey abroad being spoiled by a lost or stolen purse if you carry your funds in the form of internationally accepted

AMERICAN EXPRESS TRAVELERS CHEQUES

For sale at banks and Express offices

GUARANTEED Enjoy ELBERT FIREPLACES Require No Masonry

$12 For houses, cabins, basements, etc. Convenient size—burn wood—last for years. INSTALLED LIKE COMMON STOVE. Easily moved—60 lbs. Little fuel—much heat. Safe—good looking. Buy From Factory—Save One-Half. $12.00 F.O.B. Backus, Minn. Open screen $1.00 extra. Send draft or money order. Booklet on request.
B. F. ELBERT
657 Harwood Dr., Des Moines, Iowa

STRING your own RACQUET

Same Quality String As in Expensive Racquets

Outfit Complete with string, tools and directions $1.65

Easy to restring racquets—better than new. Saves real money. Send for this professional outfit today. Good profits made restringing other players' racquets. 37 ft. string. Colors Purple, Green, Red or White, with length of contrasting color in silk cord trim, awls, illustrated easy directions. Money back guarantee.

MAKE MONEY TOO Send check or Money Order $1.65 which includes Postage and Insurance. Sent C. O. D. if desired.

PRO TENNIS STRING CO., Dept. E-3, Harmon, N. Y.

REWARD!

Extra cash for spare time representing this magazine.

The Crowell Publishing Co.
250 Park Ave., New York, N. Y.

DANDRUFF Scalp Irritations

LUCKY TIGER does the work now! Bacteriological tests prove its safety for both adults and children. For years millions have been buying it at their druggist's or barber's, and telling their friends about it. A single application stops that miserable itching, and a single bottle often corrects most annoying scalp irritations. But for

Dry—Unruly Hair

—Use our Whyte-Fox Hair Oil Dressing—a modern creation, not greasy, gummy or sticky. For large and generous sample of both send 10¢ to

10¢

LUCKY TIGER MFG. CO.
Dept. A KANSAS CITY, MO.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Cuban family, was arrested on a charge of sending the bomb which killed Lieutenant Diaz. With him were arrested two laborers, Fransisco Corrons and Perez Hernandez, and Señora Corrons.

The penalty of death was asked before the military court which tried them. Andrade, together with Dr. Ricardo Dolz, rector of the university, Dr. Pedro Cue, a professor of the university, and Dr. C. M. de la Cruz, an orthodox congressman, dared to appear before the court-martial for the three young men.

One week after the court-martial opened Andrade was butchered. The three other lawyers fled from their homes to the protection of foreign legations and escaped from the country. Police, it is said, visited their homes after they had left them, seeking their arrest and probable assassination.

"The killing of the Andrades," a revolutionist told me, "was especially terrifying because it showed that Ortiz and his men finally dared to go straight into homes and do their killing there without the formality even of military trials."

A Mother's Punishment

After Andrade's death and the flight of the other lawyers, the three young men found themselves without counsel. Ultimately they were convicted by the soldier court and were sentenced to death, with a later commutation to life imprisonment.

Mendoza was more than a Cuban student. He was also an American student. He attended the University of Pennsylvania and there proved himself worthy of membership in Delta Phi, one of the finest old fraternities in the United States.

This fraternity, through one of its members, Isaac Pennypacker, of a famous old Philadelphia family, protested against the death sentence imposed on Mendoza by the military court. Its protest reached President Machado. Through our State Department? Not at all. A cable message was sent directly to President Machado. He replied with the utmost formality by cabling that the final decision as to life or death would rest in his hands and that he would consider at the proper time the matter of commutation. This message was sent by Machado despite the fact that the Supreme Court of Cuba had declared that military courts under existing conditions had no right to try the cases of civilians.

But the punishment of young Mendoza extended to his mother. When he was arrested, Mrs. de la Torre de Mendoza, of a rich and eminent Cuban family, knowing of the assassination of students and university graduates, hastened to the place of arrest, the famous Fifth Avenue of Havana. She was immediately arrested and two months later a court of soldiers *sentenced her to fourteen years in the penitentiary!*

Mr. Hoover's government, under terrific political pressure, helped Mrs. Mendoza. It's the only case, so far as I can discover, even at a time when the governments of other nations were humanely giving aid to Machado's victims, when Mr. Hoover's world-guiding Secretary of State Stimson or the American Ambassador Guggenheim raised a finger to interfere with Machado's reign of terror. Guggenheim merely acted as a messenger boy carrying Stimson's message to Machado.

And it wasn't the cry of Cuba that touched Mr. Stimson. It was something far more powerful and concrete than that. It was the demand of Miss Virginia Lee Boone, society woman of New York and Virginia, who heard of the terrible sentence that had been passed upon Señora Mendoza and who secured the assistance of the women's suffrage organization in Washington and of Spanish-American War veterans. Their plea was effective: it sent Ambassador Guggenheim hustling to Machado with the State Department's request for Señora Mendoza's quick release. This was granted within a few hours. Why did the State Department become interested in this case? Here's why: Señora Mendoza's late husband, Ramon Gonzalez de Mendoza, had been military aide to General William F. Shafter, head of the American forces that conquered the Spanish army in Cuba in 1898. Some of the Spanish-American War veterans had remembered fighting side by side with him at Santiago. For decency's sake the United States was forced to act and Machado was forced to permit Señora Mendoza to leave Cuba; at this writing she is in Miami, while her son, tried and convicted by angry fellow officers of Lieutenant Diaz, is serving the life sentence imposed by a court-martial in the Isle of Pines penitentiary.

Maybe Andrade was murdered by the military police because he dared to defend young Mendoza. Or, again, maybe because he protested against the murder and unspeakable mutilation, worthy of African jungle life, of three other young men.

This case was the human limit. The very best motherhood of Cuba, menaced by what had already happened to Señora Mendoza, whose only crime was to go to a police station to try to aid her son, arose in its might. One hundred and fifty women of the very best families of Cuba decided to make a protest and a plea to the outside world against Machado and the black killer Ortiz.

With a committee representing these women the valiant Gonzalo Freyre de Andrade went to the Mexican legation with a protest against Machadoism. Why to the Mexican legation? Because Cienfuegos Camus, Mexican minister to Cuba, was the active dean of diplomats in Havana. Señor Camus was asked to present the protest of the women to the entire diplomatic corps in the Cuban capital.

And here's the story of the case which in all its naked horror electrified these women into action.

When Arsenio Ortiz was in the city of Santiago as military commander in the province of Oriente, his rule against civilians was so brutal that decent people could not keep silent. The bodies of forty-four citizens were found hanging to trees within a period of ninety days.

This writer, in a previous article, has described these deaths by hanging. The military men under Ortiz reported them as suicides. Civilians knew better. They grimly called them "canaries" and everyone knew that this word described persons who had been hanged by Ortiz's soldiers.

Disjointed Justice

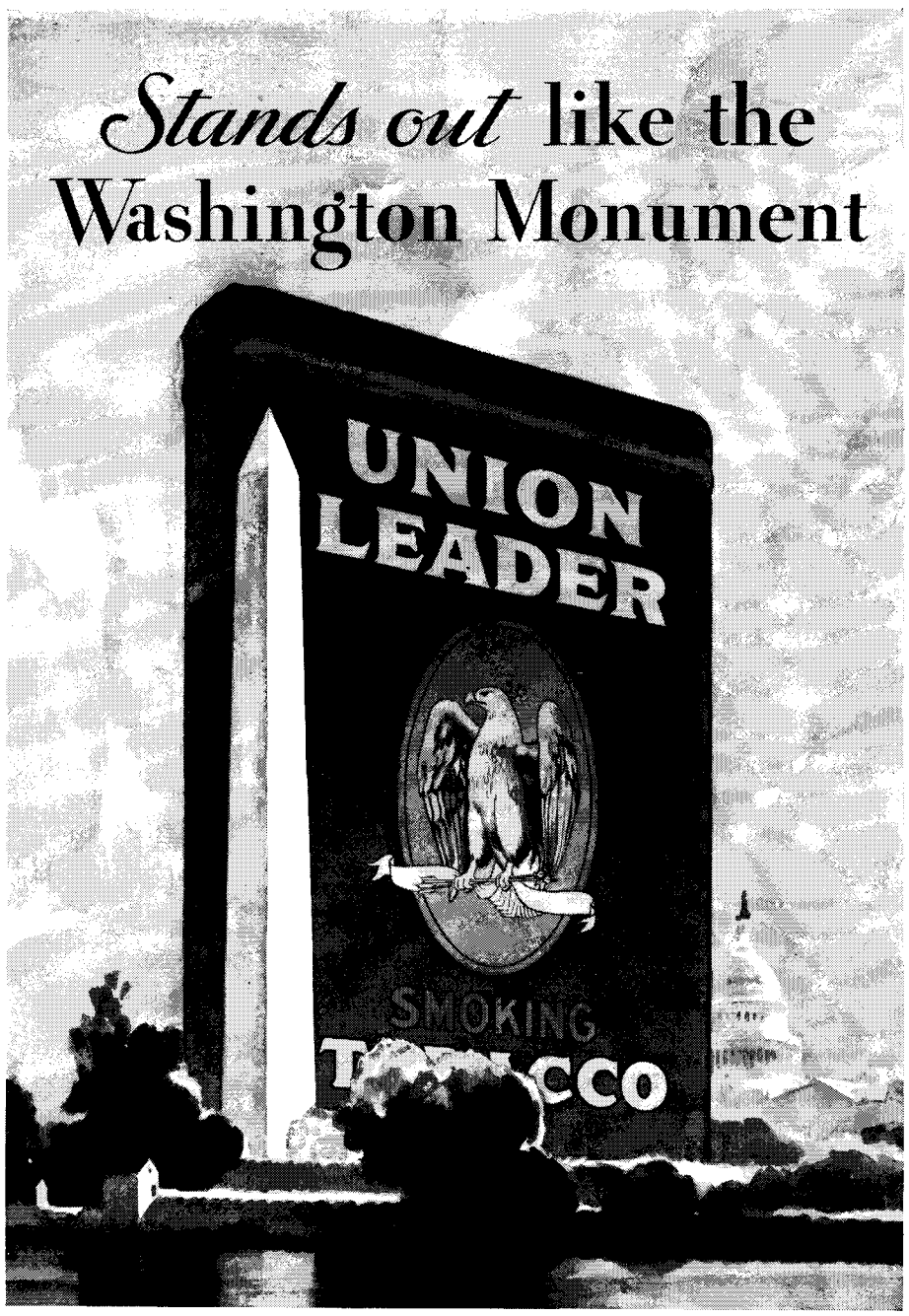
Two university students of Santiago, Floro and Antonio Perez-Diaz, were not careful in their criticism of Ortiz. They made speeches against him. But a brave judge of the highest court in Oriente, Luis Hechavarria, brought charges against Major Ortiz to the effect that he had assassinated forty-four citizens within a period of three months.

Machado easily got his man out of this difficulty and removed him to Havana where he rewarded him by placing him in charge of the citizen-controlling military forces there.

It was an unlucky day for Floro and Antonio when they made bold one day to go to Havana. They took with them a country boy, Batista Napoles, and they went to the small apartment of a young Cuban named Wycliffe Grafton.

Ortiz's men found them there and took them to the headquarters of the secret military force.

(Continued on page 48)



Stands out like the Washington Monument

America's biggest value in smoking tobacco

Looking for value? UNION LEADER is *it!* For 10¢ UNION LEADER gives you a big husky red tin of smoking tobacco . . . enough for 50 cigarettes or 25 pipe loads. And what corking fine tobacco it is! The smoothest, mellowest, friendliest tobacco a man ever had ambitions to smoke!

•

There's no secret about UNION LEADER. It's just mighty good tobacco . . . rich, old Kentucky Burley. Aged, cured and blended to smoking perfection.

UNION LEADER
SMOKING TOBACCO FOR PIPE AND CIGARETTE
10¢

© P. Lorillard Co., Inc.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THEY *all* WEAR THE PEPPERELL LABEL

Send for booklet, "Spend and Grow Rich"

LOOK FOR THIS LABEL ON 42 THINGS YOU WEAR AND USE

PEPPERELL TRADE MARK FABRICS

PEPPERELL MANUFACTURING CO.
160 State St., Boston, Mass.

(Continued from page 47)

Wycliffe Grafton was in the cell the next morning when Arsenio Ortiz entered. Grafton, who fled to the Uruguayan legation for shelter and with Uruguayan aid later escaped from Cuba, reported to members of the university directory what occurred when Ortiz recognized the two students from Oriente.

I give his quotation as illustrating perhaps not the exact truth about Ortiz's characteristics, but what the youth and most of the other citizens of Havana think and believe about this aide of Machado:

"He looked like a wild beast who had found a piece of raw meat," reported Grafton. "His small eyes positively shone with glee, while his large mouth contracted in a sinister smile. Finally he said, 'Well, boys, I have you here at last.'" They were taken from the room, while Grafton, because of his Anglo-Saxon name and his claim to American origin, was turned loose. His father had been an American officer in the Spanish-American War.

Senator Borah's Views

On the morning of the fifth day after their arrest the corpses of the two brothers and of their friend from the country were found on three different highways leading into Havana. The police had covered the boys with bruises; they had knocked out teeth; their blows had closed the eyes of the young men and in one case had ruptured the eyeballs. The bodies were buried quietly by friends. It was best not to say too much.

I have not told of cruelties to thousands of citizens, aside from students, graduates and university professors. I have confined myself to that realm alone. What has happened in the world of the university is too much to relate in one article. Merely the names of sufferers, without details as to what they had endured, would fill columns of Collier's.

It is true that the revolutionary elements in Cuba have killed police terrorists; but the *expertos* and the *porras*—the latter are underworld figures and ex-convicts, similar to our gunmen, hired by the police and the army—have engaged in wholesale assassination.

"The score between the revolutionists and the government," one very frank revolutionist, a graduate of the university, told me, "is twelve government assassins killed by the revolutionists; 2,000 critics of Machado hanged, shot or beaten to death by the government."

The Cuban trouble is a revolution; but at present, it is a weak and almost helpless one. Senator Borah gave me the reason for this:

"The Platt Amendment," he told me, "is really calculated to brace and sustain the government in Cuba, however tyrannical it may be."

We Americans, for several years, have been reading in our newspapers of the occasional bombings in Cuba and the apparently futile gestures of the revolutionists. But Machado would not dare to be so cruel or bold, nor would the revolutionists be so halting, if it were not for the past attitude of the United States. The American flag emboldens and has actually supported Machado.

"My opinion," said Senator Borah, explaining this situation, "is that the Platt Amendment really paralyzes initiative because of the fear that American troops will enter Cuba against the revolutionists rather than the government. There is always in the Platt Amendment the implied threat that if Cuban revolutionists at any time, no matter how evil the government may be, get sufficiently strong, the United States will interpose, not against any tyrant ruler, but against the revolutionists."

Thus the Platt Amendment, so the revolutionists tell me, has been keeping Machado in power.

All thinking Cubans want the United States to repeal this Platt measure, which was forced on Cuba as an amendment to her constitution.

It is buried away in that constitution as our Eighteenth Amendment was buried in ours. Of course we Americans cannot change the Cuban constitution. But it so happens that the words of the Platt Amendment were also buried away in an army appropriation bill of the year 1899. Congress can strike the words out of this bill and that act would be a signal to the Cubans that there would be no armed American intervention against Cubans fighting against tyranny and official murder.

Senator Borah agrees with the Cubans' viewpoint and is in favor of striking out the words of the amendment.

"We cannot escape a certain and definite responsibility for the present state of affairs in Cuba," he told me, "by reason of this amendment. Section III of the amendment provides: 'The government of Cuba consents that the United States may exercise the right to interfere for the preservation of Cuban independence, *the maintenance of a government* adequate for the protection of life, property and individual liberty and for the discharging of the obligations with respect to Cuba imposed by the Treaty of Paris on the United States.'

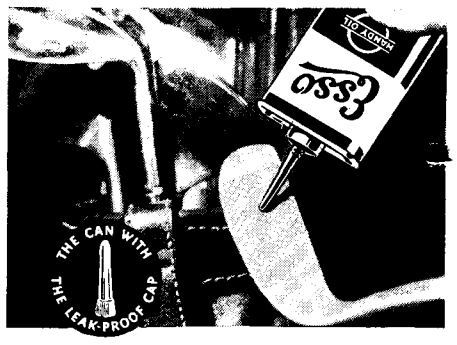
"You can see that this language is plain and unmistakable. We are given the right to intervene to maintain a government which will protect life, property and individual liberty. That right, in my judgment, imposes a responsibility. It places us in a wholly different attitude and relationship to Cuba than we would otherwise sustain.

"We should either protect life, property and individual liberty in Cuba and meet the obligation which we not only assumed but seemed to covet at the time, or we should repeal the Platt Amendment. For myself, I am in favor of the latter. I am unwilling to have these outrages continue in Cuba at a time when we have the consent of the Cuban government itself, according to the Platt Amendment, to end them."

Cuba on the Rack

All the republics of South America are watching our attitude toward Cuba. Governments of these republics, which come under the Monroe Doctrine group, cannot avoid knowing how terrible the Cuban situation has become. Under an extremely humane inter-republic treaty, political revolutionists in any South American republic are allowed to take refuge in the legation or embassy of any other South American nation, and this asylum cannot be invaded by the government which the revolutionists sought to overthrow. Here's a list of South American legations in Havana to which bedeviled Cubans have fled for their lives from Machado's terrorists: Mexico, Uruguay, Panama, Brazil, Argentina and Colombia. The British and Spanish legations have also sheltered such fugitives, although these nations have not signed the fugitives' treaty. But the Stars and Stripes in Cuba has protected no Cubans, with the exception of Señora Mendoza.

Under Ambassador Harry F. Guggenheim, revolutionists told me, shelter for political refugees was positively refused at the American embassy. Cuban feeling against the recent ambassador, Mr. Guggenheim, especially among students or university graduates, is intense.



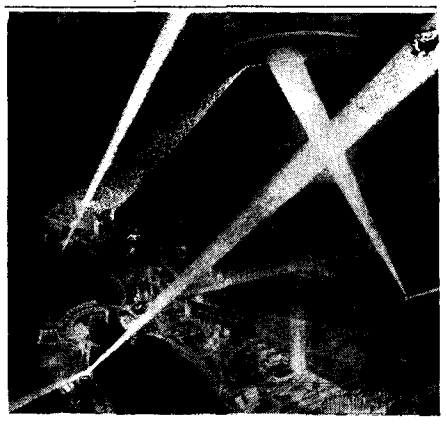
A Birdie Oil for the WAR CLUBS

Your "pro" will tell you it's good form to keep your woods, your shafts and your irons protected with Esso Handy Oil. If your grips slip, try a few drops to keep them tacky. Keep a can in the car, too. A squeaky generator will put five strokes on any man's game. Get a can today!

Esso HANDY OIL

Ingrown Nail *Turns Outward* —NO PAIN

A few drops of Outgro in the crevice of the toe nail stop the pain instantly and so toughen the sensitive skin underneath the nail that it resists the ingrowing nail and forces it to grow naturally outward. Drug stores sell Outgro in small bottles. Wyeth Chemical Co., Inc., 578 Madison Ave., N. Y. C.



Your Expenses to the World's Fair!

MAY be paid in whole or in part by using our profitable plan right in your own community! This plan gives local men and women a fine opportunity to make money as subscription representatives for COLLIER'S and the other Crowell Magazines. No experience is necessary. You earn while you learn. *Look over this attractive offer at our expense.* There is no obligation.

Chief of Subscription Staff, Desk C-57
The Crowell Publishing Company
250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Please show me how I can earn money for a trip to the World's Fair.

Name .....

Address .....

Town .....

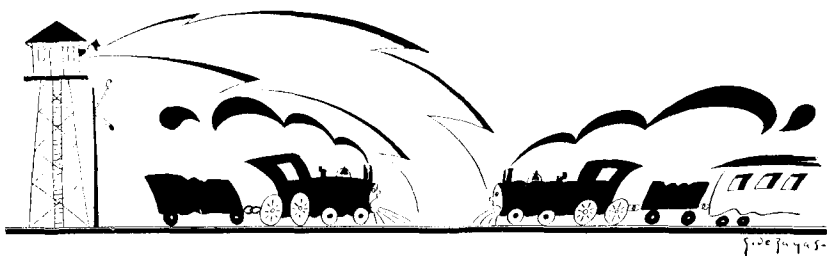
State .....

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Machado has gone further in cruelty than the president of any other Latin-American republic. The people of other republics have all, within the past three years, crushed their oppressors. But we Americans have helped Machado to keep his power. We have tied Cuba to the rack with the Platt Amendment, and have stood by, casually, while Machado's government has turned the wheel of torture. That's what Senator Borah is talking about in our interview. Let Cuba up. She'll take care of herself.

It's undebatable that, with present-day poverty in Cuba, the ablest man in that country put into power by the Cuban people, if Machado is ordered out, could not bring tranquillity. Cutting the two-cent Cuban sugar duty in the United States would give Cuba a tremendous financial boost, but even that is not enough.

The true and lasting help which the United States can give Cuba is to kill the Platt Amendment and let the little republic which we helped to create really learn to walk, even if it does stub its toe or fall on its nose now and then. Democracy, as we Americans are discovering, is something that must be learned perhaps only by bumps.



Keep Up with the World

By Freling Foster

New inventions: A revolutionary loom that has no shuttle; and an electric braking device for railroad yards that enables one man in a tower to set up an electromagnetic field along the rails which will stop cars at any desired spot.

At least 700 different games are played with a pack of playing cards. —*By Rex Resenow, Stevens Point, Wisconsin.*

Raising one's husband from babyhood is not uncommon among the Chukchees of Siberia. For protection in later life, a woman often adopts and marries a male infant, taking a "marriage companion" of her own age until the child grows to manhood.—*By Florette Robinson, New York City.*

Several centuries ago in Marseilles, France, those wishing to commit suicide applied for permission before the town senate. If their reasons were satisfactory, the permission was granted and they were handed a dose of poison, a constant supply of which was maintained at public expense.

A ***new*** permanent organization composed of Brazil, Argentina, Chile and Peru claims jurisdiction over all future disputes and conflicts between any of the thirteen South American countries.

A ***new*** electrical measuring device records the action of one millionth of an ampere, or about one tenth of the "wing-power" of a house fly; and the newest X-ray machine produces rays that can penetrate three inches of solid steel.

During 1931, approximately $500,000,000 was bet on horse races in the United States—an average of about $9,600,000 a week.

The krait, a small poisonous snake of Asia, has killed more persons than any other reptile. In searching for vermin, which is its chief food, it crawls into houses, huts and tents and attacks anyone in its path. The victim dies within five minutes from the action of the deadly venom.

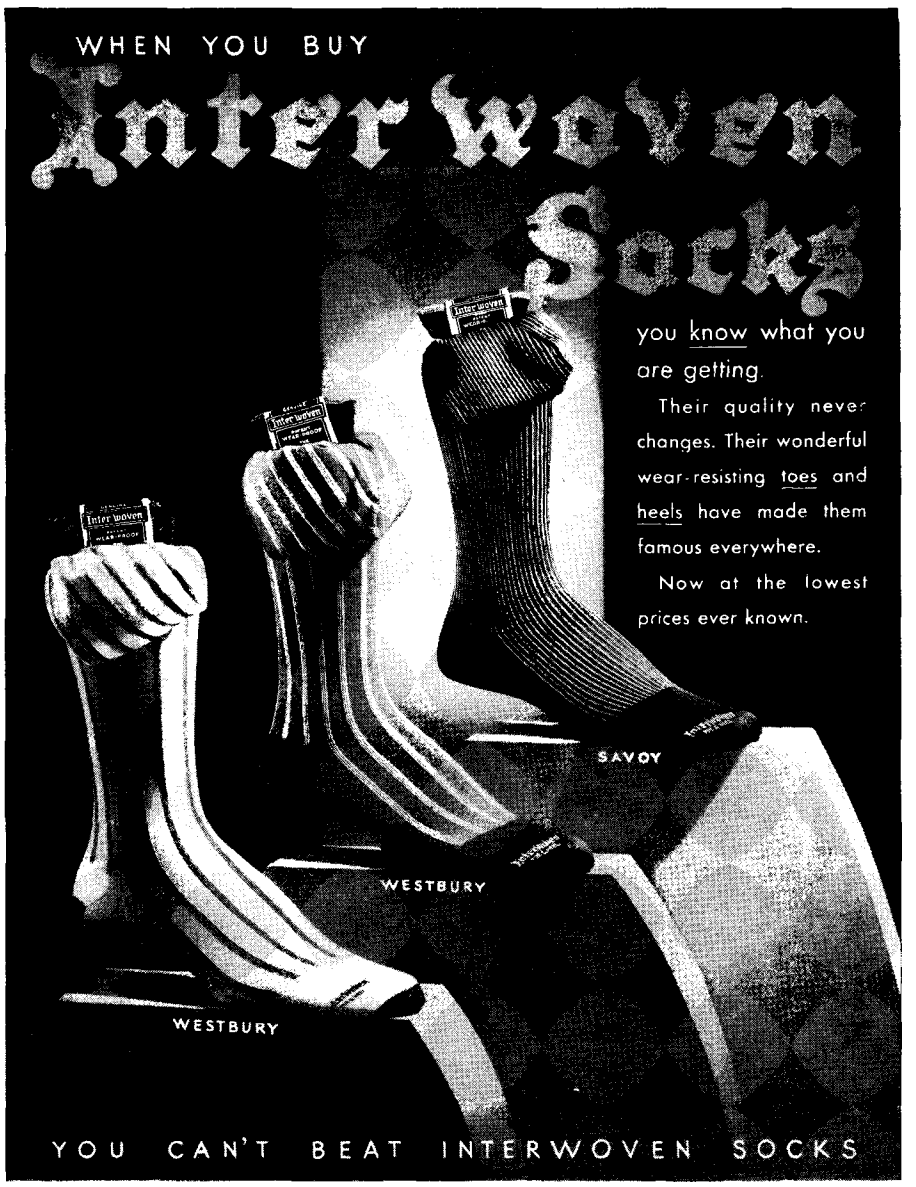
About 900 A. D. one of the most magnificent palaces in the world belonged to Moctader, the caliph of Bagdad. Among its rare luxuries was a large tree made entirely of gold and silver, the branches of which were filled with a variety of gem-studded birds that automatically moved and warbled at the touch of a button.

The sales record for American sheet music is held by Ethelbert Nevin's The Rosary, more than 7,000,000 copies of which have been sold since it was first presented in 1898 at Madison Square Garden, New York.

Galen, the famous Greek physician, probably wielded a medical influence over more persons than any other man. His hundreds of books on health, disease and drugs formed a system of medicine that ruled Asia, Africa and Europe for almost 1,300 years.

Not long ago a man in Munich taught caterpillars to spin lace veils. He spread a food paste over a flat stone and then drew a delicate design upon it in an oil they would not touch. As the caterpillars ate the paste, they wove the pattern with the silk which they spin through the lower lip.

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City.


WHEN YOU BUY
Interwoven Socks
you know what you are getting.
Their quality never changes. Their wonderful wear-resisting toes and heels have made them famous everywhere.
Now at the lowest prices ever known.
SAVOY
WESTBURY
WESTBURY
YOU CAN'T BEAT INTERWOVEN SOCKS

NOW IN BOOK FORM

JUST PUBLISHED

The Intimate Story of an

EMINENT AMERICAN BANKER

Here, for the first time, is the life of a Morgan partner, set down by another member of that internationally famous firm. The career of Henry P. Davison as it is unfolded in these pages by Thomas W. Lamont is a record of lifelong friendships, unimpeachable integrity, and devotion to the best interests of his country and his fellow men. Years in the writing, this friendly biography not only paints the portrait of an admirable man, but presents a series of revealing pictures of the American financial world, culminating in Mr. Davison's long and useful service with the house of Morgan and his tremendous war labor for the American Red Cross. Beyond its immediate and personal interest, the book is a valuable contribution to the history of America's economic development at home and abroad, and a document upon which every American may look with pride in his country and its leaders.

HENRY P. DAVISON

BY THOMAS W. LAMONT

THE RECORD OF A USEFUL LIFE

16 illustrations 410 pages

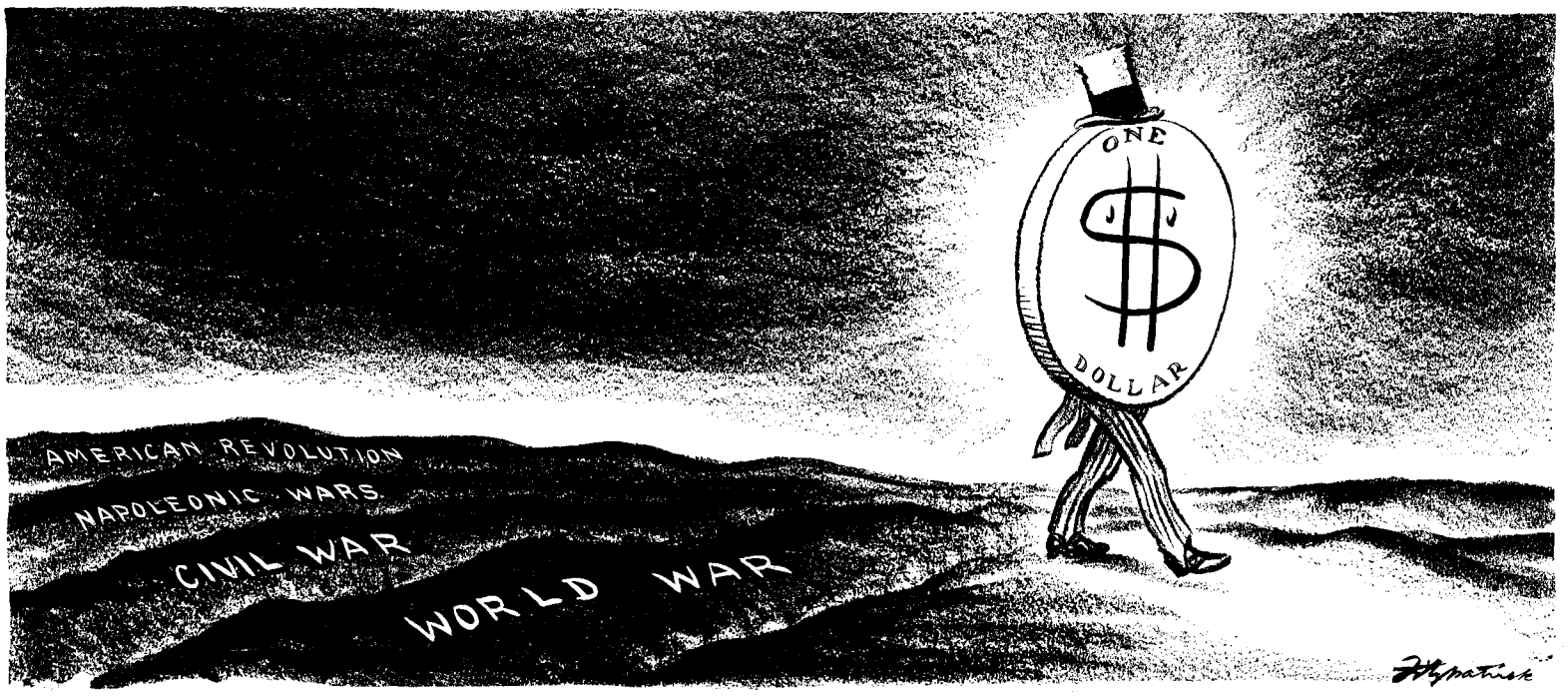
HARPER & BROTHERS $3.50

Harper & Brothers,
49 E. 33rd St., New York City.
Please send me a copy of HENRY P. DAVISON, by Thomas W. Lamont.
☐ I enclose $3.50 ☐ Send C.O.D.
Name .....
Address .....

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Collier's

THOMAS H. BECK, *Editorial Director* WILLIAM L. CHENERY, *Editor* CHARLES COLEBAUGH, *Managing Editor*



The Future of our Dollar

THE American dollar was established in 1787, just at the close of the Revolutionary War.

The dollar has been measured by its gold value. An ounce of gold has been worth $20.67 in United States dollars. A Mexican dollar has one half the gold content of the American dollar. President Roosevelt has the authority to take not more than half the gold out of the American dollar. If he deemed it wise, the President thus could fix the American dollar at the Mexican level.

No reasonable person expects any such change. In their platform the Democrats said last June:

"We advocate a sound currency to be preserved at all hazards and an international monetary conference called on the invitation of our government to consider the rehabilitation of silver and related questions."

We went off the gold standard temporarily, not because we lacked gold but because other conditions seemed to require drastic action.

The most urgent of these conditions arose from the continuance of low prices. The very economies, the vital economies, put into effect by the Roosevelt administration had the immediate effect of reducing the purchasing power of those who previously had been spending government money.

The national budget had to be balanced. Otherwise national bankruptcy and the destruction of national credit were unavoidable. Yet the very balancing of the budget and the stoppage of wasteful and unjustifiable payments decreased purchasing power. The necessity of stimulating buying power quickly was admittedly great.

Not less imperative was the situation in Congress. There a large and growing majority demanded inflation. Many varieties of inflation were advocated and some were exceedingly dangerous.

Still other factors were involved. Not least significant of these was the difficulty of competing with the exporters of nations not on the gold standard. So we took the plunge and delegated to the President immense and unprecedented power to manage our money.

Few questioned the advisability of centering this vast authority in the President. Last winter wheat sold in Winnipeg at the lowest world price in four hundred years. The decrease in world trade was greater than any previously recorded. New conditions compelled the centralization of power if swift action were to be possible.

The goal sought is, of course, a restoration of prosperity. Hence, the changes made are tested by the effects they may be expected to have on reviving business activity.

The chief objects in the United States and everywhere else are to raise prices and to provide work for the unemployed. Everything else is subsidiary. The impending World Economic Conference was summoned to work out a program of action designed to accomplish this result. Already experts representing the United States and other interested nations have arranged a tentative program for the world conference.

The experts insist that the intergovernmental debts must be settled if economic and financial reconstruction is to be accomplished. They then set forth the monetary policy which it will be profitable for us and other great nations to pursue.

The only international standard likely to be universally acceptable, they point out, is a free gold standard. They suggest the methods by which the various countries now off gold may safely return to gold.

Settlement of the debts and a reasonable freedom in the movement of goods and services are essential to the maintenance of stable money throughout the world. Already our government is seeking to work out agreements on these matters.

Throughout the long list of suggestions prepared by the experts for the World Economic Conference runs the idea that much closer coöperation than ever before between the various nations is essential.

The experts are convinced that no form of bimetallism will prove acceptable for the settlement of international balances. It is a safe guess, therefore, that neither we nor any other nation will go back to Bryan for the settlement of our difficulties. This does not, however, preclude a wider use of silver or a stabilization of the price of silver.

What we shall do is to eliminate the obstructions to free international trade by reasonable modification of tariffs and other restrictions. Then, with the world's gold supply more evenly distributed, unquestionably we and other nations will resume gold payments.

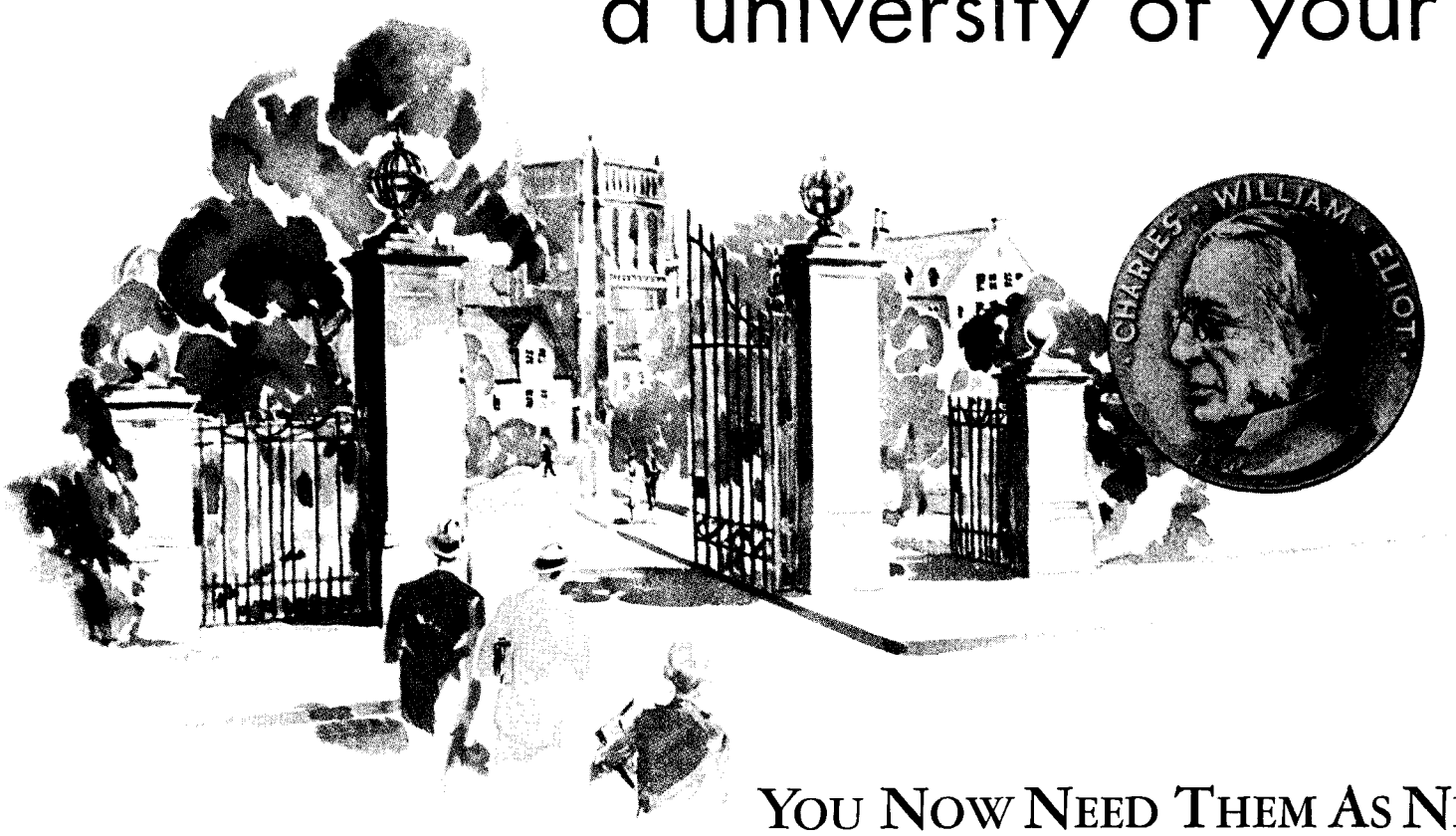
Of course the authority to cut the gold dollar in half still exists. For purely domestic considerations great pressure will be put upon the President to reduce the gold content in the dollar. The chief argument for such a policy is that it will help debtors by diminishing their debts. A rise in prices due to greater business activity will, however, accomplish the same result.

Until the World Conference has met it is certain that nothing so revolutionary as taking gold out of the dollar will be attempted. After the conference has done its work the temptation may be less pressing. For with fair luck and good management the goal of rising prices will already be in sight.

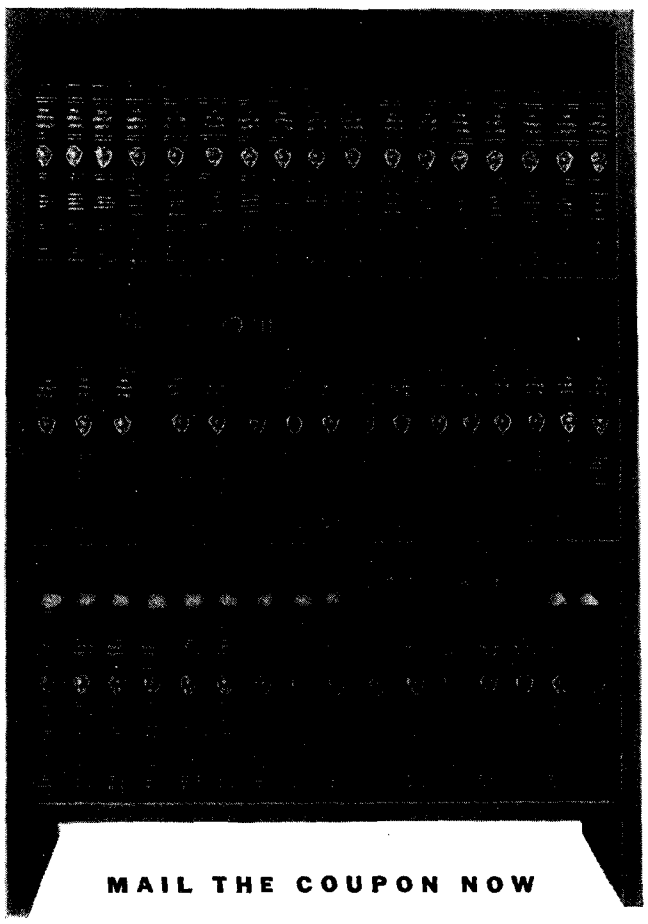
It is therefore conservative to predict that the American dollar, which has survived the aftermath of the American Revolution and the Napoleonic Wars, which went through the Civil War and the long economic dislocations thereafter, will continue to stand unimpaired when the problems now so urgent have long been forgotten.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

hese Famous Books make a university of your library



YOU NOW NEED THEM AS NEVER BEFORE



MAIL THE COUPON NOW

DR. ELIOT'S FIVE-FOOT SHELF OF BOOKS

The Harvard Classics

Dr. Eliot's famous Five-Foot Shelf of Books contains the beacon lights of university teaching. Here in one convenient group of volumes is the very backbone of university culture, the books that have brought pleasure and profit into nearly half a million homes.

Now these Harvard Classics are available in an edition worthy of a place of honor in the finest private library. To the dignity and excellence of earlier editions this Modern Home Edition brings beauty such as has been formerly found only in very expensive sets.

Yet this new edition does not cost a cent more than the less pretentious editions of the past! Actually these finely printed, magnificently bound books come to you at less cost per volume than *popular fiction!*

An Unprecedented Value

The volume size has been increased. The paper is of superb quality and will permanently preserve its rich whiteness. The type is substantially larger than the type of former editions. The illustrations are new, reproduced in a modern aquatone process to give them a luxurious softness. The bindings defy description, with their simple grandeur and good taste of design. Here indeed is a worthy setting for the pure gold of the world's literature which Dr. Eliot, Harvard's most distinguished President, has brought together from his lifetime of study.

EASY TO OWN NOW!

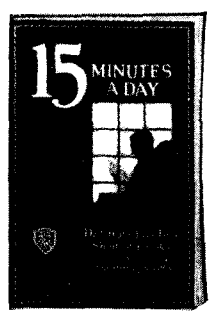
On account of the present low manufacturing costs no American family need any longer deny itself this great library. Actually you can enjoy The Harvard Classics in your home on a payment of only $5. Think of it! Never have we been able to offer such low prices and liberal terms as now. Take advantage of this rare opportunity today.

THIS FAMOUS BOOK—FREE!

Here's a book that every lover of literature will want for his library table. No ordinary booklet, but a literary gem. It contains a collection of invaluable facts, including the plan of reading outlined by Dr. Eliot, America's greatest educator.

Here is a complete description of the world's greatest library, and a statement of how Dr. Eliot came to compile it.

"Fifteen Minutes a Day" has brought new happiness, a turning point in life to thousands who have sent in for it. It comes without obligation when you fill out and mail this coupon.



P. F. Collier & Son Dist. Corp., 250 Park Avenue, New York City

By mail, free, send me the booklet that tells all about the most famous library in the world, describing Dr. Eliot's Five-Foot Shelf of Books (The Harvard Classics) and contains Dr. Eliot's own story of how he came to select the greatest library of all time.

Since 1875 COLLIER Good Books

NAME { Mr. / Mrs. / Miss .....

324-HCAB

ADDRESS .....

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

No after-lunch DROWSINESS

Why come back from lunch feeling drowsy? Choose a refreshing lunch, and be yourself. *Bounce back to normal* with an ice-cold Coca-Cola, the natural partner of so many good things to eat. • An ice-cold Coca-Cola is more than just a drink. It's a very particular kind of drink—combining those pleasant, wholesome substances which foremost scientists say do most in restoring you to your normal self. Really delicious, it invites a pause, a pause that will refresh you.

Back to work with a fresh start

© 1933 COCA-COLA CO., ATLANTA, GA.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED